



BENJAMIN KEACH.

Printed for & sold by J. Robinson, Hoxleydown, Southwark.



BENJAMIN KEACH.

Printed for & sold by J. Robinson, Hoxleydown, Southwark.

T H E
G L O R I O U S L O V E R:
A
D I V I N E P O E M,
Upon the Adorable Mystery of
M A N ' s R E D E M P T I O N.

O thou that wert the King of Heav'n and Earth,
How poorly wert attended at thy Birth!
A Manger was thy Cradle, and a Stable
Thy privy chamber, Mary's Knees thy Table:
Thieves were thy Courtiers, and the Cross thy Throne.
Thy diet Gall, a Wreath of Thorns thy Crown,
All this the King of Glory endur'd and more,
To make us Kings that were but Slaves before.

By B E N J A M I N K E A C H.

The THIRD EDITION, with Additions.

John iii. 16. *For God so loved the World, that he gave
his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him
shall not perish, but have everlasting Life.*

John xv. 13. *Greater Love hath no Man than this, that
a Man lay down his Life for his Friends.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for G. KEITH, in Gracechurch-street; and
J. ROBINSON, in Horsley-down. M.DCC.LXIV.

THE
GLORIOUS LOVER.

DIVINE POEM.

MARY HENRY MORTON.



By BENJAMIN K. L. O. H.

THE
LONDON
EDITION
OF
THE
GLORIOUS LOVER
AND
THE
DIVINE POEM
BY
MARY HENRY MORTON
AND
BENJAMIN K. L. O. H.

L O N D O N

Printed for G. K. L. O. H. in G. K. L. O. H. Street; and
J. R. O. H. in H. O. L. O. H. Street.

T H E P R O E M.

YOU gentle youths, whose chaster breasts do beat
 With pleasing raptures, and love's generous heat;
 And virgins kind! from whose unguarded eyes
 Passion oft steals your hearts by fond surprize;
 All you who amorous stories gladly hear,
 And feed your wand'ring fancies by the ear;
 Those treacherous delights a-while lay by,
 And lend attention to our history:
 A history with love and wonders fill'd,
 Such as nor Greece nor Rome could ever yield.
 So great the subject, lofty the design,
 Each part is sacred, and the whole divine.
 If you its worth and nature well shall weigh,
 'Twill charm your ear, your best affections sway,
 And in dark minds spring an eternal day. }
 My muse is rais'd beyond a vulgar flight:
 For cherubs boast to sing of what I write.
 I write----But 'tis, alas, with trembling hand:
 For who those boundless depths can understand?
 Those mysteries unveil, which angels do
 With dread amaze desire to look into?

Thou glorious Being, from whose bounty flows
 All good that man, or does, or speaks, or knows;
 Whose altars once mean turtles entertain'd,
 And from the mouths of babes hast strength ordain'd;
 Purge with thy beams my over-clouded mind;
 Direct my pen, my intellect refine,

That

THE P R O E M.

*That I thy matchless triumphs may indite,
And live in a due sense of what I write.*

*And you, dear sirs, that shall vouchsafe to read,
Charity's mantle o'er my failings spread.*

*High is my theme, but weak and short my sight;
My eyes oft dazzled with excess of light.*

*Yet something here perhaps may please each guest;
'Tis heavenly manna, though but homely drest.*

Paul became all to all: and I would try

By this essay of mystic poesy,

*To win their fancies, whose harmonious brains
Are better pleas'd with soft and measur'd strains.*

*A verse may catch a wand'ring soul, that flies
Profounder traëts, and by a bless'd surprize----
Convert delight into a sacrifice.----*

*How many do their precious time abuse
On cursed products of a wanton muse;*

On trifling fables, and romances vain,

The poison'd froth of some infected brain?

Which only tend to nourish rampant vice,

And to prophaneness easy youth entice;

Gilt o'er with wit, black venom in they take,

And 'midst gay flowers hug the lurking snake.

Here's no such danger, but all pure and chaste;

A love most fit by saints to be embrac'd:

A love 'bove that of women: beauty, such,

As none can be enamour'd with too much.

Read then, and learn to love truly by this,

Until thy soul can sing, raptur'd in bliss,

"My well-beloved's mine, and I am his."

THE

THE
GLORIOUS LOVER.

B O O K I.

C H A P. I.

The excellencies and perfections of the glorious king, the Lord JEHOVAH, discovered: Shewing how he had but one son, the express image of the father, the delight and joy of his heart; and of the glorious and eternal design of this most high and everlasting JEHOVAH to dispose of his son in marriage. Moreover, how the matter was propounded by the father and whom he had chose to be the intended spouse. Shewing also how the prince readily consented to the proposal; and of his first grand and glorious atchievements in order to the accomplishment of this happy design.

IN the fair regions of approachless light,
Where unmix'd joys with perfect love unite;
Where youth ne'er wasts, nor beauty ever fades;
Where no disease, nor paining grief invades:
There reigns, and long hath reign'd a mighty king,
From whom all honors, and all riches spring,

B

His

2 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

His vast dominions reach from pole to pole,
 No realm nor nation but he could controul;
 So great his power, there never yet could be,
 An absolute monarch in the world but he. 10
 What e'er seem'd good to him, he freely did,
 And nothing from his piercing eye was hid.
 To him the mighty Nimrods all did bow,
 And none durst boldly question, what dost thou?
 Justice and wisdom waited on his throne, 15
 And through the world his clemency was known.
 His glory so illustrious and bright,
 It sparkled forth, and dazled mortals sight.
 Immense his being; for in every land
 He present was, and by each soul did stand. 20
 No spies he needed for intelligence
 In foreign parts, to bring him tidings thence.
 And vain to him was court-dissemblers art,
 He saw each corner of the subtlest heart,
 View'd acts unborn, and plain discoveries wrought 25
 E're laboring fancy once could mould a thought;
 Beheld mens minds clearly, as were their faces,
 And uncontain'd, at once did fill all places;
 His awful frown could make the mountains shake,
 And stoutest heart of haughty princes quake. 30
 All things were his, who did them first compose,
 And by his wisdom doth them still dispose;
 To serve his friends, and to destroy his foes. }
 His azure throne with holiness is spread,
 The pure in heart alone his court may tread; 35
 No vicious gallant, proud, imperious, vain,
 In court, nor kingdom will he entertain.

He's

He's th' essence of true virtue, spotless, pure,
 And no ungodly one can he endure.
 No wicked person to him dares draw nigh, 40
 Though ne'er so rich, so mighty, or so high;
 'Tis righteousness his blessed throne maintains,
 Who all injustice utterly disdains;
 Nay, holiness doth this great sovereign cloth,
 And such as wear it not, his soul doth loath. 45
 But above all the glories which did wait
 Upon this high and peerless potentate:
 His pity did the most transcendent prove,
 Matchless his power, but greater still his love;
 Such bowels of compassion ne'er were known, 50
 Nor e're such proofs of vast affection shown;
 His kindness beyond all that pen can write,
 Or heart conceive, or nimblest brain indite.
 This sovereign love our wond'rous subject brings,
 Our hist'ry from those melting ardours springs. 55

For this great king had a most lovely son,
 And had indeed no more save only one,
 Who was begotten by him, and brought forth
 E're heav'n's blue curtains did surround the earth;
 Before the world's foundations yet were laid, 60
 Time's glass turn'd up, or the sun's course display'd,
 This prince was brought up with him, and did lie,
 In his dear bosom from eternity.
 He was his only joy, and hearts delight,
 Who ever did behold him in his sight. 65
 And as he made his father's heart most glad,
 He was sole heir to all the father had;
 Who freely gave all things into his hand,
 And made him ruler over every land,

4 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Designing still to raise his dignity 70
 Above each earthly prince, or monarchy,
 And him intitle with a glorious name,
 Which none of all the heavenly host dare claim.
 What glory is there in each seraphim !
 Yet must they all do homage unto him ; 75
 The cherubims likewise must all submit,
 And humbly worship at his royal feet
 With trembling reverence ; for he doth bear
 The exprefs image of his father dear ; 79
 And his majestic glory doth unfold,
 Too bright for any creature to behold, }
 Until transform'd into an heav'nly mould. }
 The lustre of his face, the loveliness
 Of compleat beauty, and of holiness.
 His personal sweetness, and perfections rare, 85
 No tongue of men or angels can declare ;
 For 'tis recorded by unerring pen,
 ' He fairer was than all the sons of men.'
 Which in its proper place will more appear :
 But mind at present what doth follow here. 90
 This mighty king, whose glories thus did shine,
 Had long on foot a very great design,
 Which was in marriage to dispose this son,
 The blessed'st work that ever could be done :
 This secret then to him he does disclose, 95
 And whom for him he had already chose,
 Tells him the way, and means, whereby to bring
 About this strange and most important thing ;
 What he must do, and all things doth declare ;
 To which the son doth lend attentive ear, 100
 Who

Who never did his father disobey,
Nor him displease, would not in this say nay;
But straightway shew'd with joy and chearful mind
He was that way himself long time inclin'd:
For with a heav'nly smile he made reply, 105
That creature is the jewel of mine eye.
Great king of kings, thy sacred sovereign will
With greatest joy I'm ready to fulfil.
My heart's inflam'd with love, and will be pain'd
'Till she for my imbraces be obtain'd, 110
With secret transports long have I design'd
That happy match in my eternal mind,
To people with a new and holy race
Th' immortal mansions of this glorious place.
Such is the love which unto her I have, 115
'Tis strong as death, and lasts beyond the grave.
Where'er she be (for well I understand
She's spirited of late to a strange land)
Wing'd with love I'll search the world about,
And leave no place unsought to find her out. 120
If any foe doth captive her detain,
I'll be her rescue, and knock off her chain:
Or, if half-stifled, she in prison lie,
I'll break the bars, and give her liberty.
I will refuse no labor, nor no pain, 125
Thee, dearest soul! into my arms to gain.
Such was this prince's love, and now 'tis fit
We tell you who the object was of it.

Within the limits of the holy land,
Whose glory once shone forth on ev'ry hand; 130
And near the borders of rare Havelah,
Where creatures of each kind first breath did draw;

6 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Where Pison's streams with Euphrates did meet;
Where did abound all joy and comfort sweet,
Without the least perplexity or woe; 135

Where bdellium and the onyx stone did grow;
Did a most choice and lovely garden lie,
Renowned much for its antiquity:

For sacred story has proclaim'd its name,
And rais'd up trophies to its lasting fame. 140

Within that garden dwelt in ancient time
A very lovely creature in her prime,
Mirror of beauty, and the world's chief glory,
Whose rare composure did out-vy all story: 144

Fair as the lilly, e're rude hands have touch'd it;
Or snow unfall'n, before the earth hath smutch it:
The perfect'st work which wond'ring heav'n could
see,

Of nature's volume, blest epitome;
Her glorious beauty, and admired worth, 150

What mortal tongue is able to set forth?
True virtue was the object of her will,

There was no stain in her, no feature ill,
No scarr, nor blemish, seen in any part?

Her judgment uncorrupt, and pure her heart? 155
Her thoughts were noble, words most wise, not lavish;

Her natural sweetness was enough to ravish
All that beheld her; from her sparkling eye,

A thousand charms, a thousand graces fly: 159
No evil passion harbor'd in her breast,

Or with bold mutinies disturb'd her rest; }
For what's not born, needs not be repress.

Her lineage noble, of such high degree,
None e're could boast a greater pedigree:

A dowry

A dowry too she had, a fair estate, 165
 Conferr'd upon her at an easy rate.
 In brief, in all endowments she did shine,
 Stamp't with his image, who is all divine:
 But that which most unto her bliss did add,
 Was the great honor which sometime she had, 170
 Of the sweet presence of a glorious king,
 From whom alone true happiness doth spring;
 He oft declar'd her his grand favorite,
 And that with her was his endear'd delight:
 For precious love to her burn'd in his heart: 175
 And nothing thought too dear for to impart,
 Or unto her most freely to bestow,
 Of all the treasures he had here below.

This was her state at first, non can gain-say;
 But then, mark what befel her on a day. 180
 She did not long in this condition stand,
 Before a curst and most traiterous band
 Of rebels, who shook off allegiance,
 And 'gainst their sov'reign did bold arms advance;
 Intic'd her to their party, and destroy'd 185
 All those rare privileges she enjoy'd.
 Which grand offence did so the king displease;
 That she his wrath by no means could appease;
 Nor had she any friend to speak a word,
 To stay the tortures of the flaming sword. 190
 No purpose 'twas, alas! for her to plead,
 Why sentence should not against her proceed;
 Who well knew in her conscience 'twas but right
 She should thenceforth be banish'd from his sight,
 And his most glorious face behold no more, 195
 As she with joy had seen it heretofore.

3 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

The rightful sentence passed, though severe,
Which might strike dead the trembling soul to hear,
Exil'd she was from him with fearful ire,
And laid obnoxious to eternal fire : 200
Turn'd out of all her glory with a curse,
No state of mortal creatures could be worse.
And now she's forc'd to wander to and fro,
Finding no rest, nor knowing what to do.
A foreign soil, alas ! she must seek out, 205
And where to hide herself she looks about.
A wretched fugitive she straight became,
A terror to herself, to all a shame,
Yet this vile wretched creature, so forlorn,
The subject of contempt and general scorn, 210
She, she's the object of this prince's love,
She 'tis to whom his warm affections move.
'Twas in her fallen state he cast his eye,
Although he loved her from eternity.
Who wand'ring thus into a foreign land, 215
Far off of him : he soon did understand
There was no other thing for him to do,
But must a journey take, and thither go.
If he'll accomplish this his great design,
Of making love, a love that's most divine. 220

The father now doth part with his dear son,
Who's all on fire, and zealous to be gone :
And what though it a grievous journey be,
Its bitterness he is resolv'd to see.
His high atchievements nothing shall prevent, 225
His mind and purpose is so fully bent.
That he in his own kingdom will not stay
One minute after the appointed day.

But

But that you may more fully yet discover
The matchless flames of this most glorious lover,
Permit us to present unto your view,
The court he left, the dungeon he went to:
The kingdom, where this high-born prince did dwell,

All other countries vastly doth excel,
Its glory splendid is and infinite,
It cannot be beheld with fleshly sight.
Ten thousand suns, ten thousand times more bright
Than ours is, could never give such light,
None ever there beheld a cloud, nor shall;
Nor ever was there any night at all.
No cold or heat did ever there displease
No pain nor sorrow there, nor no disease.
No thirst nor hunger there, do any know,
Nor any foes to seek their overthrow,
Disturb their peace, or them in th' least annoy,
Nor is there any devil to destroy.
And if one would that kingdom search about,
There is no finding of one poor man out.
No sooner any such do thither get,
But on their heads a glorious crown is set.
Congratulating angels round them wait,
And cloth them all in long white robes of state,
They live in boundless bliss, with such content,
It raises joy unto a ravishment.
There's rivers too of pleasures, fill'd to th' brim,
In which the prophets and apostles swim.
There beauty fadeth not, nor strength decays;
No weary old age, neither end of days.

Impossible

10 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Impossible it is for them to die,
Whose souls have tasted immortality. 260

All there is love, and sempiternal joys,
Whose sweetness neither gluts, nor fulness cloy.
Friends always by; for absence is not known,
Their loss, or departure, none can bemoan.

Within the confines of this blissful land, 265

There doth a spacious four-square city stand,
The noblest structure 'tis that e'er was rais'd,
By men admired, or by angels prais'd.

The founder of it was a mighty king;
Yet without hands 'twas built, amazing thing! 270

As for th' materials, which did it prepare
From a good author this description hear:

' The luke-warm blood of a dear lamb being spilt,

' To rubies turn'd, whereof its parts were built,

' And what dropt down in a kind gellied gore, 275

' Became rich saphier, and did pave her floor.

' The brighter flames that from his eye-balls ray'd,

' Grew chrysolites, whereof the walls were made.

' The milder glances sparkled on the ground,

' And groundfil'd every door with diamond: 280

' But dying, darted upwards, and did fix

' A battlement of purest sardonix.

' Its streets with burnish'd gold are paved round,

' Stars lie like pebbles scattered on the ground.

' Pearl mix'd with onyx, and the jasper stone, 285

' The citizens do always tread upon.'

Here he with's father in great state did sit,

Whilst millions bow'd themselves unto his feet.

Here 'twas he kept his court, here was his throne,

From hence through all the world his glory shone, 290

And

And if ought could unto his greatness add,
 Hark what a rich retinue there he had.
 The servants kept of very high degree,
 Who did bow down to him continually,
 Though they were nobles all, and far more high 295
 Than proudest of the roman monarchy;
 And mighty great in power too are they;
 If one alone did no less number slay
 Than near two hundred thousand in one night,
 Of valiant soldiers, trained up to fight. 300
 These troops still ready stood at his command,
 To execute his will in every land.
 Of them he'd an innumerable host,
 Though some of them in ancient times were lost:
 Yet the selected number millions were, 305
 Who still to him do true allegiance bear:
 True love and zeal burn'd in their breasts like fire;
 To do his will's their business and desire:
 'Tis his great int'rest which they wholly mind,
 Aiding his friends, whose welfare they design'd: 310
 And likewise evermore to frustrate those,
 Who did their prince's sovereignty oppose.
 Their nature's quick and clear, as beams of light:
 Creatures too pure for mortals grosser sight.
 And if we shall consider well their worth, 315
 Meer empty nothings are all kings o'th' earth,
 When to these servants they compared be;
 So much excels their glorious dignity.
 What of their sovereign lord then shall we say,
 On whom they do attend both night and day? 320
 When they before his dazling throne appear,
 Their heav'nly faces straightway cover'd are;

As

12 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

As if not able on his face to look ;
Or else with glorious blushings, heaven-struck.

Such, such his court, such his attendants were ; 325
Who could with this great prince of light compare ?
Oh what celestial glory didst thou leave,
Almost beyond man's credence to believe !
That thou should'st thus thy father's house forsake,
And such a tedious dismal journey make ! 330
Could not that charming melody above,
Allure thy thoughts, and hinder thy remove ? }
Oh no ! there's nothing can retard thy love.
Hark how the glorious seraphims do sing,
Whose warbling notes do make the heavens ring ! 335
What mortals ever did such music hear ?
Spirits made perfect, are quite ravish'd there..
Oh ! how they listen whilst the strains rise higher,
And joining gladly with th' all-charming choir,
Sing forth aloud, inspired with his flame, 340
All glory, glory, glory, to his name,
One strain of this celestial harmony,
Could mortals hear, they soon would thither fly :
They straight would shake off all their carnal shackles,
And quit these dull and loathsome tabernacles ; 345
Like tow'ring larks, still upwards would they soar,
And ravished, would think of earth no more :
Or like to herds of cattle, great and small,
They'd leave their feedings, and run thither all,
But yet could not this lovely paradise, 350
These honors, or this melody intice
The love-sick prince unto a longer stay,
So much he longed for the marriage day :

Nothing

Nothing could his design divert, or move;
So constant was he in his royal love. 355

His travels next will you be pleas'd to hear
Which raises wonder in me to declare.

Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more
Of angel-measur'd leagues from th' eastern shore:

Of dunghil earth this glorious prince did come. 360
Did ever lover go so far from home

To seek a spouse? what brave heroic spirit
That e'er did love of vertuous princess merit,

Would not have found his trembling heart to ake,
So vast an enterprize to undertake; 365

Such dangers to expose himself unto,
Such pleasure, and such glory to fore-go?

But some 'tis like may ask a question here,
Unto what parts or region did he steer?

Or whither did he travel, whither go? 370
A very needful thing for all to know.

Was't to some Goshen land of precious light?
Or into some Elysian fields, which might

With boundless pleasures thither him invite? }
Was it a kingdom somewhat like his own 375

For bliss and glory? or what kind of one
Was this strange land, to which this lover went,

To find the soul forc'd into banishment?

Alas! dear sirs! this may you still amaze,
And to a higher pitch your wonder raise. 380

As far as darkness differs from the light,
Or dolesome earth falls short of heaven so bright;

As heavens higher are than earth or seas,
A thousand times ten thousand of degrees;

So

14 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

So far that place where this sweet prince did dwell 385
 The other (to which he travell'd) did excel :
 As that transcends for loveliness most rare,
 So this in wickedness exceeds compare.
 Egypt was once a dark and doleful place,
 When no one could behold his brother's face. 390
 Though there the sacred stories plainly tell,
 The darkness was so great, it might be felt.
 Yet was that but a figure, you must know,
 Of the black horror of this land of woe,
 Whither the wretched wand'ring soul was gone, 395
 And whence her lover now must fetch her home :
 It was indeed an howling wilderness,
 A region of despair, and all distress :
 Where dragons, wolves, lions, and ravenous beasts
 Had their closed dens, and birds of prey their nests. 400
 Besides, throughout the ruined land,
 A black and fearful king had great command,
 Who had revolted many years before
 From his liege lord, and to him since has bore
 Most cruel spight and curs'd malignity, 405
 Assuming to himself the sovereignty :
 The greatest usurper that e'er being had ;
 Sylla, nor Nero never were so bad.
 For 'tis well known he was the original fire
 Of tyrants all, and taught them to aspire ; 410
 Ambitious through the world to spread his arms,
 He fill'd the earth with blood and sad alarms :
 And like a ravenous lion rang'd about
 To seek his prey, and find new conquests out :
 Full of state policies, and subtil wiles ; 415
 Where force attempts in vain, his fraud beguiles.
 Most

Most cruel to those slaves he can betray,
 And yet the fools, besotted to his sway,
 Court their own ruin, and blindly obey.
 His ancient lord he hated most of all, 420
 And such as were his offspring, great and small,
 He was resolv'd to be reveng'd upon,
 And them for to destroy e're he had done,
 From whence his name was call'd Apollyon.
 A name which doth his nature full express, 425
 And you of him thereby may further guess.
 This greedy dragon, hungry of his prey,
 With wide-stretch'd jaws stood waiting for the day,
 When this dear prince should come; nay, for the hour,
 That so he might him instantly devour. 430
 Oh tyrant love! dost thou no pity take!
 Wilt thou the Phoenix of both worlds thus make
 A prey to such a fiend, who by some snare
 Hopes to entrap this long expected heir,
 And then to take possession, and alone 435
 Rule on an undisturbed hellish throne?
 See how the troops of his infernal power
 Combine, this sacred person to devour.
 Needs must that be a sad and dismal land, 439
 Where this damn'd monster had so great command.
 What prince would come from such a mount of bliss,
 Unto a cave where poisonous serpents hiss?
 Come from his father's bosom where he lay,
 To be the wolves and dragons chiefest prey?
 To leave his glorious robes and cloth of gold, 445
 And clothed be with rags and garments old?
 From ruling men and devils, now to be
 Tempted by both of them, scarce ever free?

16 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

To leave a paradise of all delight,
 And come into a land as black as night? 450
 A glorious crown and kingdom to forsake,
 That he his bed might on a dunghil make?
 To leave a sweet and quiet habitation,
 To come into a rude distracted nation?
 Where wars, blood, and miseries abound, 455
 Where neither truth, nor faith, nor peace is found?
 To leave his friends, who loved him most dear,
 To dwell with such as mortal hatred bear
 To him, and to his blessed father, and
 All such as do for them most faithful stand? 460
 To come so many millions of long miles
 To be involv'd in troubles and sad broils?
 And all this for a creature poor and vile,
 A traiterous vagabond, and in exile?
 Yea, one that still remain'd a stubborn foe, 465
 Hating both him and his blest father too?
 Who ponders all in ecstasy, can't miss
 To cry out, Oh! what manner of love is this?
 Sure this is love that may our souls amaze,
 And to the height our wond'ring spirits raise,
 In grateful hymns to celebrate its praise. }

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

Shewing what entertainment the prince of light met with at his first arrival. How there being no room for him in the inn, he was forced to lie in the stable, and make his bed in the manger. As also how he having laid aside his glorious and princely robes, was not known by the people of that country; and how he was wronged and abominably abused by them.

AWAKE my muse! I hear the prince is come;
 Go and attend him, view the very room
 Where he at first doth lodge: see how they treat
 A king, whose pow'r is so exceeding great.
 Much rumour of his coming, I am told, 5
 Was spread abroad amongst them there of old,
 And many waiting for him, long'd to see
 What kind of king and person he should be.
 Oh! what provision now to entertain
 Him did they make? my soul's in grievous pain 10
 To hear of this. Doth not the trumpet sound,
 And joy and melody sweetly abound
 I'th' hearts of all, who heard of this good news?
 How did they carry't to him, or how use
 This lovely one, whom angels do adore, 15
 And glorious seraphims fall down before?
 Ah! how methinks should they now look about
 Some curious stately structure to find out,
 Some prince's palace for his residence,
 Or strong fair castle for his safe defence: 20

C

Don't

18 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Don't people leap for joy; whilst angels sing,
 To welcome in their long expected king?
 Do not the conduits through all streets combine;
 Instead of water wholly to run wine?
 Do not great swarms of people 'bout him fly, 25
 Like to some strange and glorious prodigy?
 What dost thou say, my muse, art wholly mute?
 Doth this not with thy present purpose suit?
 Ah! yes, it does, but how shall't be express'd,
 The grief that seizes on my panting breast? 30
 My heart into a trembling fit doth fall,
 To think how he contemned was of all.
 The savage monsters did this prince reject,
 And treat him with affronts and disrespect:
 When he for them had taken all this pain, 35
 They neither would him know nor entertain:
 The very inn, where first he went to lie,
 For to vouchsafe him lodging did deny.
 No room, alas! had they; but if 'twere so
 He would be there, to th' stable he must go. 40
 To th' stable then goes he contentedly,
 Without the least reflection or reply.
 The silly ass, and laboring ox must be
 Companions now to sacred royalty;
 Expos'd by greater brutes, he must, alas! 45
 Take up with the dull ox, and painful ass,
 Who their great maker and preserver was;
 And in the manger's forc'd to make his bed,
 Without one pillow to support his head.
 Let heav'n astonish'd, earth amazed be 50
 At this ungrateful inhumanity:

Let

Let seas rise up in heaps, and after quit
 Their course, these barbarous people to affright.
 Oh! what a mighty condescension's here!
 What story may with this, with this compare? 55
 Is this the entertainment they afford!
 And this a palace for so great a lord!
 Is this their kindness to so dear a friend!
 Do they him to a filthy stable send!
 Is that a chamber suiting his degree! 60
 Or fit the manger should allotted be,
 For him to lay his glorious body in,
 (Of whom the prophet saith, ' he knew no sin?')
 Whose footstool's earth, and heaven is his throne,
 What ne'er a better bed for such an one! 65
 That has so vast a journey undertook,
 And for their sakes such glory too forsook!
 Is this great prince with such mean lodging pleas'd,
 So that he may of love-sick pains be eas'd!
 O what a lover's this! Almighty love! 70
 How potently dost thou affections move?
 What shall a prince be thus o'ercome by thee,
 And brought into contempt to this degree!
 Sure this may melt an heart of hardest stone,
 When 'tis consider'd well and thought upon. 75
 But no less worthy note is it to hear
 The manner how this sovereign did appear.
 Was it in pomp and outward splendor bright?
 Which doth the sensual heart of man invite,
 To cast a view, and deep respect to show, 80
 As unto haughty monarchs here they do:

20 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Like to a prince, or like himself, did he
 His beams display that ev'ry eye might see
 In his blest face most radiant majesty?
 No, no, so far was he from being proud, 85
 That he thought fit his glories all to shroud;
 And, like the sun, envelop'd in a cloud,
 Did vail his heav'nly lustre, would not make
 Himself of reputation, for the sake
 Of that poor soul he came for to seek out: 90
 He saw 'twas good, that he might work about,
 His blest design, himself thus to deny,
 And shew a pattern of humility.
 His glorious robes he freely did lay off,
 Tho' thereby made the object of mens scoff, 95
 Who viewing his despised mean condition,
 Welcom'd him with contempt, scorn, and derision:
 For 'twas i'th' form of a poor servant he
 Appear'd to all, the very low'st degree,
 Which amongst all the sons of Adam are: 100
 And doth not this still wondrous love declare!
 The people of that country too I find
 To gross mistakes so readily inclin'd,
 They judg'd him a poor carpenter's son born,
 And stigmatiz'd him with it in great scorn, 105
 Nay, some affirm he worked at the trade,
 For which they did him mightily upbraid.
 However this we must to all proclaim,
 He that all riches had, most poor became;
 That so the soul through his sad poverty 110
 Might be enriched to eternity.
 The foxes of the earth, and birds of th' air
 Had more, alas, than fell unto his share.

In

In holes the one, in nests the other fed;
 But he, poor he! no where to lay his head, 115
 Not one poor cottage had this precious king,
 Although the rightful heir of every thing,
 The meanest man almost of Adam's race
 Seem'd to be in as good, nay better case,
 Respecting outward wealth and glory here; 120
 Those things no price in his affections bear.
 Silver and gold, the muckworm worldling's gods,
 He knew to be but more refined clods
 Of that same earth, which he himself had made
 Ripe by a sun, scarce fit to be his shade. 125
 No money, doubtless, had this prince at all
 In purse or coffer: for, when some did call
 For Cæsar's tribute, then, behold, must he
 Dispatch in haste a servant to the sea
 In an uncertain fish's mouth to spy 130
 A piece of coin (oh wondrous treasury!)
 With which he straight did Cæsar's tribute pay,
 (Tho' small engagement on the children lay)
 Rather than he'll be disobedient thought,
 To raise the tax, a miracle is wrought. 135
 But here 'tis like some may desire to know
 The cause why he abas'd himself so low?
 The answer to which query's very plain;
 His errand so requir'd, if he'd obtain
 The soul, for whom his country he did leave, 140
 He of his glory must himself bereave.
 'Twas love that brought him into this disguise,
 To come incognito to haughty eyes,
 To lay aside awhile his robes of state,
 And thus in pilgrim's weeds upon her wait: 145

22 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Without this form assum'd, these rags put on,
 The mighty work could never have been done.
 She grov'ling lay below, unable quite
 Once to aspire unto his glorious fight.
 Therefore must he a garb suitable take 150
 To raise her up, and his dear consort make;
 He must descend, that she might mount above,
 And join in a fit intercourse of love.
 So the kind sun-beams do the dunghill gild,
 That it to heaven may exhalations yield, 155
 With pregnant show'rs to fertilize the field,

CHAP.

C H A P. III

Shewing how upon the arrival of the glorious prince, the vice-roy of that country contrived in a barbarous manner to take away his life. And of the horrid massacre that fell out upon it in the town of Bethlehem. And how the prince escaped and fled into Egypt. Also discovering how the creature he came to be a suitor to, was preingaged by the black king to the monster of deformity, a bastard of his own begetting, called lust. And of the great and fearful battle that fell out between the prince of light, and Apollyon prince of darkness, and how Apollyon was overcome; and, after three amazing incounters, forced to fly.

THough goodness still's oppos'd by envious hate,
 Virtue, like palms, thrives by th' oppressing
 Our prince's welcome is in part exprest, [weight.
 But what ensues is worse than all the rest.
 Of his sad usage further I'll declare, 5
 And the curs'd cruel foes he met with there.
 No sooner flutt'ring fame the news had told
 Of his arrive; and that some seers of old,
 Heralds of fate, proclaim'd him on record
 To be a high-born prince, and mighty lord: 10
 But presently the vice-roy of that land
 Was fill'd with indignation on each hand;
 Fearing, 'tis like, he might opposed be,
 Or much diminish'd in his dignity;
 That this great stranger might assume his crown, 15
 Or quite eclipse his perishing renown,

24 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

For when the sun doth rise and shine so clear,
 The moon and stars do all straight disappear.
 Not knowing what strange evils might arise;
 He therefore did a bloody plot devise. 20
 Such was his rage and undeserved spite,
 He needs would butcher this sweet lamb of light;
 Who though to none he thought one dram of ill,
 Yet he resolves his precious blood to spill:
 But failing of one treacherous design, 25
 He and his gang do in a worse combine:
 Which was by strict inquiries for to hear,
 When this bright star did first to men appear?
 That so he might exactly know the day
 When he arriv'd, and in a manger lay. 30
 Which known, to make all sure he straight contrives
 To sacrifice a thousand harmless lives,
 And kill the males, yea, every one of them
 Which had been born in famous Bethlehem,
 From two years old or under, ever since 35
 The late prediction of this new-born prince.
 Judging this way, 'tis like, might be the best
 To cut off him, unknown, amongst the rest.
 Which horrid massacre he brought to pass,
 And one more bloody sure there never was: 40
 If circumstances were but weighed well
 Both what they were, and why that day they fell
 On the poor babes; they no compassion have,
 But hurl them from the cradle to the grave.
 The weeping mothers rais'd a swelling flood 45
 Of their own tears, mixt with their childrens blood;
 In every street are heard most dismal cries,
 Bewailing those untimely obsequies:

As

As had been prophesied long before,
By Rachel's moans, refusing to give o'er ; 50
She sighs, and weeps, and has no comfort got,
Because her hopeful children now are not.
Great was the slaughter ; yet their hopes were crost,
The precious prey these raging blood-hounds lost :
For the prince of peace had notice of this thing, 55
And fled to Egypt from this wrathful king ;
And there remaining graciously was fed,
Until this savage murderer was dead.
And when he heard what had that wretch beset,
He hasten'd back to th' land of Israel. 60
But news being brought of Archilaus's reign,
Soon found it needful to remove again.
So being warn'd of God, to Galilee
He turn'd aside ; and there at present we
Shall leave him, whilst we may more fully hear 65
The great design of this his coming there.
Some possibly may say, was't not to take
Unto himself a kingdom, and to make
Himself renowned, great, and very high,
Above each prince and earthly monarchy ? 70
Was't not to take the crowns of every king,
And all their glory to the dust to bring,
To set their diadems on his own head,
That so the nations might be better led ?
Was't not to take revenge upon his foes, 75
And grind to powder all that him oppose ?
Was it not to commence his glorious reign,
That so he might the pride of nations stain ?
Herod, 'tis like, as you before did hear, 79
Such things might dream, and it might vainly fear :
But

26 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

But wholly groundless: for alas ! he came
 Not as a king to punish, but a lamb,
 To offer up in sacrifice his life,
 To put an end to all tormenting strife,
 And only gain a poor, but long-for wife. 85
 His sole design, I told you, it was love,
 'Twas that alone which brought him from above,
 These hardships, and these pains to undergo,
 And many more, which yet we have to show:
 For these are nothing, in comparison 90
 Of those which must be told e're we have done.
 He in those parts had been but thirty year,
 And little had he done that we can hear
 About obtaining of the creature's love,
 But gloriously did then the matter move, 95
 Unto the soul, who little did it mind,
 For she, alas, was otherwise inclin'd:
 For the black king that had usurp'd that land
 An ill-shap'd bastard had, of proud command,
 Whom having drest up in much gallantry, 100
 He did appear so pleasant in her eye,
 That he before had her affections won,
 And in her heart established his throne;
 Though he design'd no less than to betray
 And murder her in a perfidious way: 105
 Of which the silly soul was not aware,
 But fondly blind could not discern the snare.
 Too like, alas, to many now a-days,
 Whom fawning words and flattery betrays.
 This imp of darkness, and first-born of hell 110
 Transform'd by witchcraft, and a cursed spell,

Like

Like a brisk gawdy gallant now appears,
 And still false locks, and borrow'd garments wears:
 Then boldly sets upon her, and with strong
 And sweet-lip'd rhetoric of a courtly tongue, 115
 Salutes her ears, and doth each way discover
 The amorous language of a wanton lover.

He smiles, he toys, and now and then lets fly
 Imperious glances from his lustful eye;
 Adorns her orient neck with pearly charms, 120
 And with rich bracelets decks her ivory arms:
 Boasts the extent of his imperial power,
 And offers wealth and worldly pleasure to her.
 Jocund he seem'd, and full of sprightly mirth,
 And the poor soul never inquir'd his birth, 125
 She lik'd his face, but dream'd not of the dart
 Wherewith he waited to transfix her heart.

There is no foe to such a Dalilah,
 As pretends love, yet ready is to draw
 The poisonous spear, and with a treacherous kiss 130
 Bereaves the soul of everlasting bliss.

If you would know this treacherous monster's name
 (As you before have heard from whence he came)

'Tis he by whom thousands deceiv'd have been,
 Heaven's foe, and Satan's curs'd offspring, SIN. 135

A violater of all righteous laws,
 And one that still to all uncleanness draws;

Author of whoredoms, perjuries, disorders,
 Thefts, rapines, blood, idolatries, and murders.

From whom all plagues, and all diseases flow! 140
 And death itself to him his be'ng doth owe.

This monster of pollution, the undone
 Poor soul too long had been enamour'd on;

And

And by the craft his fire Apollyon lent,
 Doubted not to obtain her full consent. 145
 But when Apollyon saw this prince of peace,
 His wrathful spight against him did increase:
 So brave a rival he could not endure,
 But sought all means his ruin to procure.
 Shall I, saith he, thus lose my hop'd-for prey, 150
 See my designs all blasted in one day,
 Which I have carried on from age to age,
 With deepest policy, and fiercest rage?
 My utmost stratagems I first will try,
 And rather on the very spot I'll dye. 155
 Thus hellishly resolv'd, he does prepare
 Straight to commence the bold and impious war,
 And now the sharp encounter does begin
 A fight so fierce no eye had ever seen,
 Nor shall hereafter e'er behold again. 160
 But first be pleas'd to take a prospect here,
 Of the two combatants as they appear:
 The first a person of celestial race,
 Lovely his shape, ineffable his face; 164
 The frown with which he struck the trembling fiend
 All smiles of human beauty did transcend:
 His head's with glory arm'd, and his strong hand
 No power of earth or hell can long withstand.
 He heads the mighty hosts in heav'n above,
 And all on earth who do Jehovah love. 170
 His camp's so great, they many millions are,
 With whom no one for courage may compare,
 They are all chosen men, and clothed in white,
 Ah! to behold them what a lovely sight

Is

Is it! And yet more grave and lovely far 175
 To join and make one in this holy war.
 The other was a king of courage bold,
 But very grim and ghastly to behold;
 Great was his power, yet his garb did show
 Sad symptoms of a former overthrow: 180
 But now recruited with a numerous train,
 Arm'd with despair, he tempts his fate again.
 Under his banner the black regiments fight,
 And all the wicked troops which hate the light:
 His volunteers are spread from north to south, 185
 And flaming sulphur belches from his mouth.
 Such was the grand importance of their fight,
 It did all eyes on earth and heaven invite
 To be spectators, and attention lend:
 So much did ne'er on any field depend; 190
 No not Pharfalia's plains, where Cæsar fought,
 And the world's empire at one conquest caught.
 Alas, the issue of that famous fray,
 May not compare with this more fatal day. 194
 Should the black monstrous tyrant prince prevail,
 The hearts and hopes of all mankind must fail:
 But above all, she who caus'd their contest
 Would be more miserable than all the rest;
 She, she, poor soul! for ever were undone,
 And never would have help from any one; 200
 'Twas for her sake alone the war begun.

Some fabulous writers tell a wond'rous story,
 And give I know not what St. George the glory,
 Of rescuing bravely a distressed maid,
 From a strange dragon, by his generous aid. 205
 This

30 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

This I am sure our blessed captain fought
 With a fierce dragon, and salvation wrought
 For her, who else had been devoured quite
 By that old serpent's subtlety and spight.
 But now 'tis time their combat to display, 210
 Behold the warriors ready in array.
 Apollyon well stor'd with crafty wit
 Long time had waited for a season fit,
 That so he might some great advantage get. }
 And knowing well the prince of light had fasted 215
 Full forty days, then presently he hasted
 To give him battle, and a challenge makes,
 Which no less cheerfully Christ undertakes.
 The king of darkness the first onset gave,
 Thinking his foe to startle, or out-brave: 220
 He flung at him a very cruel dart,
 And aim'd to hit him just upon the heart.
 He'd have him doubt or question, if 'twere so,
 Whether he were the son of God or no?
 But the bless'd Lord did use his sword so well, 225
 That down the others weapon straightway fell:
 It made him reel, and forc'd him back to stand,
 And beat his lance at once out of his hand.
 At which this disappointed wrathful king 229
 Doth gnash his threatening teeth, and shews his sting;
 Is mad and foams, and fain the dog would bite:
 He swells like to a toad, enough to fright
 A mortal man on him to cast an eye,
 And then breaks out with sad and hideous cry.

APOLLYON

APOLLYON King of Darknes.

Shall I be foiled thus? or thus give o'er, 235
Whom never any could yet stand before;
Have not the mighty fallen by my hand,
Enforc'd to yield to me in every land?
Whole kingdoms have submitted to my pow'r:
If once I'm mov'd, millions I can devour. 240
Nay, with one stroke, thou very well dost know,
I all the world at once did overthrow.
My very name is frightful unto all,
Who trembling fly, if I upon them fall.
My voice is like unto a mighty thunder; 245
And with a word I keep the nations under,
See how they faint, and shrink, and shriek for fear,
If of my coming once they do but hear:
They quiver all, and like a leaf do shake,
And dare not stand when I approaches make. 250
Besides all this, much more I have to boast:
Which of the champions of thy earthly host
Have I not overcome, and put to flight?
None able ever were with me to fight.
Noah that servant, holy, just, of thine, 255
I did o'ercome by th' juice of his own vine:
And righteous Lot I next may reckon up,
A trophy unto my victorious cup,
Whereby he into incest fell two times:
And these thou knowest are no inferior crimes. 260
Thy Jacob too, tho' he could wrestle well,
Yet by my arm most grievously he fell:
And so likewise did his most zealous mother:
By lies I made him to supplant his brother.

Joseph

32 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Joseph for thee, altho' he was sincere, 265
 I quickly taught by Pharaoh's life to swear.
 And Judah, from whose loins thou dost proceed,
 I worsted much, do but the story read,
 Moses himself, thy captain general,
 By me receiv'd a shrewd and dismal fall, 270
 Altho' so meek, when I did him engage,
 I mov'd him into passion and great rage,
 By which I did so vex his troubled mind,
 That he could not the land of promise find,
 Sampson was very strong, I know, yet he 275
 Was overcome by Dalilah and me.
 And David, tho' a king, and most devout,
 Sustain'd by me almost a total rout;
 Altho' he slew a lion and a bear,
 And my Goliath likewise would not spare, 280
 But with his sling that champion did destroy,
 Who did the camp of Israel annoy:
 For all these mighty acts, when once I came
 To try his strength, I brought him unto shame:
 The people numb'ed, and his God forsaken, 285
 By adult'ry and murder over-taken.
 And Solomon, a mighty king and wise,
 Did I by force and subtlety surprize;
 I planted for him such a curious net,
 As soon intangled his unwary feet; 290
 Strange womens charms withdrew his heart from thee
 To doting lust, and curs'd idolatry.
 The time would fail me, should I number all
 The noble worthies I have caus'd to fall.
 Ne'er any yet upon the earth did dwell, 295
 But by my conq'ring sword they vanquish'd fell.

And

And think'st thou, man, that I to thee will yield,
 When flush'd with victories, basely quit the field.
 Mistake not thus, I'll have the other blow,
 I want no strength nor courage thou shalt know. 300

PRINCE of Light.

Thy pride, Apollyon, and thy hellish rage,
 Long since thy utter downfal did presage.
 Vain are thy boasts, these rants no good will do,
 I know thou art a cowardly bragging foe.
 Forbear with lies my servants to condemn, 305
 'Twere only foils, not falls, thou gavest them.
 Lurking in secret, thou didst treacherously
 At unawares sometimes upon them fly;
 But rallying straight they did renew the fight,
 Quench'd all thy darts, and soon put thee to flight: 310
 And now beyond thy reach, in full renown,
 For their reward, enjoy an endless crown.
 And though on some thou hast prevail'd too far,
 With me thou art unable to wage war.
 'Tis for their sakes that forth my wrath is spread; 315
 Thou bruis'd their heels, but I will bruise thy head.

A P O L L Y O N.

Stop there, I pray, let's try the other bout,
 And see if thou canst me so quickly rout.
 I am resolv'd my utmost force to try,
 For all my hopes I find at stake do lye: 320
 E're I'll be baffled thus; and lose my prey,
 Upon thy back still sharper strokes I'll lay.

D

PRINCE

34 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

PRINCE of Light.

What is the cause thou art so furious now,
And thus on me dost bend thy brazen brow?
What is thy fear? why dost thou rage? or why 325
Dost tremble thus, and look so gashfully?
Why doth thy fading colour come and go?
Speak, hellish fiend! what I command thee, do.

A POLLYON.

Great reason's for't; I partly understand
The cause why thou art come into this land: 330
And having found what thy intentions are,
Needs must the same me terrify and scare.
I do perceive what did thee chiefly move
To leave the glory which thou hadst above;
'Twas love that thou didst to a creature bear, 335
Which unto me in truth is very dear;
And I will make my glittering spear to bend,
E're I to thee in this will condescend;
Before I will her lose, I'll tear and roar,
And all infernal pow'rs I will implore, 340
That I assistance of them may obtain,
Against a foe I do so much disdain.

PRINCE of Light.

But why should this stir up thy hellish rage,
If I in love am moved to engage
The precious soul, and her betroth to me, 345
What wrong can that, vile monster, do to thee?
Thy horrid pride hath wrought thy overthrow,
And thou would'st fain have her be damned too.

But

But know this match in heaven's made, and thy hand
Cannot prevent nor break this sacred band. 350

A P O L L Y O N.

She's preengag'd to one, whom I do love,
And I concern'd am; for 'twas I did move
The question to her, did first the contract make,
And I'm resolv'd she never shall it break.
The party too is mine own offspring dear, 355
And I to him most true affections bear:
And reason there is for't, 'twas he alone
Founded my kingdom, and first rais'd my throne,
'Tis he who every where doth for me stand,
Yea, and maintains my cause in every land. 360
My subjects he brings in both great and small;
Without his aid soon would my kingdom fall.
And if this contract should be broke, I see
But little service more can he do me.
Blame me not therefore, if I grow enrag'd, 365
And thus in furious battle am engag'd.

P R I N C E of Light.

Thou canst not hide from me thy curst design,
Most horrid hatred is that love of thine.
Thou seek'st her life, her blood, nought else will do,
But her most desperate final overthrow. 370
I likewise see how the said game is laid,
How she by treach'rous loves to SIN's betray'd:
But I that league resolve to break asunder,
Dissolve your charms, and quickly bring thee under, }
Altho' I know thou art a son of thunder. 375

36 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

I'll spoil all your designs, and make appear
 That only I that Soul do love most dear.
 I'll spill my dearest blood upon the ground,
 But your infernal plots I will confound.
 I am her friend, and will so faithful prove, 380
 That all shall say I'm worthy of her love.
 My life is in my hand, I'll lay it down
 Ere she shall miss of the eternal crown.
 Thou damned art, and wouldst, I fully know,
 Bring her into the same eternal woe: 385 }
 But know, vile fiend, 'tis more than thou canst do,
 Unless thou canst this day prevail o'er me,
 Those dreadful torments she shall never see.
 At this Apollyon's parched lips did quiver,
 These words, like darts, struck thro' his heart and
 liver, 390
 He gnaw'd his very tongue for pain and woe,
 And stamp'd, and foam'd, and knew not what to do,
 Till e're a while, like to a lion bold,
 Upon his spear he furiously takes hold,
 And doth the second time the Lord engage, 395
 With greater violence and fiercer rage.
 As when loud thunder roars, and rends the sky,
 Or murdering cannons let their bullets fly:
 So did he cause as 'twere the earth to quake,
 When he at him the second time did make; 400
 And by the force of his permitted power,
 Snatches him up, as if he would devour
 Him, like the prey which hungry lions eat;
 But not prevailing, down he did him set
 Upon a pinnacle o'th' temple high,
 And then again upon him does let fly: 405
 But

But finding he no hurt to him could do,
 He strives him headlong down from thence to throw,
 Pretending if he were so great a one
 His foot could not be dash'd against a stone.
 But then our prince did draw his sword again, 410
 Not doubting in the least he should obtain
 Another victory against his foe ;
 And did indeed give him so great a blow,
 That he fell down, being forc'd to give o'er,
 And shamefully retreated, as before. 415
 Now would one think the battle quite were done,
 And time for the black prince away to run :
 But he reviv'd, and did fresh courage take ;
 As men would do, when all doth lie at stake,
 And a third battle was resolv'd to see, 420
 Whate'er the fatal consequence might be.
 Apollyon now to his last shift was driven,
 Almost of all his magazine bereaven.
 But one poor weapon more he had to try ;
 If worsted there, resolv'd was to fly. 425
 And here indeed, God suffer'd him once more
 To take him up, as he had done before.
 Ah ! 'twas a sight most dismal to behold,
 What foe was e'er thus impudently bold !
 That so was baffled, forced to retreat, 430
 And found his enemy too wise and great
 A thousand times for him, yet would essay
 By force of arms to carry him away.
 Don't heaven and earth, and all amazed stand
 To see the prince of light in Satan's hand, 435
 Or rather in his arms carry'd on high,
 As if he would have kill'd him secretly ;

38 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I,

But on a mighty mountain him he set,
 Hoping he might some great advantage get;
 A cunning stratagem he did devise, 440
 Thinking thereby our Saviour to surprise,
 And him o'ercome by subtle policy,
 And that was to present unto his eye,
 The glory of this world, the only snare
 By which poor mortals often ruin'd are. 445
 This hellish prince is full of craft and wiles,
 And with's inventions all the world beguiles.
 From him the politic Achitophel,
 And our more modern famous Machiavel,
 With other statesmen learn'd their puzzling arts }
 To plague the world, that science he imparts, }
 To embroil nations, and cheat honest hearts. }
 Sly stratagems in war, most wise men know
 Have oft prevail'd, where force no good could do,
 The walls sometimes of castles down do fall, 455
 When ne'er a bullet hath been shot at all,
 Unless discharged from a silver gun;
 Thousands, alas! this way have been undone.
 Strong cities gates, we know, have open been
 With golden keys, and enemies let in, 460
 Which force nor strength could ne'er have made to
 fly,
 Nor been broke down by fiercest battery.
 The maxim's true, which frequently we read,
 That policy doth very far exceed
 The strength and pow'r of great and haughty kings;
 And to subjection mighty nations brings.
 But all the strength, nor craft, nor power either,
 Which Satan hath with all his fiends together,
 Could

Could with this glorious Lord prevail i'th' least,
Who hath the strength of heaven to assist, 470
And was himself omnipotent in power:
Doth Satan think he can a God devour?
Can fading glories of vile earth intice
Or break his purpose off, when paradise
Could not upon him any influence have, 475
To turn his love from her he came to save?

How soon deep policy is overthrown,
And crafty fraud to foolish madness come!
Art thou, Apollyon, such a wretched sot?
Hast thou no other bait, nor weapon got? 480
Is this thy wit, and canst thou do no more
Than give him that which was his own before?
How prodigal thou seem'st? wilt thou bestow
At once on him all kingdoms here below?
What then will all thy flattered subjects do? 485
If thus thou rashly giv'st them all away,
What wilt thou do thyself another day?
What! is poor soul worth more than all the world?
That all thou hast shall thus away be hurl'd,
Rather than thou of Soul would'st be bereav'd? 490
'Tis time for her to see she ben't deceiv'd.
What! all the kingdoms of the world! pray who
Did give them all, or any unto you?
Ah! what a traytor's here! Is't not a shame
Before thy sovereign's face to make a claim 495
Unto those kingdoms, where thou hast no right?
Thou know'st they do belong to th' prince of light.
Thine if thou call'st them, 'tis by usurpation,
No other right hast thou to any nation.

40 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

But we discourse too long: behold a fight, 500
 Apollyon rallies all his scattered might.

Now nothing else than a full conquest will
 The haughty wretch his wild ambition fill.
 How fain would he majestic steps have trod,
 And worship'd be, nay worship'd by a God? 505
 But the wise Prince of light doth straight advance
 To check his bold and vain extravagance,
 Declares his pow'r, and shakes the awful rod;
 Thou shalt not (what?) tempt (who?) the Lord
 thy God. 510

This well-plac'd stroke did Satan quite confound;
 He cannot stay, yet's loth to quit the ground.
 But seeing that he needs must now be gone;
 Looks back, and grins, and howling, thus goes on.

A P O L L Y O N .

Altho' I find thou art for me too strong, 515
 Yet I'll revenged be, for all the wrong
 I have sustain'd, either on thee or thine;
 For which the powers of hell shall all combine,
 T' engage thee in another sort of fight,
 Altho' at present I am baffled quite. 520

Moreover, this I further have to say,
 So long as thou dost in this country stay,
 Be sure of troubles thou shalt have thy fill,
 I'll set my servants on thee, and they will,
 By help from me, add sorrows to thy days, 525
 Strew all thy paths with thorns, and cross thy ways,
 I'll render thee as odious as I can,
 That thou may'st be disown'd by ev'ry man.

What

What I, and all infernal pow'rs can do,
 To make thee miserable, or o'erthrow 530
 The great design, which thou art come about,
 We are resolved now to work it out.
 And tho' thou think'st this Soul for to obtain,
 I tell thee now I have her in my chain;
 And doubt not but I there shall hold her fast, 535
 Till tired out, thy love be over-past.
 Nay let me tell thee further in thine ear,
 She unto thee doth perfect hatred bear:
 Thee, nor thy portion doth she like at all,
 Altho' for her thou dost thyself enthrall, 540
 And into troubles and afflictions bring:
 What wise man ever would do such a thing?
 What love, where thou no love art like to have,
 Tho' thou the same a thousand times should'st crave.
 If this proves not most true, then me you shall 545
 The father of lies hereafter justly call.
 Boast not this conquest, tho' I go my way,
 I'll meet thee better arm'd another day.
 A hideous clap of thunder then was heard,
 And straight the cursed spirit disappear'd. 550

C H A P. IV.

Shewing what joy there was in heaven amongst the angels, upon the great victory obtained over the black king. Shewing also how affectionately in a sweet heavenly manner, the Prince of light after this saluted the Soul he came to save, for whose sake he had passed through all these sorrows. And how the ungrateful, blind, and deluded wretch slighted and despised him in her heart; chusing rather to hearken to, and side with Apollyon, king of darkness, and to entertain the monster of pollution, sensual lusts, than to become a spouse to so glorious a prince; pretending that she knew him not, neither would she believe he was the son of God, the blessed and eternal potentate; demanding signs of him. Shewing upon this what strange and wonderful miracles he wrought amongst the people, who notwithstanding all, went about to kill him. And how he was forced to fly from one country to another, to preserve his life. And what hardships and difficulties he passed through, for the love he bore to the poor creature.

NO sooner had this overthrow been given,
But troops of angels did descend from heaven,
Unto this prince with great congratulation,
Yielding to him all humble adoration.

Ah! how the glorious seraphims did sing, 5
Bringing fresh bays of triumph to their king.

They

They come to serve him, as was just and right,
 Because his en'my he hath put to flight.
 Let heaven rejoice, and earth resound his praise,
 For victory o'er him, who did always 10
 Disturb the earth, and whom none could withstand;
 Such was his strength and force in ev'ry land.
 Now might one hope the prince from trouble's freed
 And quickly will in his affairs succeed,
 Wherein he hath such great obstructions met, 15
 Since first his feet upon the earth were set.
 Kindly he now doth the poor Soul salute,
 And with such fervency begins his suit;
 And in such sort he did himself declare,
 That none in wooing could with him compare. 20
 No orator on earth like him could speak,
 So powerfully, and sweet enough to break
 And melt a breast of steel, or heart of stone,
 If well his words be weigh'd, and thought upon.
 He to this purpose doth salute her ears 25
 Sometimes with sighs, sometimes with bitter tears,

PRINCE of Light.

Look unto me, dear Soul! behold 'tis I,
 Who lov'd thee deeply from eternity;
 Who at thy door do stand, oh, let me in,
 And do not hearken to that monster, Sin! 30
 Refuse me not because my thoughts descend
 Below themselves, so far to recommend
 My dearest love to thee; altho' that I
 No beauty can at all in thee espy:
 I love not as your earthly lovers do; 35
 'Tis beauty that engages them to woo,
 Or

44 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Or the great portion, or the virtuous mind :
 There's none of these in thee that I can find,
 Yet my affections burn, and love's so much,
 No mortal ever did experience such. 40

Why dost thou frown? Ah doth thy hard'ned brow
 Not made at first to wrinkle, wrinkle now?

I am a person of no mean degree,
 Altho' my heart is fix'd and set on thee.

My Father, who hath sent me, is most high? 45
 He rules above, and all beneath the sky.

All kingdoms of this world they are his own,
 Whether inhabited, or yet unknown.

To this great monarch, Soul, I am most dear,
 Whate'er he has, is mine, I am his heir, 50

His choice delight, his joy, and only son;

Moreover, he and I am only one.

My Father is in me, in him am I,

And was with him from all eternity.

There's many mansions in his house, and there 55
 Of all delight thou shalt enjoy thy share.

I'll raise thee unto honour and renown,

And arch thy temples with a radiant crown:

In robes of state I'll clothe thee ev'ry day,

All glorious within shall thy array 60

Be wrought of finest needle-work so bright,

As shall transcend and dazzle mortals sight.

Then clear thy eyes, and purify thy mind,

Accept my love, and to thyself be kind,

All these advantages thou sure shalt find. 65

But oh! such stubborn dulness who can bear?

This Soul seem'd not to mind, or lend an ear

To any thing the Lord did thus declare;

But

But lay like one asleep, or rather dead,
 Being by other lovers falsely led. 70
 She rather entertains him with a scoff,
 And frames slight answers for to put him off;
 Would not believe he was of such descent;
 His sighs, nor tears, could move her to relent,
 But joins in league with other bitter foes, 75
 Who did contemptuously his grace oppose.
 Signs they demand, and tokens to be given,
 To make it known that he was sent from heaven.
 He graciously to this did condescend,
 That from reproach he might himself defend, 80
 To manifest he no deceiver was,
 Strange things in sight of all he brought to pass.
 The miracles he wrought did all amaze,
 And highest wonder in the people raise.
 The lame and impotent he made to walk, 85
 The blind he caus'd to see, the dumb to talk;
 Nay, such as were born blind, he made to see;
 Which never any did, nor could, but he.
 His love was such, he daily went about
 To find the sick, and the distressed out. 90
 All kind of sad diseases he did heal;
 No friend like him unto the common-weal.
 The fever, frenzy, and the leprosy,
 Were all remov'd by him most speedily;
 Yea, bloody-fluxes too by him were cur'd, 95
 When all the doctors could no help afford:
 Tho' all they had were on physicians spent,
 Yet whole by him they were all gratis sent.
 'Twas meer compassion, bowels, and sweet love,
 And not reward, did this physician move. 100
 By

46 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

By these blest'd deeds he soon obtain'd a name,
 And all the country eccho'd with his fame;
 So that vast multitudes did daily croud
 After him, and implor'd his help aloud.
 Poor wretches who with devils were possess'd; 105
 And sorely griev'd, could see no hopes of rest,
 Were all delivered by his mighty hand.
 Such pow'r had he hell's power to command,
 That if he said, Satan, come out, straight-way,
 He forced was this prince for to obey. 110
 Thus as with smallest touch he heal'd their evils,
 He with a word cast out the foulest devils.
 Nay, more than this, that he might quite remove
 All doubts from her he did so dearly love,
 That she might know he power had to save, 115
 He rais'd the dead to life, tho' in the grave
 The corpse had buried been full four days;
 This very thing must needs his glory raise.
 He still went on, and more strange things did do,
 Tho' very few to him did kindness show. 120
 Is it not plain he can do what he list,
 Who holds the mighty winds as in his fist?
 He that gave bounds unto the sea and land,
 What is not in his power to command?
 He that doth suck the clouds out of the seas, 125
 And makes them fall again where'er he please;
 He that doth break the amazing thunder-crack,
 And bid the raging frightful seas go back;
 That doth the dreadful angry ocean still,
 And call heaven's meteors to obey his will; 130
 That counts the sands, and doth the stars survey,
 And hills and mountains in a balance weigh;
 No

No other name can be for him assign'd,
 But God most high, Jehovah unconfin'd.
 The precious name, which to this prince is giv'n, 135
 Shews who he is; he's call'd the Lord from heaven.
 Another title doth the same express,
 He is Jehovah, Lord our righteousness.
 Do not his works, and his most glorious name,
 His blessed nature unto all proclaim? 140
 Shall not the Soul this gracious Lord receive?
 Who worketh wonders, that she may believe.
 Sure if the Soul did doubt of his descent,
 She now has cause with sorrow to repent.
 The vilest Atheist it might satisfy, 145
 Touching his glorious birth and dignity;
 But notwithstanding this, those evil men,
 In most base sort did this great prince condemn:
 Him impiously they grand impostor call,
 And with foul blasphemies upon him fall. 150
 Tho' in his life there was no stain nor spot,
 Yet they would needs his conversation blot:
 Behold, said they, a person gluttonous!
 You seldom read of any charged thus.
 But that's not all, drunkenness next did they, 155
 Unto the charge of this just person lay.
 They did him often a wine-bibber call,
 That odious they might render him to all.
 His holy doctrine too they did despise,
 And horrid things on that account devise. 160
 As if he taught all men to violate,
 God's holy law, and thereby tolerate
 All kind of sin, pollution, and offence;
 Tho' of the law he had such reverence,

As

48 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

As none had more, and daily shew'd his love 465
 Unto the same, in striving to remove
 Those false and evil glosses, whereby they
 Its purer spiritual part had thrown away.
 His company and country they upbraid,
 Yea, and the education which he had. 470

But that which may all persons most amaze,
 Was those reports which they of him did raise,
 As if that he some curs'd familiar had.
 They cry, he hath a devil, and is mad :
 When he the unclean spirits does cast out, 175
 By th' prince of devils he brings it about ;
 Those strange and wond'rous things we see are done,
 Are all perform'd by Belzebub alone.

Thus did Apollyon shew his hellish spight.
 And them to coin black-slanders still invite, 180
 Against this glorious prince of peace and light. }

But tho' they did blaspheme, and him disdain ;
 He bore it all, reviling not again ;
 But still retains his kindness, hopes to find
 The Soul hereafter in a better mind. 185

For now he saw she was of sense bereav'd,
 And by the devil grievously deceiv'd.
 But oh ! consider what a lover's here
 Who all these oft-repeated wrongs would bear,
 And not be gone in fury and disdain, 190
 Leaving her subject to eternal pain.

To suffer thus in's person, and his Name,
 And undergo all this reproach and shame,
 And yet continue constant in his love,
 This from her breast might sure all scruple move ;
 Nor

Nor was this all, for still he's tost about,
 And malice daily finds new projects out,
 How to torment and grieve his tender heart,
 Yet nothing could from her his kindness part.
 They now with sly temptations on him set, 200
 To draw him in, and some advantage get.
 This with kind anger curled his bless'd blood,
 To see how stoutly they withstood their good.
 It fill'd his heart with sorrow, made him grieve,
 They so hard-hearted were not to believe; 205
 Tho' he most mighty works among them wrought,
 Yet to ensnare him they occasions sought.
 Their tempting him, I find did grieve him more,
 Than all the vile affronts he met before.

Here might I stop, to reason with the Jews, 210
 Who him deny, and slight the gospel news.
 May not his miracles convince you quite,
 He was the true Messias, Prince of Light;
 How dare you to deny matter of fact,
 That he those great and mighty things did act? 215
 For they were not in private corners done,
 But before all, in open face o'th' sun.
 Your fathers might with ease laid ope the cheat,
 Shame the imposture, and the plot defeat,
 If any grounds they had for to decry, 220
 The man himself, or his strange works deny.
 Besides, you know, Josephus he doth own,
 There was at that time such a blest One,
 And for him had so great a veneration,
 That thus I find of him he makes relation: 225
 "In the time of Tiberius' reign, saith he,
 "One JESUS liv'd, a man, if't lawful be

50 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

“ To call him so, for he strange things did do,
 “ Yea mighty miracles” This records show.

But you perhaps in your forefathers’ head, 230
 Are apt to think he by the devil did [read.]

Those great and wondrous things of which we
 Now this is so absurd, ridiculous,

And vain, tis strange men should be cheated thus,
 Can any think the God o’ th’ universe, 235

Would be unfaithful, as to change the course
 Of nature, merely to assert a lye?

What odium here is thrown on’s Majesty!
 Could Satan all these real wonders do,

He all religion quickly might o’erthrow, 240
 The foulest errors make the world believe,

And him for the true God men would receive.
 This is to set the devil in God’s place,

And bring the holy One into disgrace;
 T’ascribe his glorious attributes to one, 245

That fain would be exalted in the throne.
 What help or touchstone then can mortals have,

Their precious souls from Satan’s wiles to save,
 If real miracles perform he can?

This too would show God mindless were of man: 250
 And Moses who in Egypt wonders wrought,

Might into shame and great contempt be brought;
 If this once granted be, which you would have,

Moses of old your fathers might deceive.
 Why might not he by th’ devil’s power do 255

Those mighty miracles which scriptures show
 He wrought in Egypt, and at the Red-sea?

Against your law ’twould be as strong a plea,
 And thus both testaments ’twould throw away, }

To

To the magicians could the devil have given, 260
Such power as Moses had receiv'd from heaven,
He would such equal works have made appear;
None should have cry'd, The finger of God is here.
But now as Moses did this way confute
His faithless foes, who did with him dispute, 265
By greater deeds, and all their arts o'erthrow,
The self-same thing did JESUS also do.
The strongest arguments he then did use,
For to convince the unbelieving Jews, 269
Were the great signs and wonders which he wrought,
And did this way refel whate'er they thought,
Against his person, or his doctrine either,
And they thereby were silenc'd all together:
" My works, saith he, to me do witness give,
" And for their sake you ought me to believe. 275
" For if that I such mighty works don't do,
" As none e'er did or can pretend unto,
" Believe me not: but if they witness give,
" How inexcusable then will they you leave?"
He also had a witness from great John, 280
Besides his works which were divinely done;
And God himself from heaven witness bore,
So great a witness ne'er was heard before.
The written word likewise this truth did tell,
If they the same would have consider'd well: 285
And therefore " Search the scriptures, sirs, saith he,
" For they are those which testify of me:"
Thus every way you see the proofs are plain,
He was the true Messias you have slain;

52 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Therefore repent you unbelieving Jews, 296
 With feigned scandals longer don't abuse
 Your blessed Lord, nor's gospel more refuse. }
 The dangerous troubles of the Prince of Light,
 The scandals that he met with, and the spight;
 The hatred by that Soul unto him shown, 295
 Whom he design'd the consort of his throne;
 Her weak pretences for this causeless scorn,
 And with what wond'rous patience it was borne!
 How she receiv'd him with a scornful brow,
 We have in part set forth, and also how 300
 By mighty signs and wonders he did prove
 Both his divine ascent, and matchless love.
 But now the reader with attentive ear,
 And longing mind, desires, 'tis like, to hear
 How the poor blinded Soul behav'd her now; 305
 Does she not straight unto his scepter bow?
 Doth she not yield, and readily consent
 To close with him and heartily repent
 She ever did his precious love abuse,
 And such a proffer wilfully refuse? 310
 He ample proof and witness now hath given,
 That he was sent down to her out of heaven;
 His noble birth, and sovereign dignity
 Sure now she can't, nay dares not to deny:
 What can she further say, I pray what more 315
 Hath she to urge, to keep him out o'th' door? }
 Or, has he left her, and will come no more?
 What Prince would ever put up so much wrong,
 Or wait upon a stubborn Soul so long?
 Or who would ever make another trial, 320
 That has so often had such flat denial?
 Ah,

Ah, no! he can't, his love's so great and strong,
 He hopes still to obtain her love e're long.
 See how with tears and sighs, and melting heart,
 He woos, intreats, and doth his love impart, 325
 As one resolv'd he'll no denial have:
 True lovers press their suit ev'n to the grave.

PRINCE of Light.

'Tis not ungratefulness which yet can change
 My purpose, or my heart from thee estrange.
 My strong affections on thee are so fixt, 330
 That nought has them remov'd, or come betwixt
 My soul and thine; but had I lov'd thy face,
 And that alone, my kindness had giv'n place;
 My slighted suit should long e're this have ended,
 And never more on thee had I attended. 335
 Or, did I love thee for thine heav'nly eye,
 I then might court angelic majesty:
 Or, if the smoothness of thy whiter brow
 Could charm mine eyes or my affections bow
 To outward objects, polish'd marble might 340
 Have given as much content, as much delight.
 No, no, 'tis neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,
 Nor any outward thing I can espy,
 That has or could surprize my tender heart:
 I know thy nature, who, and what thou art. 345
 Nor is it virtue in a homely case,
 Wherein lies hid much rich and precious grace,
 Together rarely mix'd, whose worth doth make
 Me love the casket for the jewel's sake:
 'Tis none of this! My eye doth pierce within, 350
 But nothing there can I behold but Sin.

54 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

The reason of my passion wholly lies
 Within myself, from whence it first did rise.
 And tho' thou canst not it at present see,
 Thou shalt, if thou wilt hearken unto me. 355
 O come, poor Soul! and give me but thy heart,
 And unto thee choice love I will impart.

I come to call thee, and do call again:
 O shall I not of thee my suit obtain!
 Dost not perceive what I for thee endure? 360
 And may not this thy love to me procure?

The Soul seem'd not at all to mind this friend,
 Nor would she yet to him attention lend:
 She could not in him any beauty see,
 Nor did she know her own sad misery. 365
 She bid him then depart, and said to all,
 "He had no form nor comeliness." And shall
 I 'gainst my fancy foolishly admire,
 Where I no beauty see to tempt desire?

Whilst he was thus extending forth his love, 370
 And studying all obstructions to remove.

That so he might the Soul's affections get,
 Behold, his enemies with malice set
 Themselves against him with such horrid rage,
 It seems no less than's ruin to presage. 375

Ah! for this Prince methinks my heart doth ake,
 To see what head against him they do make.
 But that which doth the greatest trouble bring,
 Is to see th' Soul combine against the king.

Did ever creature deal thus by a lover, 380
 Or ever such inhumaneness discover?

What hurt did this dear Prince unto her do,
 That she would seek his utter overthrow?

Is this to recompence his fervent love?
 What will she now a traitor to him prove? 385
 If she his love will not accept, must she
 Expose him thus to shame and misery?
 Is love to sin, and filthy lust so sweet,
 That Jesus must be trodden under feet?
 Because he would that contract break asunder, 390
 This surely is earth's shame and heaven's wonder.
 What? he that went about still doing good,
 And in the gap of danger always stood,
 Them to defend from ruin, ah! shall he
 The object of their rage and malice be? 395
 He that to them no harm did do or think,
 And yet must he this bitter potion drink?
 Ah, precious Lord! how doth my spirit grieve,
 To think what wrong from them thou didst receive;
 So strange their malice, and so fierce their spight, 400
 That if God's word did not the same recite,
 Who thereunto would any credence give,
 Or the relation of their deeds believe?
 But, how was he expos'd, what did they do?
 'Tis that, say some, that we would have you show,
 Their hearts were fill'd with wrath, and up they rise,
 And thrust him out o'th' city: then devise
 To get him up to th' brow of a great hill,
 And cast him headlong down, from thence they will
 Break all his bones, and kill him out o'th' way; 410
 This they designed holy authors say.
 Not that their cruelty performed was,
 For thro' the midst of them he free did pass,
 His pow'r divine did his protector stand,
 And rescu'd him from all this treach'rous band. 415

56 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Again, as he stood tendering his love,
 Striving their vain objections to remove,
 That so they might not all be ruin'd quite,
 And blind-fold led to shades of endless night.
 The common rabble in a tumult got, 420
 Threaten to kill him on the very spot;
 With hearts more hard than stone, up stones they
 take,

And throwing, vow they'll his sepulchre make:
 By which cruel show'r of flints he now must die,
 Unless thro' them he's able to escape by; 425
 Which by his mighty pow'r indeed he did,
 And carefully from them himself he hid,
 And yet all this was on no other ground,
 But because he their wisdom did confound:

'Cause he stood up the truth to testify, 430
 And witness to his own divinity:

Because he said, he was sent down from heaven,
 From place to place this Prince was daily driven.
 No sooner were his feet out of one snare,
 But ten i'th' room thereof devised were. 435

Of killing him in Jury was a talk,
 To Galilee therefore he thought fit to walk:
 But stay'd not long, for to Jerusalem

He quickly went to shew himself to them:
 And tho' he knew his life they daily sought, 440

Yet in the temple openly he taught,
 And did again his suit of love renew,
 Yet would the Soul no kindness to him shew.

Long had he not been there, but presently
 The Scribes and Pharisees did him espy, 445

And

And straight agreed their officers to send,
Him without any cause to apprehend:
But when they came, and did him see and hear,
Poor souls! they all most strangely smitten were }
With awful reverence, and trembling fear! 450 }
Untouch'd they leave him, and return again
To tell their masters, violence was vain;
They highly spake in his just commendation,
And told his wonders, worthy admiration.

"Have you not brought him then?" the Scribes do
cry: 455

No sirs, alas! we see no reason why?
We never saw, nor heard the like: Who can
Lay hands on such a bless'd and god-like man;
Thus did the Prince escape their rage that day,
But other snares Apollyon still did lay: 460

from back to foot, marked, wounded, and in blood, but was the Prince of Peace, and the Prince of Peace, that was the object of love and desire.

BEFORE this Prince did in that land appear,
His servant came his way for to prepare
Such an ambassador was indeed
That we of him in secret have heard
That of all those that born of women are,
None was so great, nor with him might compare
Yet was the King of that land to hold
As on this earth we never did behold

CHAP.
10
10

C H A P. V.

Shewing how the people of that land in a base manner used John the beloved servant of Jesus, the Prince of Light, who, for his master's sake, was barbarously murdered; and how narrowly the Prince himself escaped. As also shewing how he again and again tendered his endeared love to the Soul, and how unkindly she denied his suit. Moreover, how Vicinus, a neighbour, hearing of this great news, enquired of Theologus concerning the creature this Prince in such a manner had set his affections upon. The miserable and deplorable condition of the Soul discoverall and laid open, being infected with a lothsome disease, full of ulcers and running sores from head to foot, naked, wounded, and in her blood, her eyes also being put out; and this the Prince knew before he came from heaven, his own country; shewing, that as she was in her fallen state, she was the object of love and desire.

BEFORE this Prince did in that land appear,
 His servant came his way for to prepare.
 Such an ambassador he was indeed;
 That we of him in sacred story read;
 That of all those that born of women are, 5
 None was so great, nor with him might compare.
 Yet was the king of that same land so bold,
 As on this gracious person to lay hold,
 And into a vile prison cast is he,
 For witnessing against iniquity.

10
 Herod

Herod would marry one most near of kin,
 But John affirms that 'tis an horrid sin,
 For him to have his brother Philip's wife:
 And for asserting this, he lost his life.
 To please a wanton harlot's dancing pride,
 The prophet's head from's body they divide.
 This doubtless did his master greatly grieve,
 To see they should him thus of John bereave;
 His servant John, whom all the people own
 To be a prophet, yea a mighty one;
 Tho' the chief work that he was sent about,
 Was to describe and point his Saviour out,
 He faithful was, and shew'd his constant love;
 Told them his Prince descended from above;
 So great in pow'r, the latches of his shoes
 He was not worthy to unty, or loose.
 The loss of such a servant needs must be
 Great ground of sorrow. But, alas! If we
 With care do mind what after came to pass,
 We shall conclude with him much worse it was;
 For Herod now, like to his predecessor,
 Proceeds from sin to sin, until no lesser
 A crime he does attempt, than for to kill
 The Prince of Light himself; thereby to fill
 His measure up, as some before had done,
 For seeking the dear life of this just One.
 But of this plot he had such information,
 As quite defeated their black combination,
 Ah! to and fro, how he was daily hurl'd,
 Whilst he abode in this ungrateful world.
 His persecutions were so great, that he
 Was often forced for his life to flee,

• THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

To flit from town to town, from place to place;
For, blood-hound like, they daily did him chase.
From Jury to Samaria he did go, 45
And down from thence to Galilee below.
From Nazareth he fled to Capernaum,
And long he staid not when he thither came :
For he was tost about continually,
And found no harbour nor security? 50
Sometimes quite beyond Jordan he would get,
Yet even there with dangers was beset.
Small rest, alas, he had in full three years,
His days were fill'd with sorrow, sighs and tears.
Oft may we read he wept, but never find 55
He laugh'd, or was to merriment inclin'd.
The prophet said, "With grief he was acquainted,"
When long before he forth his person pointed.
And few there were did him at all regard,
So blinded were their eyes, their hearts so hard. 60
He was despis'd almost by every one,
Rejected scornfully and trod upon.
And the poor Soul, for love of whom he came,
Expos'd him daily to the greatest shame.
No countenance would she to him afford 65
Altho' so high a Prince, so great a Lord.
She bid him hold his peace, his suit desist,
And all's indearing proffers did resist.
No more would she vouchsafe his face to see,
But hid herself from him continually. 70
Far from his presence with delight she rolls
In filthy puddles, and in loathsome holes :
Nay, did combine with his most cruel foes,
To lay upon him stripes and bitter blows;

To break his heart with often saying nay; 75
Or by surprise him bloodily to slay.

OBJECTION.

But some may ask, Why th' people of that land
Did rise against him thus on every hand;
Why should they manifest such causeless hate,
When he'd not injure them at any rate, 80
But fought their peace and everlasting good?
'Tis pity such a Prince should be withstood.

ANSWER.

One reason, sirs, of this their baneful spight,
Was meerly 'cause he was the Prince of Light.
'Twas from that bitter enmity you read 85
Between the serpent's and the woman's seed.
Another cause of the contempt they show,
Is 'cause they neither him, nor's father know.
But that which most of all their hatred breeds,
Is his reproving of their evil deeds: 90
Because he did expose each horrid sin,
Yea, and ript up their filthiness within:
Thro' each religious mask, and trim disguise,
Their canker'd breasts lay open to his eyes.
He knew their hearts, and them he would not spare,
And thence to him such malice they did bear.
But 'twas Apollyon, whose deceit and lies
Abroad amongst the people did devise,
Most of these troubles which on him rise. }
No stone that monster left unturn'd, that he 100
Might bring this sovereign Prince to misery,
Tho'

62 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Tho' all in vain: for he miscounts his sum,
 Alas! the fatal hour's not yet come.
 Christ still persists the stubborn Soul to woo,
 Intreats her, not herself thus to undo. 105

He is not gone, behold, he's at her door,
 And patiently admission doth implore,
 He knocks, he calls, and doth his suit renew,
 Until the heavens his gracious head bedew,
 Until his locks with drops o'th' night are wet. 110
 And yet from her can no kind answer get.
 Oh! hark I pray unto his melting words,
 Enough to pierce ones heart, like sharpest swords.

PRINCE of Light.

'Soul! hearken to me or thou art undone,
 I cannot leave thee thus, nor yet be gone, 115
 I see thy state; thy state I pity too,
 Thy treacherous lovers seek thine overthrow.
 It is in vain for me to ask thy love,
 Until thou break'st with them, and dost remove
 Thy heart from those that thy affections have, 120
 Who to vile lusts thy faculties inflave.
 What dost thou think I can have in mine eye?
 What self-advantage will accrue thereby?
 What gain I, if thou grantest my request?
 All that I beg's thy greatest interest. 125
 I ever happy was, and so shall be,
 Altho' at present thus distress'd for thee.
 How canst thou, cruel Soul, thus let me stand,
 Barr'd out of doors, whilst others do command
 The choicest room within thy yielding breast, 130
 Lodgings too good for such destructive guests.

Believe

Believe me, poisonous toads and serpents lurk
 Within thine arms, which will thy ruin work:
 Those lovers which thou keep'st so close within
 Are murderers. Trust not that monster SIN, 135
 Nor any of his hellish company;
 For tho' no harm thou dost at present spy,
 But wantonly presum'st to sport and play,
 And canst not see the fatal snare they lay:
 Soul! ope the door, and I'll discover all 140
 The secret plots, devised for thy fall;
 Or, push the window back, let in some light,
 And I will shew thee a most dismal sight:
 Thyself I'll shew thee, which could'st thou behold,
 Thoud'st see thou art undone, betray'd and sold 145
 To slavery, from whence there's no redemption,
 Torments, from which ther's not the least exemption.
 Then wake, look now, behold thy wretched plight,
 Or straight thou'rt seized with eternal night.

The Soul is deaf or certainly she's dead, 150
 Or by some powerful magic charms mistled:
 For she no answer in the least doth give
 Sad 'tis with them whom Satan doth deceive.
 How blind are creatures in their natural state!
 Oh! how insensible and desperate! 155
 They sleep securely, and will never hear,
 Till direful thunder bore their stupid ear.
 Boldly they frolick on hell's smoaky brink,
 And never on its gaping dangers think, 160
 Till swallow'd down, to endless flames they sink.
 But silence now! Here comes a reverend friend,
 A servant to the Prince, pray, sirs, attend:

He's

64 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

He's sent about the business that's depending.
 Oh! that it might obtain an happy ending:
 He is a man his master loves most dear, 165
 And he to him doth like affection bear:
 His int'rest he will now be sure t'improve,
 That all obstructions he may quite remove,
 Which in the way of the poor Soul doth lie,
 For whose sad state, lo! tears stand in his eye: 170
 His heart is full, his spirit greatly griev'd,
 To think how she by crafty Sin's deceiv'd;
 And seeing what his glorious master bears,
 His soul's almost dissolved into tears.

THEOLOGUE.

I from the great and mighty Prince am sent, 175
 To see, vile Soul! if thou wilt yet repent,
 And ope thy eyes to view what thou hast done,
 In piercing the dear heart of such an one,
 As is that sovereign Lord thou dost abuse,
 And all his offers shamefully refuse. 180
 Two things consider thoroughly: first of all,
 Thy sad and wretched state under the fall.
 Which thou received'st many years ago,
 When Eden's groves bewail'd thine overthrow.
 Ah! didst thou know thy lost undone condition,
 Sure it must move thee into great contrition,
 'Twould make thee roar, and mightily condole
 Thy woful state, O! thou condemned Soul!
 The second thing is this, O! mind with speed,
 The worth of him whose soul for thee doth bleed!
 Didst thou but know his dignity and birth, 191
 Soon would'st thou say, none's like him upon earth.

Nor

Nor is this all: for further I declare
 No other help thou hast, far off, or near;
 'Tis he who is thy choice and only friend; 195
 Reject him still, and sad will be thine end.
 Shall he such grief and sorrow undergo?
 And unto him wilt thou no kindness show?
 Would he thy guilty Soul from treason free,
 By making of a marriage-league with thee? 200
 Shall not his love, nor thy distressed case,
 Court thee in prudence to his safe embrace?
 Will nothing work upon thee to relent,
 Nor be a means to bring thee to repent?
 I pray thee, Soul! these things lay to thy heart, 205
 And unto me thy true resolve impart.

S O U L.

What mean you thus to vex and grieve my mind?
 My heart's to other lovers more inclin'd.
 It lies not in your power, to command
 Against my will; and well I understand 210
 What's best for me; I am for present ease:
 He suits not my conditions, doth not please
 My curious fancy? I'll content mine eye.
 Will you the liberty of choice deny?
 You must indeed have some mysterious arts, 215
 To change the secret sympathies of hearts:
 If that you ever make me to comply,
 So as to loth the jewel of mine eye.
 What! force affection? who can violate
 The law of nature? weigh my present state: 220
 Can earth forget her burthen, and ascend?
 Or yet, can flames aspiring downward bend?

F

For

66 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

For if fire should descend, and earth aspire?
 Earth were no longer earth, nor fire, fire.
 Even so, dear sir! I find it is with me; 225
 Consenting I no more myself shall be.
 As love is free, so are its bonds as strong
 As death? to break them is a grievous wrong.
 Can the kind heavens do a damage greater,
 Than to destroy and ruin their poor creature? 230
 Or, shall I think the righteous God will fill me
 With such strange joys, which if enjoy'd, will kill
 me?

Can I believe things 'bove my sense and reason?
 And ignorant be when guilty of high treason?
 How can I think myself a criminal, 235
 When of the fact I nothing know at all?
 My present state is good, I know no cause
 To blame myself for breach of unknown laws.
 Why shall injurious friends such things alot,
 To have me place my heart where I love not, 240
 And break the league with those I love so dear?
 These hardships are too great for me to bear.
 Those joys therefore in which I have delighted,
 Shall not for fancied sweetness e'er be slighted.
 He whom you call the glorious Prince of Light, 245
 Is not a person lovely in my sight;
 He's not so modish, pleasant, debonair,
 As those brisk gallants, whom my fancy share.
 I must have other eyes wherewith to see,
 Before he can be countenanc'd by me. 250

This said, away the foolish Soul doth fly;
 Will hear no more, but with a scornful eye
 Neglects

Neglects her bliss, and death's dark paths doth trace,
 Rather than saving truths of life embrace.
 Who being gone, a neighbour does appear, 255
 That would be glad fully her case to hear;
 And that he clearly might have it exprest,
 He thus himself to Theologue address.

V I C I N U S.

Grave sir! since in your rev'rend face I read
 All works which do from courtesy proceed, 260
 I am emboldned to desire of you
 Some satisfaction in a point or two.
 I late have heard some rumours of such news,
 As puts my wondring spirits to a muse:
 'Tis of a prince unparallell'd for love, 265
 That took a journey down from heav'n above
 To seek himself a spouse; and as I hear
 She unto him will no affection bear;
 Tho' for descent, riches and beauty too,
 Never the like did mortal creatures know! 270
 This soul-amazing, sense-bereaving story,
 Has fill'd my ravish'd ears: what matchless glory,
 Is his, whose love is far beyond expression?
 And what creature is this must have possession
 Of such a glorious heart? sure she's no less 275
 Than one of high descent, some emperess,
 Or virgin queen at least, whose beauty's rare,
 Mix'd with choice virtue, both beyond compare:
 The total sum doubtless of every grace,
 Makes a composure in her heav'nly face; 280
 And there all true perfection is united
 To make one phoenix, that has thus invited

68 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

This mighty Prince to do her so much honour,
 As seek her love and set his heart upon her,
 To sue so earnestly, and undertake 285
 Mighty atchievements only for her sake;
 For to encounter with a wrathful foe,
 That fought an universal overthrow
 Of mortal creatures, and in every land
 Subjected all unto his proud command, 290
 The strangeness of it sets me all on fire,
 And kindles in my heart a strange desire,
 Impatient of delay, till you discover
 The creature that has got so rare a lover.

THEOLOGUE.

To put a period to thy admiration, 295
 Come let thy wonder-smitten cogitation
 Now give attention, and I soon will show
 The truth of what thou dost desire to know.
 The creature whom this mighty Prince doth grace
 With love, lives very near unto this place: 300
 We all do her as our next neighbour own;
 Much is she talk'd of, yet but seldom known.
 You sure have heard before, she was by birth
 Of high descent, the splendor of the earth,
 Unblemish'd beauty, neither spot nor stain, 305
 Whilst in her virgin state she did remain.
 To speak her pedigree, in truth she springs
 From no less root than from the king of kings:
 Whom scriptures call the father of all spirits;
 And none but he that blessed name inherits. 310
 From him she did at first derive her name,
 And heav'n and earth eccho'd her glorious fame:

Fair

Fair Cynthia, illustrious queen of night,
 With all her borrow'd rays, ne'er shone so bright,
 The king's true image in her face did shine. 315
 No glory like to glory that's divine.
 But that which doth the greatest wonder raise,
 And may the quick'st profoundest wits amaze,
 Is the sad change, and miserable state
 She's in since first she did degenerate; 320
 Her lustre tarnish'd, and her beauty faded,
 Filth and corruption ev'ry part invaded:
 Oh! it was then on her this Prince did look,
 When of her God and guide she was forsook:
 For tho' she was indeed thus nobly born, 325
 Her blood is tainted, and her state forlorn.
 She that in splendor once appear'd so bright,
 Is now deform'd, and blacker than the night.
 Foul putrefaction doth her beauty cover,
 She's full of ulcers, and defil'd all over. 330
 Th'infection spreads itself in ev'ry part,
 Her eyes, her hands, her head, but most her heart;
 Her feet whose loyal steps she once divided
 To follow the great God, have so backslided,
 That they most swiftly from him run astray. 335
 In every sinful and forbidden way.
 Her arms are filled with unchaste embraces,
 She's stain'd her beauty, and lost all her graces.
 Her breath once sweeter than Arabian spices,
 Whose rare perfumes makes houses paradises, 340
 Offensive is to all that come but near her,
 Her tongue is so unclean, God loths to hear her,
 Which was her glory in her youthful days,
 When she with joy sung forth his blessed praise.

70 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

But that which may sound stranger in thine ear, 345
 And seem indeed too hard for love to bear,
 Is her adult'ries, her unchaste delights,
 Her amorous kisses, wherewith she invites
 Her wanton lovers; nothing else can prove
 So much distasteful to unspotted love; 350
 As when the embers of lust's raging fires
 Burn in the bosom of unchaste desires.

V I C I N U S.

But stay, dear sir! What lover is't would kiss
 A creature lothsome, and so vile as this?
 And how came she into so sad a case, 355
 That once adorned was with so much grace?

T H E O L O G U E.

If you kind neighbour, please to lend an ear,
 These things in order I will fully clear.
 Her lovers are more lothsome far than she,
 With whom she's joined in affinity. 360
 From them she took the foul disease at first,
 And ever since remains vile and accurst.
 The serpent did beguile her with such fruit,
 As did her vitals poison, and pollute.
 Not that the fruit in moral sense was evil: 365
 But 'cause she took it, tempted by the devil,
 After on pain of death it was forbid:
 Ah! 'twas from hence it so much mischief did.
 Besides, she's guilty of another deed,
 She's made a league with one that did proceed 370
 From hell's black region, where her wanton eye
 Could see no object but deformity;

A contract

A contract she has made, I say, with one,
 Begot by proud, but curs'd Apollyon;
 Monstrous by nature, and as vile by name, 375
 Ah! she has chosen him unto her shame:
 His nature's poisonous, his very breath
 Is so infectious, that it threatens death
 To every one to whom he is united;
 Yet with this monster is her heart delighted: 380
 Who to my Prince is a most desperate foe,
 And to speak plain, the cause of all his woe.
 Since first the Soul was with base lust acquainted,
 From top to toe all over is she tainted.
 She that was once so rare a comely creature, 385
 Sin has not left her now one lovely feature.
 The splendid beauty of the whole creation,
 Is thus become a meer abomination.
 For since herself to lust she prostituted,
 Her inward faculties are so polluted, 390
 That she's become unto Jehovah's eye,
 The truest portrait of deformity.
 She that sometimes no evil understood,
 Is now become an enemy to good:
 For this vile monster by Apollyon's pow'r, 395
 Did not only corrupt the Soul all o'er,
 But very cruel they did further prove,
 Whilst they pretended kindnesses and love;
 For they most wickedly put out her eyes,
 She might not see her own deformities: 400
 And being thus both blinded and defil'd,
 Was also robb'd, and treacherously spoil'd
 Of all the jewels which her sovereign gave her,
 Whilst she remained in his love and favour;

Of all her goodly vestments they bereft her, 405
 And stripp'd her naked, she had nothing left her,
 Nothing to hide her shameful nakedness,
 But filthy rags, how lothsome you may guess.
 Besides all this, they wounded her full sore,
 And left her sadly welt'ring in her gore, 410
 Expecting death each moment she did lie,
 A lothsome spectacle to passers by,
 Unhelp'd, unpitied too by every eye. }

Each human Soul that is not born again,
 In this sad state doth certainly remain. 415
 The rich, the poor, the wise, the old, the young,
 Tho' ne'er so high, so beautiful and strong
 They seem, or think themselves, in truth they are
 In as bad case as we've described here.

V I C I N U S.

Sir! You have fully answer'd my desire; 420
 Yet let me be so bold as to inquire
 One passage more, since happily I see
 You can inform all such as ign'rant be
 Of these weighty affairs; bless'd be the Lord
 That so much wisdom doth to you afford. 425
 O! that there were more of you in our land,
 That to the truth might always faithful stand.
 But tell me, if it mayn't too tedious prove,
 Whether this Prince that manifests such love, }
 Knew her sad state when he came from above?
 Did he her filthy bad condition know 431
 Before he came from heaven, or did show
 That precious kindness which his breast retain'd
 Unto her, even after she was stain'd?

May

May be his eye upon the Soul was plac'd? 435
 Before God's image in her was defac'd;
 And as consider'd so, then doubtless he
 Might find some cause to her so kind to be.
 But if as she did in pollution lie,
 And so consider'd, he did cast his eye 440
 Upon the creature; then I must declare
 It may astonish all that of it hear.

THEOLOGUE.

The question you propound is very good;
 And would 'twere throughly weigh'd and understood.
 The answer's easy; but I greatly fear 445
 Some mind it not enough, who chosen are.
 Before the world was made he fully knew
 Ev'n what below would afterwards insue:
 He knew the creature, Man, would sin and fall,
 And in sad misery himself inthral. 450
 The time therefore when first he cast an eye
 To be her suiter, (our security.)
 It was not when she did her grace inherit,
 Then one would think she might his favour merit;
 'Twas not when she was in prosperity, 455
 But when she in her blood and filth did lie.
 Her time of sorrow was his time of love,
 Her misery did bring him from above.
 Whilst she in actual bold rebellion lives,
 His grace and offer'd pardon then he gives. 460

VICINUS.

Sir! You have said enough, I am amaz'd,
 Strange wonderment within my spirit's rais'd.
 The

74 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

The nature of his love who can conceive?
Such love as this no mortal creatures have.
I pray go on, and further now let's know 465
Concerning her estate, her bliss, or woe.

T H E O L O G U E.

You'll find it worse and worse; and what's be-
hind

Will strange impressions make upon your mind:
For now you'll hear what justice has to say,
What horrid crimes he to her charge will lay. 470
And tho' she seems undaunted without fear,
Once more I'll try if she will lend an ear.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

Shewing how Theologue, the Prince's spokesman, endeavoured to obtain the love of this poor creature for his blessed master, by whom the aggravation of the creature's sin and misery is laid open; the Soul is in debt ten thousand talents, worse than nothing. Moreover, shewing how the creature was guilty of high treason against the sovereign Lord Jehovah; is also arraigned and condemned to be burned alive. A dialogue or discourse between the divine attributes: Justice cries for execution, to have the fatal blow struck; mercy steps in. Justice must be satisfied. Goodness and mercy will not lose their glory, being alike esteemed by God. Divine Wisdom reconciles all the other attributes, and makes them meet together in a sweet harmony: the Soul being condemned to die, the Prince sees no other way to obtain her for his own but by satisfying justice, and becoming surety, and yielding himself up to die for her.

T H E O L O G U E.

HOW is it Soul! art minded yet to leave
 Thy lusts, and lovers, and to Jesus cleave?
 Dost not perceive the sad state thou art in
 By curs'd Apollyon, and his offspring Sin?
 Wilt thou for evermore thyself destroy, 5
 And not accept of health? wilt not enjoy
 One who in value doth all worlds excel?
 Wilt thou refuse in paradise to dwell;
 Dost

76 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Dost see thy state, thy bloody state? oh speak!
My bleeding heart for thee doth greatly ake. 10

S O U L.

You had my answer plain enough before:
Forbear, I pray, and trouble me no more.
I don't believe what you have said is true;
Such pains I never felt, nor sickness knew:
But if my state were worse than yet I see, 15
I will not have you thus to trouble me.
I have all things which naturally delights me,
And from them you shall not deter nor fright me;
You know the proverb used in our land,
"Each tub shall upon its own bottom stand." 20
Soul, b' not so rash, be more considerate;
Ponder on things before it be too late.
Sith what I said before no good can do,
More of thy wretchedness I now will show;
And if that fails, then afterwards I'll leave thee,
And o'er into the hands of justice give thee. 26
First, from God's word I have authority
To lay before thee thy great poverty.
Thy sovereign Lord most highly is distast'd
For all the precious treasure thou hast wast'd. 30
First, of his glory thou hast him bereav'd,
And to rebel against him been deceiv'd.
Next, thy whole self to him 'tis thou dost owe,
Yea all thou either art, hast, or canst do,
Which thou hast not regarded hitherto: 35
But to thyself, and not to him dost live,
Who did thyself, at first unto thee give,
And from whom thou dost ev'ry thing receive.

Thy

Thy knowledge, judgment, and thy memory,
 Th' excellent nature of each faculty, 40
 Should all have to, and for him, been laid out,
 As being all his goods; Soul! look about,
 For time, for health, and for the day of grace;
 Thou must be brought before the judge's face:
 And for thy riches, and all things thou hast, 45
 Which thou imbezzell'st and dost vainly waste,
 A strict account must at the bar of heaven
 By thee in a short time be surely given.
 Ten thousand talents doth thy God demand;
 Which thou canst neither pay, nor yet withstand; 50
 His dire proceedings, 'cause he is most just,
 And thou but sinful ashes and vile dust.
 Thou wilt be seiz'd, and in a prison laid,
 Till the last mite be satisfy'd and paid. 54
 Canst thou poor Soul! dost think quit the old score,
 When thou contract'st new debts still more and
 more?

Would not a friend that's able to defray
 All thy vast debts, and a full ransom pay
 To thy just creditor, most welcome be,
 If such an one could be found out for thee? 60
 But things yet worse, I fear, there are behind,
 The truth of which most certainly thou'lt find.

Hark, trembling Soul! thou to the bar art cited,
 And for high treason there dost stand indicted,
 Committed by thee 'twas in antient time, 65
 When thou didst dwell in Eden, in thy prime:
 When thou hadst flourish'd there but a short season,
 Thou didst contract that guilt of horrid treason
 Against

78 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Against thy sovereign, in whose princely eye
 Was grace and favour mix'd with majesty : 70
 Gracious to pardon many great offences,
 And yet severe to punish insolences.
 But thou both grace and justice didst despise,
 And in thy heart didst evil things surmise
 Against thy sovereign Lord, and secretly 75
 Join'dst with his foes in close conspiracy.
 'Twas with the king of darkness thou didst close,
 Obey'dst his will, and didst thy God oppose.
 A dreadful sentence then against thee past,
 Which ne'er by human art could be revert. 80
 Thy sentence was in prison long to lie,
 And for thy fact at last condemn'd to die.
 And death on thee did seize the self-same time,
 When thou committ'st that high and fearful crime;
 The sad effects of it I this day see, 85
 Thou still ly'st dead in thine iniquity.
 Ah! I may preach until my heart doth ache,
 And it on thee will no impression make.
 Thou art depriv'd of life and light of God,
 And long hast thou in this estate abode. 90
 But a worse death doth in thy sentence lie,
 (Tho' very few on it will cast an eye)
 Condemn'd to suffer everlasting pains,
 And on thee then were fastned heavy chains.
 And tho' thy execution be delay'd, 95
 Yet 'tis by means of Jesus only staid.
 His precious grace preserves thee from that fire,
 Whose torments once begun, shall ne'er expire.
 That soul-amazing sentence who can bear,
 The thoughts of it, and not let fall a tear? 100
 What

What malefactors are condemn'd to die,
 But on the sense of death's approaching nigh }
 Contracts not horror on their souls thereby?
 What then to suffer death for evermore,
 Where torments ne'er abate, nor will be o'er? 105
 To be a thousand tedious ages rack'd,
 Not dead, yet always in the dying act.
 A fiery furnace with a seven-fold heat
 We read of, yet its flames were not so great,
 But that they soon would languish and grow cold;
 Whereas these tortures, still increasing, hold. 111
 If e'er thou should'st be cast into that place,
 Before thou dost take hold of love and grace,
 There's this will then thy sorrows aggravate,
 None will thee pity in that wretched state. 115
 Never was malefactor in distress,
 But met with pity either more or less;
 And tho' it do not take away the grief,
 Yet where there's pity, there's some small relief.
 But if thou dost this fearful sentence bear, 120
 There's none to pity, none to shed a tear.
 O think of this, alas! thy wretched eyes
 Are blinded now, thou basely dost despise
 The best of comfort, joy and consolation,
 For love to sin, horrid abomination! 125
 Thou swell'st in pride, unmindful of thine end,
 And see'st no need of comforts from a friend:
 But what would'st thou for such a friend then give,
 And for those comforts thou may'st now receive?
 Dost not thou tremble at this frightful news? 130
 Tremble at least at that which next ensues.

Three

80 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Three things there are, three circumstances great,
Which much thy final woe will aggravate :
Which severally unto thee I'll relate,
That thou may'st think upon thy future state. 135
First, from thy high descent thy birth did crown
Thee with the greatest honour and renown,
That ever any had upon the earth,
Thou being own'd a sovereign queen by birth.
Yet that which did so much advance thy fame, 140
Was not alone the honour of thy name,
As the rare properties of thy sweet nature,
A most transcendent and accomplish'd creature;
An heav'n-compos'd frame, as if thou'dst been
Deriv'd from some celestial seraphim. 145
When great Jehovah's fruitful word had made
The whole creation, touching thee, he said,
This creature shall alone our image bear,
Whom all things else shall reverence and fear;
Our sacred portraiture we solely place, 150
In this sweet creature's heaven-erected face.
And when he sent his first-begotten down,
No other form or image must he own.
The angels nature wholly he refuses,
And rather human soul and flesh he chuses. 155
Alas! there's not a greater aggravation,
Than for a person of the highest station
To be thrown down into the deepest abyss
Of woe and sorrow! oh! how sad is this?
Thyself caus'd change a miserable creature, 160
Will surely make thy torments far the greater.

The second circumstance of aggravation,
Is worthy of thy serious observation.

And

And that I may more fully make it known,
Under two heads I'll briefly lay it down. 165
First, from the timely notice that was given,
By the most sovereign Lord, the king of heaven,
When with his glorious image he had grac'd thee,
And in fair Eden's fruitful garden plac'd thee;
Ordain'd thee mistress of that famous bower, 170
Where thou might'st see his glory every hour;
Granting whatever might accommodate
Thy pure, perfect, spotless virgin state;
Excepting one reserved fruit alone,
Which did indeed of right belong to none 175
But to himself; that hidden mystery,
Which in the midst of paradise did lie;
To know what evil was as well as good,
Which never could by men been understood,
But by an art of the most horrid evil, 180
And heark'ning to, and sideing with the devil;
The dire effects to thee were told most plain,
The danger and the loss thou should'st sustain;
The loss of life, the loss of Eden's glory,
The loss of God; a lamentable story. 185
Warning was given, God strictly did require,
On pain of death, thou should'st not once desire,
Nor taste, nor touch, nor cast a longing eye
Upon this fatal fruit, which certainly
Would strait procure thy final overthrow: 190
This timely notice shall augment thy woe.
Fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd, you know we use to say,
Thou wast fore-warn'd, and yet didst go astray.
Contemptuous Soul! alas, how could'st thou think
The mighty God would at rebellion wink? 195

G

Tho'

82 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Tho' he is said to wink at ignorance,
 Presumption is a different circumstance.
 Thou knew'st before-hand if thou didst transgress,
 Assured death would follow, and no less;
 The Lord had said it, he that gave us breath, 200
 Said, Thou should'st die, and yet thou fear'st not
 death.

This is the height, as well as spring of evil,
 To doubt and mistrust God, yet trust the devil.
 Against God's sacred truth to shut ones eyes,
 And credit blindfold th' father of all lies. 205
 Ah Soul! 'twas list'ning to a wanton lust,
 That was the cause thou didst at first distrust
 The glorious Lord, and falsely to surmise,
 He was unwilling that thou should'st be wise;
 Afraid that thou should'st know as much as he,
 And grow a rival to his deity. 211

This blasphemous conceit the devil first,
 In thine already wicked fancy nurs't:
 " 'Tis, faith this Prince of darkness, God's intent
 " In this unjust restraint, but to prevent 215
 " Thy being like himself: for he doth know
 " If once thou taste this fruit it will be so.
 " Do thou but try, and taste, and presently
 " Thou'lt find thy dim, dark eye shall open'd be.
 " This hidden secret will be understood, 220
 " And thou'lt know evil, as thou now know'st good:
 " You shall become as Gods: and I pray when
 " 'Tis so what fear you, who can punish then?
 " Your wisdom may the threatned death evade,
 " And with an equal pow'r heav'ns power upbraid."

Thus

Thus spake the tempter, and thou straight didst yield,
And treacherously to him didst quit the field.
Forthwith the fatal fruit with impious hand,
Thou pluck'st, and eatest, against thy God's com-
mand,

Branding thyself, and thy posterity, 230

With treasons, guilt, and endless misery.

And here, vile Soul! I cannot chuse but tell

Thee one thing more that will increase thy hell, }
The devil had no power to compel

Thee to have tasted this his poisonous feast, 235

But wilfully thou hast God's law transgressed:

For tho' thou hadst a pow'ful sword to wield,

Tempted to lust, thou cowardly didst yield:

Thou to thyself dost thy destruction owe,

And this doth greatly aggravate thy woe. 240

If want of strength or weapons, if oppression

Do force a man to give up his possession,

He is excus'd, and his unhappy fall,

Condol'd, lamented, and bewail'd of all.

But he deserveth neither love nor pity, 245

That unconstrain'd surrenders up a city,

When he has power to make a strong opposition,

Furnish'd with arms and warlike ammunition,

Yet at one slender summons yields his fort?

The mis'ries he sustains in such a sort, 250

Reflect upon himself, and do redouble

His conscious anguish, self-accusing trouble,

Just as the southern sun with burning beams,

Reflection from a wall with fierce extreams,

Above its natural strength or wonted course, 255

Scorches and burns with a far greater force:

84 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

So doth those flames, first kindled with desire,
Grow dangerous, and prove the stronger fire.
The wounds receiv'd from self-confounding arms,
Have ever done poor Souls the greatest harms. 260

There's yet another circumstance behind,
That aggravates thy smart, which prythee mind.
When once thy fearful torments are begun,
Thy fatal glass will never cease to run ;
Years fill'd with months, and months with weeks
retire, 265

Weeks fill'd with days, and days with hours expire ;
And hours in nimble minutes swiftly fly
Unto their end ; but in eternity.

There is no end, nor will thy woes diminish,
Altho' years, months, weeks, and hours finish. 270

The toilsome day when once it does expire,
All creatures here to pleasing rest retire.

Slaves, bondmen, prisoners, captives, all have ease, }
No drudgery so great, but then doth cease, }
Each bustling day ends in a night of peace. 275 }

But thou must look to be with pains oppress'd,
Where mid-day torments find no night of rest,
Death puts a period to the greatest grief,
I'th' silent grave the weary find relief :

But wish'd-for death from thee shall fly away, 280
Eternity's a never-ending day.

Where th'angry mouth of justice loud doth cry,
Here must thou ever, ever, ever lie.

How miserable ! ah how sad's thine end ! 284

When thou in vain shall court death for thy friend.
Men now do fly from death, whilst death pursues ;
But then shall seek to death, who will refuse

At

At their request such favour to afford, 289

As frees them from that breath giv'n by the Lord.

Death knows no pity: nay, observe it well,

'Tis death that opens wide the gates of hell,

Where thou must be tormented with the devils,

As the just punishment of all thy evils.

Distressed Soul! oh unto what shall I 295

Compare thy easeless, endless misery!

In various volumes of the world's records;

Strange tortures we may find express'd by words;

But oh! so great, so sore is thy distress,

As flesh can't bear't so wonders can't it express. 300

Devils rejoice, and welcome in the day

That crown'd their conquests with so rich a prey:

To see thee thus quite buried in thy spoils,

Bereft of earthly joys, and heav'nly smiles?

And I do fear th'incens'd God above 305

With direful wrath will quickly thee remove

Into that place---But hark! methinks I hear

Some dreadful noise--see how the mountains tear,

And rending hills do into pieces fly,

Whilst thunder bellows thro' the troubled sky. 310

The stars and planets in confusion hurl'd,

Have banish'd nature's order from the world.

See how the melting orbs of heaven sweat,

Like parchment parch'd and shrivel'd up with heat;

Swift light'ning flashes thro' the air appear, 315

And now, O hark! the dreadful trump I hear,

It sounds exceeding loud, enough to make

The dead from their deep silent graves awake, }

And stoutest sinners, stubborn hearts to quake. }

86 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Ah! 'tis mount Sinai, God himself is come 320
 Now to convince thee of thy final doom.
 The law and justice will thee now arraign :
 Poor Soul! for thee my soul's in bitter pain.
 From them be sure no mercy thou wilt meet,
 Altho' thou should'st turn suppl'nt at their feet. 325
 Their method is so rigid, so severe,
 The guilty by no means they ever spare.
 Awake, awake, poor Soul! and look about,
 Jehovah doth command the sinner out,
 And active justice having seiz'd her fast 330
 Doth hale her to the judgement-seat in haste.

J U S T I C E.

Most sovereign Lord! who dares i'th' least gainfay
 What thou command'st? thy word I must obey.
 Lo! here I bring this wretched prisoner forth 334
 Unto thy bar, who mad'st both heaven and earth,
 See! with what dread the trembling wretch doth
 stand,
 To know thy sacred pleasure and command.

J E H O V A H.

Justice, what is her fact? her crimes declare :
 I patiently will now the matter hear.

J U S T I C E.

Then I will legally, my Lord, proceed, 340
 And presently her black indictment read.
 Come forth thou conscious wretch, and hear thy
 crimes,
 In wicked deeds thou didst begin betimes.

By

By th' name of Soul, thou stand'st indicted here,
Being without true grace and godly fear, 345
Most treacherously in Eden long ago,
Didst then and there, with God's most horrid foe,
Conspire against his sovereign majesty,
To the dethroning of him privily;
Then sett'st thou up a traitor in his place, 350
And traiterously his image didst deface,
And ever since hast in rebellion stood,
Pursuing evil, and forsaking good.
For treason, murder, theft, thou standest indicted:
These crimes were all in thy first fact united. 355
Nay, more than this, yet worser is thy cause,
Thou art arraign'd for breach of all those laws,
Which in thy nature God at first ingrav'd.
The same thou hast in every point deprav'd,
This royal law much hast thou violated, 360
And every day thy crimes are aggravated.
That spirit's still in thee which was at first,
When God did thee out of his garden thrust;
Thou sid'st with satan, and dost him obey,
Not minding what, or God, or good men say. 365
All evil rebels in thy house remain,
And nobly there thou dost them entertain,
Whilst God thou hat'st, his profer'd love refuse,
And precious patience daily dost abuse.
Therefore, my Lord! she worthy is of death, 370
As ever any that on earth drew breath.

J E H O V A H.

Soul! what dost say, hold up thy guilty head,
Thou unto this indictment now must plead:

G 4

Guilty,

88 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Guilty, or not guilty, I charge thee, speak;
Lest justice doth severer courses take. 375

S O U L.

I dare not say I am not guilty, Lord,
Of some of these foul crimes which I have heard
Read in my charge, 'tis vain for to deny,
My conscience makes me guilty, guilty cry.
Thy law is broke, which doth all lust forbid; 380
My sin I know from thee cannot be hid.
Altho' methinks justice seems too severe,
For the whole charge he'll scarcely make appear.

J E H O V A H.

Art guilty of that first and heinous crime,
Which was committed, Soul, in ancient time, 385
By him who was thy representative,
From whom thy evil nature didst derive?
If guilty of that one horrid offence,
'Tis easy for thee to perceive from thence
Thou art under my just and fearful curse, 390
Condemned by thy God, what can be worse?

S O U L.

To Adam's sin, Lord, I must guilty plead;
Nay, and to many an actual evil deed.

D I V I N E J U S T I C E.

The prisoner does confess her vile offence,
And now there needs no further evidence, 395
Shall execution, Lord, on her be done?
How canst thou bear such a rebellious one?

Lord,

Lord, let me straightway strike the fatal blow,
 Let her with vengeance to hell-torments go,
 She's guilty, even by her own confession, 400
 Of heaping up transgression on transgression.
 She's in my debt, she cannot it disown,
 And I demand my right, come pay it down.
 Ten thousand talents, Soul, thou owest me,
 Which must be paid, and that full speedily. 405

S O U L.

That I am in thy debt I don't gainsay,
 But I have not one farthing now to pay,
 Some pity show, I for forbearance cry,
 Since thy demands I cannot satisfy.

J U S T I C E.

Full satisfaction 'tis that I must have, 410
 In vain from me you compositions crave;
 My name is justice, and my nature so,
 I never did, nor can I mercy show.

S O U L.

If there's no mercy, then my state is sad,
 And never was there any news so bad; 415
 For Adam's seed who under sin do lie,
 All then must perish to eternity.

T H E O L O G U E.

That God is gracious, Soul, is not deny'd,
 Yet justice will also be satisfy'd.
 Consider if thou canst the matter reach; 420
 One attribute God never will impeach

90 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

To magnify another ; he's so just,
As to take vengeance on each sin and lust.
Each attribute know thou assuredly
Must meet together in sweet harmony. 425

S O U L.

What will thy wrath, O justice ! then appease ?
Upon what terms wilt thou afford some ease
To me, after this terrifying news ?
Vouchsafe to tell the means that I must use,
To satisfy a judge that's so severe, 430
And will not of sweet acts of pardon hear.

J U S T I C E.

There's nothing can appease me, that is less
Than a compleat and perfect righteousness ;
Like that thou hadst whilst thou in Eden stood :
Nothing, save this, will do thee any good. 435
Whate'er is due to me of the old score,
Must be paid down, or never any more
Will the great God with thee concerned be
On gracious terms of peace and amity ;
A sacrifice can only make thy peace, 440
That, that alone, will cause my wrath to cease.

S O U L.

If that be all, I'll get a sacrifice.
Let me consider, what shall I devise ?
A thousand rams, and rivers of sweet oil,
I'll offer up but for one gracious smile ; 445
With fat of firstling lambs I'll heaven invoke,
And purest incense up like clouds shall smoke ;
Each

Each morn I'll sacrifice whole hecatombs,
 With frankincense, and sweet Arabian gums,
 If these, O Lord, I offer up to thee, 450
 May they atone for mine iniquity.

J U S T I C E.

Oh no! give o'er those trifling low designs;
 The eastern spices and the western mines
 United, are too mean an offering
 To satisfy this great incensed king. 455
 In such poor offerings God does take no pleasure;
 Could'st thou therefore procure all Europe's treasure;
 Nay, all the wealth that in the world has been,
 'Twould not his wrath appease for one small sin.
 Should'st thou thy dearest son or daughter take 460
 For sacrifice, 'twould no atonement make;
 The fruit of thine own body were in vain
 For thy Soul's sin a pardon to obtain.
 No friend or brother canst thou now find out;
 To pay thy ransom, or release thee out; 465
 There riches never can be help for thee,
 Nor once redeem thy Soul from misery.
 Nay, could'st thou yet ascend to heaven above,
 And holy angels with compassion move
 For to engage for thee, and signify 470
 That in thy stead, and for thy sake they'd die,
 It would not do; for in them's no such worth
 As to remove thy guilt, appease God's wrath.
 Their glory's great, as holy scriptures show;
 Yet all they have and are to God they owe. 475
 They cannot help thee in thy great distress,
 Nor satisfy the law thou dost transgress.

In

92 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

In brief, look where thou wilt; no balsam's found
In any creature for to cure thy wound.
No surety can'st thou get; then come away, 480
Eternal torments must thy reckoning pay.

S O U L.

Hold, hold, thou art too hasty and severe,
To one word more I pray thee lend an ear,
I will amend my life, if this be so.
The promise runs to such as truly do 485
Their evil courses leave; I hope thereby
Thou wilt some pity show, not let me die.

D I V I N E J U S T I C E.

Fond Soul, tho' such thy promises indeed
So often broke, deserve but little heed; 489
Yet grant thou should'st henceforth with strictest care
Endeavour thine offences to repair,
Could'st thou so live, as never to sin more,
Will this, dost think, pay off thy former score?
Can thine imperfect righteousness to come,
Discharge of by-past ills, so vast a sum? 495
When even that which thou call'st righteousness
Itself wants pardon, and must guilt confess.
When thy bond's su'd, thou dost thyself forget,
To offer menstruous rags to pay thy debt:
For what is past, not future, I demand, 500
And thou shalt feel the rigors of my hand.

S O U L,

Lord! then I'm drown'd in an abyss of fears,
If hearty sighs, nor penitential tears

Can

Can wash me clean, nor yet relieve my woe:
My case is desp'rate, what shall mortals do? 505

DIVINE JUSTICE.

If thou with tears could'st the vast ocean fill,
Or grieve till thou thyself with sorrows kill,
And make ten thousand rivers with thy blood,
It would not contribute least dram of good:
Nay, could'st thou live, and never more offend, 510
Yet for old sins to hell I must thee send,
To th' place of execution thou must go:
Lord, shall I strike, O shall I strike the blow?
Lo, here the Soul, condemned wretch doth stand;
My ax is up, if thou but giv'st command, 520
I presently will cut her down with ire,
Fit fewel for an everlasting fire.

DIVINE MERCY.

Stay, justice! hold, forbear to strike; shall I
My glory lose to all eternity?
Tho' thou art just, as just as God can be, 525
Yet something mortals still expect from me,
'Tis gracious love and pity I afford,
In me shines forth the glory of the Lord:
In me God doth, O Justice, take delight,
Tho' thou art pleasant also in his sight, 530
How shall we both then meet in harmony,
And shine in splendor to eternity?

DIVINE WISDOM.

I have found out the way, which will you both
With equal majesty and glory cloth.

God

94 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

God is as just as justice doth require, 535
 And yet as kind as mercy can desire.
 Here is a glorious Prince come from above,
 Who all obstructions quickly will remove,
 Which in the way of the poor Soul doth lie,
 And you appease, and jointly satisfy; 540
 To save her now from the infernal pit,
 I have a ransom found, a ransom fit.

DIVINE JUSTICE.

I cannot hold,---I'll strike the fatal blow:
 Hell she deserves; with vengeance let her go
 Unto the place appointed for all them 545
 Who do God's holy laws and grace contemn.

JESUS, PRINCE of Light.

O who is this? what traitor's at the bar,
 That is condemn'd and justice won't defer
 The execution? speak, hold up thy head? 549
 Hast any thing to say? what can'st thou plead?
 Methinks, methinks, I should this creature know:
 Ah! Soul! is't thee? what shall I for thee do?
 I told thee what thy state would be i'th end,
 When first my love to thee I did commend.
 Soul! speak, 'tis I, why dost thou not look up? 555
 I'm sorely griev'd to think upon the cup
 That is prepar'd for thee; what dost thou say?
 Shall I step in, that justice may delay
 To strike the stroke, for then too late 'twill be
 To show my love and pity unto thee? 560
 Hast any kindness for me in thine heart?
 I doubt that still thou the same creature art
 Thou

Thou wast before? and hast no love at all:
 Why speak'st thou not? shall vengeance on thee fall?
 Ah! how can I see execution done, 565
 And tears not from mine eyes like rivers run?

DIVINE JUSTICE.

Lord, ben't concern'd, she is thy bitter foe;
 Oh let me therefore freely strike the blow.
 There's nought in her but sin, and poisonous evil;
 To God a foe, and friend unto the devil. 570

J E S U S.

I know not how to let this stroke be given,
 For I am come on purpose down from heaven,
 To make atonement, and to satisfy,
 For all her sins and foul iniquity.
 Tho' she to me doth no affection bear, 575
 Yet her I pity, and do love most dear.

J U S T I C E.

Bless'd Jesus! hold, 'tis my just master's sense,
 Abused mercy must have recompence.
 There is no other way but she must die,
 Unless thou wilt be her security: 580
 If in her stead thy life thou wilt give up,
 Then may'st thou save her from this bitter cup.
 The price which thou on that account wilt pay,
 Will make a compensation, and defray
 All her vast debts, yea plenarily 585
 God's wrath appease, and justice satisfy.
 What must be done? who is't the stroke must bear?
 Is't not most fit such should who guilty are?

I cannot

I cannot hold my hand, nor longer stay
 Law must be satisfy'd, what dost thou say, 590
 Thou wretched Soul; behold the knife and spear?
 Canst thou, dost think, God's fearful vengeance bear;
 Now, Soul! look to thyself, this spear I'll run
 Into thy bowels, e're I it return.

J E S U S.

Stay justice, stay, withhold thy furious dart, 595
 And, let its glitt'ring point first pierce my heart.
 Her guilty state aloud calls for relief,
 It wounds my soul, and fills my heart with grief.
 My bowels yearn, my inward parts do move,
 Now, now's the time to show her my great love,
 Let law and justice be suffic'd in me, 601
 'Tis I will die to set the sinner free.
 Behold me, Soul! my life shall go for thine,
 I will redeem thee with this blood of mine,
 Altho' most precious, sacred, and divine. 605 }

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

Shewing what consultations there were amongst the infernal spirits to bring Jesus, Prince of Light, under the power of death; a council called in hell; the princes of the fallen angels in a deep combination against him, for fear their kingdom should fall, and the poor creature be delivered: The grand counsel of old Satan is taken. He enters into Judas. Judas's sin discovered. Jesus is apprehended. A terrible battle, or Christ's agony before his passion. Sin and wrath combine together, shewing the Prince's conquests over them both. Seven aggravations of Christ's sorrows in the garden; and a dialogue between the devil, king of darkness, and death, the king of terrors.

HERE let's a while reflect with careful heed;
 What! doth the guiltless for the guilty bleed;
 This may astonish all, here's love indeed!
 Do mortals ever greater love extend,
 Than to lay down their lives for a dear friend? 5
 But for a prince, a mighty prince to die,
 Not for a friend, but for an enemy,
 Convicted and condemn'd for horrid treason,
 Thus to step in at that most critick season,
 When just the fatal blow was to be given? 10
 This love's above our reach, higher than heaven,
 Deeper than ocean seas, so infinite,
 As well deserves our wonder day and night.

H

What?

98 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

What? was the Father free his Son to give,
 His dear and only Son, that she might live? 15
 And doth the Son i'th' midst of enemies
 Yield up himself to be a sacrifice?
 Yet who can be so bold to lay their hands
 Upon this Prince that heaven and earth commands?
 How shall this thing be now accomplished? 20
 And by what means shall his dear blood be shed?
 Let's now inquire who is't that will consent
 To be the grand and chiefeft instrument
 To execute this precious spotless lamb,
 Who for this purpose down from heav'n came? 25
 Has he on earth any such spiteful foe,
 As dares attempt this 'mazing thing to do?
 You heard before he daily was beset,
 And with what enemies he often met;
 But now his hour is drawing very near. 30
 Great consultations 'mongst his foes there were
 How they might take his blessed life away,
 Who seem'd himself impatient of delay.
 He long'd until his work were finished,
 Which could not be until his blood were shed: 35
 And tho' he had most raging enemies,
 Yet knew they not what project to devise
 To bring this bloody traitorous deed to pass,
 Which long before by them designed was:
 Until Apollyon finding by his art 40
 The dire intentions harbour'd in their heart,
 Doth rouse them up, and first the matter start
 To the infernal powers, to wake them all
 A second time upon this Prince to fall.

Then

Then Belzebub, Satan, and Lucifer, 45
Consult afresh how to renew the war,
And to this purpose we'll suppose they spake:

A P O L L Y O N.

Shake off your fears, speedily let's make
The strongest head that possibly we can
Against this strong, this devil-amazing man. 50
Now, now's the day, let's bring him to death's sting,
And then with shouts of triumph we may sing:
For over death 'tis we the power have,
And we may sure secure him in the grave.
'Tis he alone who frights us in our station, 55
And puts us all into great consternation.
Our kingdom by this means is like to fall,
And we thereby be ruin'd great and small.
I have engag'd him once, but could not stand,
I know his strength, he has a pow'rful hand. 60

B E L Z E B U B.

My sentence is for war? this enterprize
Well managed, will make our kingdom rise,
And re-inthroned us in our ancient skies, }
To a great height, and flourish as before:
When he is down, we'll let him rise no more. 65
Can we but once deprive him of his life,
'Twill put an end to all our fears and strife.

L U C I F E R.

Dominions, pow'rs, and principalities
You all in danger are; awake and rise

H 2 From

100 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

From off your seats, and lazy beds of down : 70
 Sleep you secure, or fear not the dread frown
 Of him who cast you down, and joys to see
 Your abject state confess his victory ?
 Shall all our brave infernal reg'ments yield,
 And basely quit the ev'n yet doubtful field ? 75
 What ? by one man shall such a pow'rful host
 Be overcome, and all at once be lost ?
 Come, shew your valour, I'll command the van,
 Tho' we're to engage with one that's more than man,
 Yet fear him not : why doth each spirit's hand 81
 Shake thus ? why do you all amazed stand ?
 Has none found out a way to make him yield,
 And either by fraud or force to quit the field ?
 At this old Satan rose from off his seat,
 Ready to burst with rage and malice great, 85
 And cast a terrible look, if minded well,
 Enough to fright all th' devils out of hell.

S A T A N.

You mighty lords of the infernal lake,
 Hark unto me, who for our empire's sake
 Have now devis'd a stratagem, that may, 90
 If I mistake not, prove the only way
 To bring about the ruin of our foe,
 Whom I both hate and dread, as you well know :
 There is his servant Judas, he's our friend,
 And into him forthwith will I descend ; 95
 Who by my strong persuasions soon will do
 That which may make for's master's overthrow.
 He will betray him to our servant's hand,
 Who will secure him safe at your command,
 And

And put him unto death, who when destroy'd, 100
We never any more shall be annoy'd.

They all agreed to what old Satan said,
Combining jointly to assist and aid
Him in this great though cursed enterprise,
And bid him make what haste he could devise. 105

Delays are dangerous, devils well know that:
But why need they grim Satan instigate?
He needs not be provoked to make haste,
When 'tis to injure souls; or them to waste;
Or wreak his malice, rage, and hellish spite 110
On the sweet person of the Prince of Light.

For now, alas! is come the dismal hour,
The time of darkness. And hell's direful pow'r
No sooner spoke, but Satan flew away,
Winged with spight, impatient of delay, 115

He takes possession of poor Judas' heart,
And unto him in secret doth impart
The grand design of this cabal of hell;
Who presently consents, and likes it well.

Away he goes, resolv'd the work to do: 120
A work, Lord, did I say? sad work! oh who
Could think that a disciple could do this,
Betray his Lord with a false treach'rous kiss?
Perfidious wretch! what villainy is here?

Who can conceive the crime? or who declare 125
The horrid nature of this vile offence?
Transcending all degrees of insolence.

No treacherous act like it was done on earth,
Since man first from enliv'ned clay took breath.

Where was thy conscience, wretch, it did not fly 130
Into thy face for this impiety?

102 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I,

Were all his wond'rous works out of thy mind,
 His tender love and pity to mankind?
 Betray the son of man! can this be so?
 What hadst thou in thy eye? what made thee do 135
 This horrid deed? was't money did thee move
 To forfeit thy allegiance, and thy love?
 'Twas from that filthy root, root of all evil!
 Base sordid gain! thou sold'st Christ to the devil;
 (That is to those vile men he did employ 140
 To perpetrate this cursed tragedy.)
 This shew'd thy malice, and how thou didst hate him,
 But tell us Judas! at what price didst rate him?
 What price didst set upon his blessed head?
 Are thirty pence enough? what, valued 145
 At this low price?--is Jesus worth no more?
 Such a sad bargain ne'er was made before.
 A box of ointment's worth, in thy esteem,
 Three hundred pence; and dost thou value him
 Not to amount in worth, 'bove the tenth part? 150
 Thou shew'st how blind, and how deceiv'd thou art?
 He whose most personage outshines.
 The fading lustre of all Ophir's mines.
 And carries sweeter odours in his breast,
 Than all the spices that perfume the east; 155
 He that's omnipotence's choice delight,
 Whom trembling angels worship day and night;
 He that the saints above all worlds do prize,
 In whom all worth and true enjoyment lies:
 Shall he be sold at such a rate; O fie! 160
 Thou wilt repent it to eternity,
 That thou didst ever such a bargain make:
 What? thirty bits of cursed silver take

For th^e pearl of matchless price : thou sordid sot !
Wilt thou be trading, when thou knowest not 165
What 'tis thou sell'st ? fool, 'tis a precious stone,
The Indian quarries yield not such an one,
Worth more than heaven and earth. But is it gone ? }
So rich a jewel lost ? -- go howl and cry :

Thou'lt hang thyself; next in hell-torments fry. 170
And who can pity thee ? I prithee who
To such a traitor will compassion shew ?
Now 'tis too late thou dost begin to mourn ;
Better, vile wretch, thou never hadst been born.

Under incensed wrath, ah ! now he lies, 175
Where flames torment, and conscience terrifies.
Be not offended, sirs, I judge him not ;
But his own master's words can't be forgot,
Who speaking of his sad and sinful fall,
Doth him the son of black perdition call, 180
And says that he is lost. Christ is the judge,
And to repeat his sentence who can grudge ?

But to proceed---how can my spirits hold ?
I need relief, my heart, alas ! grows cold,
Whilst I with wonder look on what's behind, 185
Soul-melting pity overwhelms my mind.
Who can of such heart-breaking sufferings hear,
And not dissolve each eye into a tear ?
But, ah ! methinks something doth intervene,
The thought of which puts me to as much pain, 190
As doth the sad, but useful contemplation
Of his unhappy happy bloody passion,
Then let's retreat, and to the garden go,
For in that place began his grievous woe :

104 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I,

Before he doth with th' king of terrors fight, 195
 Another king sets on him full of spight,
 Whose pow'rs great, by cursed usurpation,
 He domineers and rules o'er every nation;
 He brings the mighty down unto his feet,
 And makes them all with rigour to submit : 200
 The good, the bad, the wise, the old, the young,
 The rich, the poor, the beautiful, and strong;
 All that live, or e'er liv'd, have worsted been
 By this proud lofty one, whose name is Sin.
 A bastard devil of most monstrous birth, 205
 Begot in hell, by Satan first brought forth;
 Already you have of his malice heard,
 And how in wrath he never mortal spar'd.
 A crafty foe, who oftner steers his course
 In all his wars, by fraud than open force : 210
 'Tis he that keeps the Soul in iron chains,
 And robs her of all sense; lest those great pains
 She otherwise might feel, should make her cry
 To be delivered from his slavery;
 Unless our Jesus doth this foe destroy; 215
 The Soul he loves he never can enjoy.
 He had with him before oft a hard duel,
 And worsted him, escaping all his cruel
 Attacks, but rallying now with other foes
 He joins, to lay on more impetuous blows. 220
 Well may we dread here an amazing fight,
 For lo! with him confederate in our sight
 The wrath of God, most fearful to behold:
 Both these sad enemies, with courage bold,
 Are making all the head that e'er they can 225
 Against this blessed prince, the son of man.

Oh!

Oh ! let our souls be arm'd with courage bold,
 Whilst we this furious battle do behold.
 Before the fight begins, do you not hear
 How he doth cry unto his father dear ; 230
 O let this cup from me, Lord, pass away,
 If it be possible ; let it, I pray,
 Pass from me, that of it I may not drink.
 Until this time he never seem'd to shrink
 From any pain, conflict, or suffering ; 235
 This combat is, alas, a different thing
 From what before he ever met withal ;
 From hence he did unto his father call
 Once and again, repeating of his cry,
 I'th' sense of what was now approaching nigh, 240
 Some may at this, 'tis likely, much admire,
 That our dear Saviour should so loud desire
 To be deliver'd from that bitter cup,
 Which was prepared for him to drink up,
 It did not rise from his unwillingness ; 245
 But from the pain, the anguish, and distress
 'Twould bring him to ; this human nature's weak,
 From thence he might such supplications make.
 Ah ! wrath divine, what human soul can bear ?
 But of divinity he hath his share, 250
 Which doth again his fainting spirit chear.
 And such support he needs---cast but an eye,
 See how the combatants with fury fly
 Upon each other ; what a battle's here
 Enough to melt our souls into a tear. 255
 Lo ! the first blow that sin and wrath doth give,
 It is the worst he ever did receive.

Behold !

126 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Behold ! how frightfully grim death doth frown ;
 Nay more, the Prince seems by their strength cast down.
 Now sin and wrath upon him both do lie, 260
 Which makes him groan and bitterly to cry,
 With panting breast, and half-expiring breath,
 My soul is sorrowful, ev'n unto death.

Can the great Prince of earth and heaven feel
 Such heavy strokes, as thus to make him reel ? 265
 The dismal weight of sin this doth declare ;
 None but a Jesus could it fully bear.
 Happy are we, as the blest prophet said,
 Our help was upon one that's mighty laid.
 Could man or angel e'er have borne all this, 270
 And not have been cast down to th' deep'st abyss ?
 Nay of this mighty one, saint Mark hath rais'd
 Our wonder higher, he was fore amaz'd :
 Nay more than this he fell upon the ground ;
 No soul before such anguish ever found 275
 To see the Lord of life brought to the earth,
 Under the pressure of God's heavy wrath ;
 And that he suffer'd all this in our stead,
 May make our souls to stand astonished ;
 Especially, if to these trials we 280
 Shall add his great and bloody agony,
 Wherein the sweat fell from him as he stood,
 In crimson die, like trickling drops of blood.
 Ah ! precious Lord ! this work was very fore ;
 But still thy love, and its blest vertue's more ; 285
 Through all these toils thou grasp'st at victory,
 And captive lead'st at last captivity.

If sin that day had not receiv'd a fall,
 Grim death and hell had quickly swallow'd all

The

The race of man; we all had been undone, 290
 No help, no hope, no life for any one;
 Sin was condemn'd, it had a fatal blow,
 That now to saints it little hurt can do.

But to proceed, here I shall now relate
 Some things which very much do aggravate 295
 The sufferings which Christ in's soul indur'd,
 When he this conquest for our souls procur'd;
 No greater sorrows did he ever know,
 Than those which then his soul did undergo.

Several CIRCUMSTANCES which demonstrate the
 greatness of our Saviour's sufferings in his soul
 in the garden.

I.

They did not seize him with the least surprize, 300
 From thence oft-times doth great amazement rise
 Unto poor mortals: we are not aware
 Oft-times what's nigh, know nothing of the snare.
 But thus 'twas not with the blest Prince of Light;
 What can be hid from great Jehovah's sight; 305
 He knew full well what would upon him fall;
 Yet when it came, so great, surpassing all
 Were th' griefs he felt, he in amaze doth call }
 Unto his Father dear most earnestly,
 " If 'twere his will to let that cup pass by. 310

II.

It was the very thing he came to do,
 And yet cry'd out in such sad sort; O who }
 Can then conceive what he did undergo?
 He

108 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

He freely did his precious life give up ;
And yet he's ready to refuse the cup. 315
He takes it, as it were, into his hand
Most willingly, but presently doth stand
Pausing a while: then puts it to his lip,
And after he had took one bitter sip,
Looks up to heav'n, and cries, O may it be 320
Thy will, dear God, this cup might pass from me.

III.

He knew unless he drank it up, that we
Must perish all to all eternity ;
And that his coming would prove all in vain,
If he refused for us to be slain; 325
And yet with sighs and groans how did he cry,
In sense of wrath, and that extremity,
Which he beheld would quickly overtake him !
When once his blessed Father did forsake him !

IV.

The angels which did there to him appear, 330
Demonstrate plain how great his sorrows were:
For like as one distressed, makes complaint,
Quite tired out, and all his spirits faint,
Needs to be strengthened by some faithful friend :
So God to him did holy angels send, 335
For to relieve and comfort him that day,
When sin and wrath so heavy on him lay.

V.

But what assistance from an heavenly host,
To the great power of the Holy Ghost !
Some

Some little measure of the spirit hath 340
 Caused bless'd saints to triumph over death,
 How have they sung with flames about their ears,
 Contemning pains, regardless of all fears?
 This spirit resteth on him bodily,
 Without measure; and yet how doth he cry! 345
 As scarce well knowing which way to bear up,
 Whilst he partakes of this most painful cup.
 This greatly doth his suff'rings amplify
 To human sense, if weigh'd seriously.

VI.

O Lord! what means these melting sighs and tears
 Why is thy soul amaz'd, why fill'd with fears? 351
 Ah! 'tis enough to break our hearts to think
 Upon that bitter potion thou didst drink;
 Thou knewest thy sorrows would be quickly o'er,
 And then thou should'st ne'er sigh nor suffer more;
 'Twas from thy worth, both wrath and justice cries,
 We are appeas'd with this thy sacrifice.
 Might not the shortness of this conflict yield
 Thee some relief? besides thou knew'st the field
 Thou should'st obtain, the conquest was thine own,
 And quickly too the conflict would be gone. 361

I'th' midst of wars, or anguish, men endure,
 If any can them certainly assure,
 That in short time their troubles will be over,
 They strait rouse up their spirits to recover, 365
 And patiently resolve to bear the smart,
 For this is like a cordial to the heart.

All

110 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

All this thou knew'st and more abundantly;
Yet sins dire weight so heavily did lie, 269
That with strong groans and horrors thou didst cry.
The torments, Lord! of hell took hold on thee,
Our souls from that devouring wrath to free.

But why didst thou into a garden go,
Thus to encounter with the hellish foe?
Was it because there first began our woe? 375
Or, was it Lord, to have us call to mind
When we in walks and gardens pleasures find,
What thou didst for us in a garden bear,
To take our hearts from fleeting pleasures here?

But stop, my muse! look back, and let us see 380
What did succeed Judas his treachery.

O mind, what joys amongst th'infernal crew,
In hopes of what is likely to ensue.
Hark, how those scritch-owls cry, but with small
reason,

As will be manifested in its season. 385

It was decreed the glorious Prince should die,
Already you have heard the reason why,
And tho' the first contrivance was divine,
Yet hell hereby had also a design

Of horrid mischief; and for that intent 390

They first prompt'd on the cursed instrument.

For having try'd their utmost strength before,

In open force they will engage no more

In that vain way; but now resolve to try

What may be done by hellish policy. 395

This project taking hitherto so well,

New summons straight are issued out in hell

To

To all infernal spirits to make speed,
And push on boldly the last cursed deed;
Fearing this Prince would prove a mortal foe. 400
Their hellish kingdom utterly o'erthrow,
And bring them to deserved punishment,
For old and latter treasons they invent:
Where they perpetual tortures shall sustain.

They feared also that he would again 405
Restore that poor condemn'd degenerate
Forfaken wretch, unto her first estate,
Which she by lust had lost; nay, furthermore,
Make her more famous than she was before.
Which to prevent, they all consult the way, 410
How him to death with speed they may betray,
From's heavenly kingdom to be banish'd quite,
And ever kept under the shades o'th' night.

Various their treacherous consultations be,
Yet all on death do mutually agree. 415

Apollyon push'd it on with raging haste;
But satan cry'd, forbear, drive not too fast.
Such mighty matters call for consultation;
We strike uncertain, when we strike in passion.

Thus black-mouth'd envy op'd his snaky jaws, 420
To have them conduct well their hellish cause:

E're further you proceed in this design,
Pray take, saith he, these transient thoughts of mine.

The hearts o'th Jews must first prepared be
With pride, revenge, and strongest enmity? 425

And we must think upon some friends that will
Forswear themselves, our pleasures to fulfil;
Such witnesses our crazy cause will need,
And such must we provide too with all speed.

For

For well we know his innocence is such, 430
 With the least stain truth could it never touch;
 Therefore those crimes he wants in verity,
 Malice must raise, and perjuries supply?
 And that they may pass current when he's try'd,
 A council we must pick, fit to decide
 The matter right or wrong on our own side. 435
 Besides, 'tis fit e're we the work begin,
 We should the king of terrors summon in.
 If his commission will not reach so far,
 In vain, alas, is all our present stir. 440
 His pow'r is great, but don't you understand,
 He has refus'd to be at our command,
 Not once, but many times? this makes me quake:
 We are undone, should he refuse to take
 Part now with us in this extremity, 445
 When all we have and are at stake doth lie.

To this advice the devils all consent,
 And call for tyrant death, who doth present
 His ghastly face, and boldly does demand,
 What 'twas they would have him to take in hand?
 Then soon Apollyon, king of darkness, breaks
 Silence, and to this purpose gravely speaks.

A P O L L Y O N.

Dread king of terrors, if thou step'st not in,
 Down goes our hell-bred monarchy of sin.
 We now can walk the spacious earth about, 455
 And have we friend or foe, we find him out,
 Where'er we see a person that's upright,
 We seek his ruin with the greatest spight.

When

When we by fraud or craft can't him intice
To yield to pride, or lust, or any vice, 460
But that he'll watch us with a wary eye,
And persevere in all true piety;
Then on him do we bring outward distress,
To make him lose, or leave his holiness.
Our kingdom by this practice is made strong, 465
Potent and large, and so has prosper'd long.
But now thy help we need, for much we fear
The downfall of our kingdom draweth near.
Upon the earth there now appears in sight
A mighty foe, one call'd the Prince of Light 470
And for what end should he from heaven come,
If not to execute on us that doom
Which heav'n long since decreed? to end with
strife,
We are resolv'd to take away his life.
Already he's betray'd; if things hit right, 475
And then we'll yield him up unto thy might.
For thy assistance, death, we do implore,
Else to these mischiefs this will happen more,
That creature we so long have captivated,
Will in her pomp again be reinstated. 475
The thoughts of which there's none of us can bear,
Speak, speak, pale monarch! for we long to hear
What's thy advice? thou mighty art in pow'r,
And canst, we know, whole nations soon devour.

The KING of TERRORS.

Great prince of darkness, you must understand
We are not wholly at your proud command. 481
I For

114 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

For there's a mighty pow'r in heaven high,
 Which you are subject to as well as I:
 'Tis true, from him I cannot say at all
 That I derive my strange original; 485
 Yet by his pleasure I am circumscrib'd,
 And 'gainst his will cannot be forc'd nor brib'd.
 Wherefore, if he this Prince of Light protect,
 In vain at him shall I my shafts direct.
 Besides, in this exploit methinks I find 490
 Some strange foreboding ills possess my mind,
 As if engaging thus against your foe,
 I should but hasten mine own overthrow.
 Take mine advice then, meddle not at all;
 Better sit still, you know, than rise to fall. 495
 'Tis true indeed, as you have well observ'd,
 Your threaten'd judgment has been long deferr'd:
 But if your execution-day be come,
 You can't escape, but must abide your doom.

PRINCE of DARKNESS.

Thou pale-fac'd traitor! shan't we have thy aid?
 Then all our hellish projects are betray'd. 501
 How oft have we stood by thee; sent thee forth
 To do our will and pleasure on the earth?
 The first that ever thou hadst in thy hand,
 Committed was by me, at my command; 505
 I caus'd Cain to slay his godly brother;
 And so taught thee how to bereave thy mother
 Of her most dear, of her most hopeful son;
 And shall not now my will in this be done?
 'Twas I which did thy being to thee give: 510
 How many subjects dost each day receive

From

From me and mine? who do in every land
 Promote thy state, and lend their helping hand.
 Therefore consent, and show thy angry brow,
 And make this conqueror to thy scepter bow, 515
 Yielding himself to thee, strike him with speed,
 And pierce his very heart until it bleed.
 Then some dark cave near the earth's centre find,
 Where light ne'er pierc'd, nor Phœbus ever shin'd,
 There, there, the vanquish'd foe do thou retain
 Close pris'ner with an adamant chain. 521
 Whene'er thou strik'st, be sure strike home thy
 blow,
 Lest he revive and work our overthrow.
 Be bold, attempt, and let thy pow'r be known,
 The glory of this deed shall be thine own. 525

KING of TERRORS.

I must confess I have been often sent
 By hellish means unto the innocent.
 To satisfy your envy, pride, and lust,
 Some thousands I have turn'd into the dust.
 Yet never did I strike, but on condition, 530
 As heaven did permit, in my commission.
 And tho' by thee, and by that monster, Sin,
 The child of hell, I first of all came in;
 Yet am I not subservient still to thee,
 But bounded by Jehovah's own decree: 535
 For had I wholly been at thy command,
 Poor Job had fell before thy pow'rful hand.
 Where my dread sovereign Lord does give me
 charge,
 To stay my hand, tho' my commission's large,
 I 2 I must

III6 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

I must forbear; but if he once permit, 540
The just, and the unjust alike I hit.

APOLLYON, King of Darkness.

Wilt thou eclipse my glory and renown?
Destroy my pow'r, and tread my kingdom down?
Fy Death! for shame forbear thy insolence,
And don't dispute the mandates of thy prince. 545
Stike! I conjure thee; do not vainly think
'Twill be thy int'rest from this work to shrink.
That hand, that powerful hand that conquers me,
If he prevail, at last will vanquish thee. 549
Tho' now on earth thou dost in triumph dwell,
If he o'ercome, he'll cast thee down to hell.
Thou from thy monarchy shalt then be driven,
And shalt abide in no place under heaven,
Thou that hast been a conqueror heretofore,
Shalt conquer'd be, and never more. 555
Ah! lend thy hand, shew forth thy mighty pow'rs,
'Tis for thy int'rest, Death, as well as ours.
If arguments and reason may convince
Thee, try thy weapons on this dangerous Prince.

KING of TERRORS.

Say, say, no more. If you find things agree 560
In order to his downfall, I will be
His executioner, do you not fear?
I tremble at the thoughts of what I hear.

DAMNED SPIRITS.

Bravely resolv'd! at last they all reply'd,
Swelling in wrath, in malice, envy, pride,
We'll

We'll now proceed, and craftily prepare
All things in readiness to end this war.

A P O L L Y O N.

Tho' Judas has a party for our turn,
Yet we have more to do e're we adjourn.
If we should bring this enterprize to pass, 570
Yet when all's done, I shall be where I was.
We must seek out some persons to defame
His so much honour'd and unblemish'd name.
He's just and virtuous, and esteem'd so high,
Who dares charge him with the least impurity. 575

S A T A N.

At this an envious devil strait jump'd in,
I'll lead the people on, let me begin;
I'll stir them up to envy more and more,
Such envy that he shall not stand before.

B E L I A L.

These are but sparkles from an hasty fire, 580
Which will for want of fuel soon expire.
His glory still increases, ours decays,
Words without actions are but faint delays.
The rarest wit amongst us must look out,
With wariness to bring this thing about. 585
I tell you what I newly have contriv'd:
Let my lord Lucifer, the king of pride,
Make one amongst their rulers in the seat
Of seeming justice; tell them they are great 590
And prudent men, yet learned ones likewise,
And in their breasts alone true wisdom lies.

Yea, tell them that the sovereign lord of heaven,
 To them the name of gods on earth hath given;
 Tell them both God and men have thought it fit,
 That they like gods should in this grandeur sit;
 And, answerable to this lofty station,
 The people have them in great veneration.
 Thus, when h' has put their honours in a heat,
 And swell'd them up with pride and self-conceit,
 Tell them 'tis much below their high degree,
 That such a low inferior man as he
 Should be their Prince, or over them bear sway,
 Who rather ought their greatness to obey.
 Then, when the uncontrouled breath of fame
 Has spread abroad the glory of his name,
 And fill'd each eye and ear with admiration,
 Giving to him applause and veneration,
 Then let our envious friend once more take's place,
 And sit as pale as death in every face;
 And let him tell them, if they do not take
 Some speedy course, their honours lie at stake.
 He grows so famous in the people's eyes,
 They shortly will their sovereignty despise.

S A T A N.

Nay, I can tell them yet another thing;
 The people seek by force to make him king,
 Which if the Roman pow'r should understand,
 They'd quickly come and take away their land.
 This sure will work, or other ways I'll find,
 Good mariners can sail with every wind.

Thus these infernals seeking to prevent
 Their future, but deserved punishment,

I

Far

Far swifter than the lofty eagle flies,
Did set upon their hellish enterprize. 624
The king of pride threw forth his poisonous darts,
Which did not miss to pierce the yielding hearts
Of those that sat at stern, who should delight
To do the thing that's equal, just, and right:
But disregarding great Jehovah's laws, 629
They sought, poor souls, for popular applause,
Pust up with pride, and swoln with vain ambition,
That tympany of the soul, they had suspicion
That if the Prince of Light were once affected,
They by the people soon should be rejected.
For first they say his miracles were great, 635
His virtues rendered him still more compleat,
And made him so illustriously to shine,
He gain'd the appellation of divine.
Nay, furthermore, they heard how some did sing,
Hosanna in the highest to the king 640
Of Israel! the fragrant flower of Jess,
The root of David; Oh! who can express
The depth of envy which in them did burn,
With raging flames, almost at every turn?
Close consultation in their courts appears, 645
And i'th mean while strange rumours fill their ears.
The miracles which he before had wrought
Into the minds of people fresh are brought,
Those wond'rous things did much encrease the
strife:
He rais'd, said some, the dead again to life: 650
Gave sight unto the blind, who from their birth
Had never seen the light that gilds the earth:

I 4 The

120 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I,

The dumb, the deaf, the lepers, and the lame,
In all distempers, whosoever came,
Had perfect cure in every dire disease; 655

Nay, he could hush the winds, and calm the seas
Could dispossess the black infernal rout,
And cast whole legions of fierce devils out.

Of five mean barley loaves, and two small fishes,
He made above five thousand plenteous dishes. 660

Thus many talk'd what he before had done,
Grieving to think what now was coming on,
His gracious words, and virtuous life commended
Him to the multitude, but much offended

Th'inraged rulers; yet his innocence 665

Was still so sure a guard and strong defence,

That they could not their wicked ends obtain,

Yet from their malice they would not refrain.

How often did they in clandestine way

Endeavour their blood-thirsty hands to lay 670

Upon this sacred Prince? yet still thro' fear

The people would rise up, they did forbear.

Sometimes they thought to trap him in his words,

That law and justice then might draw their

swords, 674

And cut him off. And then again devise

Another course, charge him with blasphemies

Against the God of heaven, by which way

They surely thought they might his life betray.

But never could they over him get pow'r 679

Until his time were come: now, now's their hour.

The work must now be carried on with speed,

When heaven and hell about it are agreed.

Tho'

Tho' different ends in these great agents are,
 Yet in the thing they both consenting were,
 That Christ should be of his dear life depriv'd.
 Tho' hell alone the guilty act contriv'd, 786
 Yet God indeed from all eternity,
 Knowing what rage and curs'd malignity
 Would be in their base hearts, resolved then
 He would permit and suffer these vile men, 790
 To bring his purpose and decree to pass,
 Which for our good, and his own glory was,

BUT to proceed, will you let us view
 And view the rage of hellish enmities;
 The final troubles of the Prince of Light
 Are coming on; behold a frightful sight
 A multitude with clubs, and swords, and darts,
 About his sacred person now appears;
 This wretched rabble's led on a design,
 Which wounds and pierces this holy heart;
 To think upon't, behold, they are condemn'd
 By the great Father, and by him that's
 How to proceed on this great enterprise,
 Which by hellish power did devise.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

Shewing how the Lord Jesus died in the sinner's stead. Such was his love, and yet the Soul an enemy at that time to him, and hated him. A full discovery of Christ's bloody passion, enough to make a heart of stone to melt. The Prince gives up the ghost. Death, the king of terrors, insults over Jesus, the Prince of Light. Death is threatened with destruction: shewing also what fear there was amongst the devils, lest the Prince should rise again, and overcome death. A second council held in hell: the devils tremble. Death subdued. Heathen oracles cease. The devils destroyed upon the Prince's resurrection, and put to open shame. Joy in heaven. Angels sing. Saints rejoice. The end of the first part.

BUT to proceed, will you lift up your eyes,
 And view the rage of hellish enemies;
 The final troubles of the Prince of Light
 Are coming on? behold a frightful sight!
 A multitude with clubs, and swords, and spears, 5
 About his sacred person now appears.
 This wretched rabble's come on a design,
 Which wounds and breaks this stony heart of
 mine
 To think upon't? behold, they are conducted
 By the grand traitor, and by him instructed 10
 How to proceed on this great enterprize,
 Which he by hellish power did devise.

Arm'd

Arm'd, as you heard, they seiz'd on him, as if
 He had indeed been some notorious thief.
 Fond men! if you this Prince's nature knew, 15
 Your weapons are too many, or too few.
 As man, so meek, you need not rescue fear;
 As God, so strong, he can in pieces tear
 A thousand troops that should approach him near,
 Of which a present instance did appear. 20
 Some little rays of his dread deity
 He caus'd to break forth, and suddenly
 They stagger'd and fell backwards on the ground,
 That they might see he quickly could confound
 Them utterly, and lay them at his feet, 25
 But that he saw it better to submit
 Unto his father's will, and take the cup
 Which was prepared for him to drink up.
 But they recover'ing strength, got up again,
 Regardless of all dread, and now amain 30
 Resume their purpose, and with wicked hands
 Take hold of him, who heav'n and earth com-
 mands.
 He's taken prisoner, and strongly bound,
 Who in one moment's time could quite confound
 The universe, and all that him offend 35
 Down to hell's bottom quick with vengeance send.
 Yet like a lamb he's to the slaughter led,
 And, as a malefactor, suffered.
 Most dreadful sorrows did his soul endure
 That peace and joy for her he might procure; 40
 To bring his purpose to an happy end,
 He manifests himself indeed a friend,

A bounteous

A bounteous friend, who thinks his life not dear,
 But freely lays it down, doth freely bear
 The stroke of justice, that he might recover 45
 Her forfeit life again. Oh! sacred lover!

Oh! matchless love and grace! let every eye
 Open its sluices, draw its fountains dry.

If he for us such bitter sorrows felt, 49
 Then let the thoughts of his strong passion melt
 Our sin-congealed hearts, our hearts of stone.

What was the reason why this sacred one
 Did bear all this? were not our sins the cause?
 He suffers, but 'twas we had broke the laws.
 Is he betray'd to death? weep o'er his hearse, 55
 Who only dy'd our death for to reverse.

You sin-sick souls, think on his bloody passion,
 And then take up this bitter lamentation:

Dear God! I sin'd, and did a Saviour need,
 And must the Lord of life and glory bleed! 60

Ah! must his dear and precious blood be spilt,
 To free me from my vile and horrid guilt?

Didst thou, sweet Lord, my heavy burthen bear?
 And shall I not lament, nor shed a tear?

Shall not my hard and flinty heart dissolve, 65
 To think how nought but thy own blood could
 salve

My fester'd wounds? what heart is so condens'd,
 That cannot by these thoughts be influenc'd

And mov'd unto remorse and great contrition,
 P'rh' sense of the Lord Jesus's crucifixion? 70

They hal'd him, bound, unto the high-priest's
 hall,

Where priests and council did for witness call.

They

They search'd about for such, but none could find,
Who did agree together in one mind.

They us'd him like a thief, put him to shame, 75
Who bore it with great patience, like a lamb.

They blindfold him in a disgraceful sort,
And ignominiously made him their sport.

They smote him on the face, pluck'd off his hair,
And bid him prophesy then who they were 80

That did him strike, that so they might thereby
His office of a prophet villify.

His own dear servants in this dismal day
Did him forsake, and from him fly away. 84

They, they in whom his soul took sweet delight,
His curst foes did so amaze and fright,

That they disown'd him too, and left him all
To stand alone, or otherwise to fall,

Yea, Peter, who would have his Lord confide
In him above the rest, stoutly deny'd 90

He ever knew him; nay, and furthermore,
He put it out of doubt, he curst and swore.

Ah! what is man when God withdraws his hand?
A Peter then one moment cannot stand.

This doubtless did add grief unto his heart, 95
To see his own disciples to depart,

And leave him thus in his adversity,
When in their stead it was he came to die.

He after this bore much rebuke and shame,
Scoffs, blows, reproaches, stripes, oh, who can

name 100
The many cruelties he underwent

Before his painful death, and not lament?
They

126 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

They cru'ly smite him on his precious cheeks,
Which he with patience bears, and never seeks
To free himself from this their insolence, 105
Altho' he knew his spotless innocence.

O gracious Lord! how, how was't thou abus'd,
Unjustly judg'd, and falsely too accus'd?
Accus'd as guilty of some grievous fact,
Who thought'st no evil, none didst ever act? 110
No stain nor spot of sin was found in thee,
Tho' thus thou suffer'st for iniquity.

The injuries which thou that night didst bear,
How great, my God! how numberless they were?

When he had pass'd away that tedious night, 115
Early next morning they with hellish spight,
Like some great malefactor, him present
To Pontius Pilate: where with innocent
And pleasant countenance he then did stand,
To know what 'twas of him they did demand. 120
Then with an humble silence held his peace,
Which made the fury of his foes increase.

Next was he unto wicked Herod sent,
Who at his presence seemed much content,
Hoping he might some miracle behold, 125
Because he had been of strange wonders told.
But he that knew the secrets of all hearts,
Who tries the reins and views the inward parts,
Knew well his curious, but presumptuous mind,
Was only unto wickedness inclin'd. 130

Christ answer'd not when he look'd for replies.
Which made king Herod and his men despise
Our precious Lord, the Prince of Peace, whilst he
Became the pattern of humility.

Thus

Chap. 8. A D I V I N E P O E M. 127

Thus finners contradict, and dare reprove 135
The Lord of life, who quickly could remove
The lofty from their seats, and them confound;
But nought but love and mercy doth abound,
This was the day of his humiliation,
He's first abas'd, then comes his exaltation, 140
But, oh! that ever men should be so vile,
To smite those lips that never utter'd guile!
He at whose great command the seas were still,
Is now commanded by each tyrant's will.
He's sent to Herod, then sent back again 145
Unto the judgment-seat; but oh! what pain
Did he endure there by most wicked men
What heart can think, what tongue express, what
pen

Can set it forth? their sacrilegious hands
Bound him about with strong and cruel bands:
They mock'd and did deride him shamefully,
And then aloud set up a curfed cry,
Hold, hold him fast, deliver Barabbas.
Who a notorious malefactor was.
A Barabbas is now preferr'd before 155
Him, whom the glorious angels do adore.
A murderer shall spared, saved be,
When Jesus shall be hanged on a tree.
With torturing whips they scourged him most sore,
Until his flesh was dy'd with purple gore. 160
O dreadful dismal cup! what heart can think
On what he underwent, and's flesh not shrink?
The blood that once run thro' his sacred veins,
Is now let out by soul-tormenting pains,
And all the blushing pavement gilds, not stains.

}
Ah!

128 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Ah! don't you see how it fell trickling down, 166
Yet unto him was no compassion shown.

The blood that issued forth from every wound
Descends in pearly drops unto the ground.

Oh earth! that didst receive that holy blood, 170

Nor fruitful Nile, nor Tagus golden flood

Could ever yield like vertue, or such good;

Ne'er such a stream did water thee before,

Nor shall again refresh thee any more.

Nor were these cruel barb'rous scourgings all 175

That he endur'd in that remorseless hall;

For after this they clothed him in scorn

With purple, when his flesh was lash'd and torn,

And in derision of his princely state,

Their impious hands a crown of thorns did pleat,

Pressing it on his gracious head with pain, 181

Till sacred drops did issue forth again

In rueful sort as they had done before,

Spreading his precious neck and face all o'er.

Thus like a lamb amongst those wolves he stood,

From head to foot besprinkled o'er with blood. 186

His kingly office further to debase,

'Stead of the scepter due to Judah's race,

They put a reed in's hand, then kneel before him,

And in derision feignedly adore him. 190

Thus, thus did they the sacred Prince abuse,

Crying in scorn---All hail, king of the Jews:

Then in disdain they spit in's lovely face,

Could devils offer God a worse disgrace?

Oh deph of love alone, that knows no bounds, 195

To suffer such dire stripes, such mocks and wounds!

'Twas

'Twas we that sin'd, 'twas thou that suffer'st shame,
To free us from the guilt. O let thy name
Thy sacred name for ever honour'd be,
Who thus was us'd to set poor sinners free. 200
But yet, alas! these sufferings were not all,
More bitter things did unto him befall.
Off next they took the robe, his own put on,
And now as if their malice fresh began,
Not satisfy'd their God for to deride, 205
They loud cry'd out, let him be crucify'd.
His blood they thirst for, Pilate gives consent,
Tho' conscience told him he was innocent,
And had deserved neither death nor bands,
Yet up he gives him to the rabbles hands. 210
He knew of malice they had brought him thither,
Yet he and they at last combine together
T'imbrew their guilty hands in guiltless blood,
Who never did them harm, but always good.
Rather than Pilate will displease the Jews, 215
He'll stifle conscience, utterly refuse
All admonitions, tho' his bosom friend
A timely warning unto him did send,
Uses intreaties, urges arguments,
But nothing would prevail, nothing prevents 220
Their wicked purpose. Sentence being past,
Unto his execution now they haste.
Tho' he was wounded very much before,
His flesh, his virgin flesh, with stripes made sore,
Yet they upon his martyr'd shoulders lay 225
His heavy cross; till fainting by the way
By reason of th'intolerable pain
His bleeding wounds procur'd, they constrain

K

A country-

130 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

A country-man of Cyrene, who did pass
 Along that way, to bear his pond'rous cross. 230
 And coming up to dismal Golgotha,
 Without remorse of conscience, dread, or awe,
 They still persist in putting him to death,
 A death the worst that e'er stop'd human breath;
 The cruel death o'th' cross, matchless for pain, 235
 And by God's curse most liable to shame.
 To cause the just to die was cruelty,
 But crucifixion's more than 'tis to die.
 Prodigious rage! strange metamorphos'd mind!
 What? kill the Lord, who was to you so kind! 240
 What was his crime? what his so great offence;
 That not contented to remove him hence
 By violent death, but you must look about
 Whereby to find exquisite torments out?
 The vilest wretch that ever did draw breath, 245
 Or in the strictest sense deserved death,
 Could never meet with more severity
 From barb'rous foes and brutish tyranny,
 He meets with no compassion, every heart,
 And every hand is set to throw a dart. 250
 So far from shame in this their villainy,
 They chuse for time to act the tragedy,
 Their chiefeft feast, when to Jerusalem
 From every part thousands of people came:
 Then, then they chose this cursed work to do, 255
 That he the greater shame might undergo.
 When priest and Pilate finish'd had their court,
 Dear Jesus must be fetch'd to make them sport.
 And now behold, if yet thy delug'd eyes
 Can stay to see so sad a sacrifice: 260
Behold

Behold him lift up on the cursed tree,
 Expos'd to torture, death, and infamy.
 His arms spread wide, as ready to embrace
 His bitter'st foes, if they'd accept his grace?
 Quite through each hand and foot sharp nails they
 drive, 265

And fix him there to wait for death alive.
 Hanging betwixt two thieves, numbred among
 Transgressors, by the giddy partial throng;
 For passers-by did rail on him with scorn,
 Wagging their heads, who ought rather to mourn,
 With taunts and scoffs the vulgar him abuse? 271
 Prompted by the chief priest, and barb'rous Jews.
 And when he thirsts through his excessive pains,
 Behold what favour at their hands he gains?
 All they afford to quench his drought withal, 275
 Was vinegar, mixed with bitter gall.

Was ever such a perfect hatred known?
 No dram of pity, but all malice shown.
 He that for them had water turn'd to wine,
 And shown his pow'r and charity divine; 280
 Nor wine, nor water now could be allow'd
 T'assuage his thirst from this ungrateful croud:
 But into's tender side they thrust a spear,
 From whence there came both blood and water
 clear. 284

Thus hand, and foot, and head, and every part,
 They pierce and wound, for to increase his smart.
 Ah! see that stream which from his heart-blood
 flows,

The precious balm and cure of all our woes.
 Each

Each pious soul, which truly doth believe,
Its sovereign vertue freely may receive. 290

One drop of that most sacred blood is worth
Ten thousand thrones and kingdoms of the earth.

When you by sin do see yourselves undone,
Think on that blood which from his side did run.

Those cordial drops apply'd unto thy heart, 295
Will heal thy soul, and cleanse thy inward part.

Ah! canst thou of Christ's dismal passion hear,
And not dissolve thy soul into a tear?

But to return---There's something still behind,
Which makes strange meltings in my grieved mind,
That's worse than all the rest, Oh hear his moan,
And how his poor distressed soul doth groan!

His father hides his face, that gracious eye
Casts forth an angry frown, which made him cry

(After he had these bitter torments felt 305
From cruel hands, and found his soul to melt,

His spirits fail, and wounded heart to break)

Why, why, my God? Oh why dost thou forsake
Me in this needful hour? hard is the case

When thou, my God, from me shalt hide thy face,
My servants who forsook me, are but dust, 311

Poor flesh and blood, alas! what stay, what trust
Is there in man; the best of men are frail;

Such as confide in them, their strength will fail.

But, ah! my trust, my hope, my confidence, 315
Thou, thou that art my rock and safe defence,

Even thou, my God! O thou, O thou hast left me,
And this at last has of all peace bereft me,

Whilst souls can see their interest in their God,
They can bear up under the sharpest rod: 320

But

But when thy face is hid, as 'tis from me,
They sink, they die, they die eternally.

Thus, thus the Prince of peace in sore distress,
His bitter moan doth unto God express.

Great depths of sorrow did oppress his soul, 325

When his sad portion thus he did condole.

He saw himself forsaken and forlorn,

When in our stead 'this anguish great was borne,

That which was due for our iniquity,

Did heavy on our gracious Saviour lie. 330

For justice spar'd not, but laid on her hand,

Whilst in the room and stead he seeks to stand

Of the poor Soul, he came from heaven to save;

Justice, alas! will the last farthing have. 334

The torments saints have borne's another thing

From what befel their sovereign lord and king.

His spirit's gracious, great, magnanimous,

Yet ne'er was any soul distressed thus.

That much renowned holy martyr, Stephen,

Had so glorious a prospect from heaven, 340

As fill'd his soul brim-full of consolation,

And by that means with joy he bore his passion.

Should I attempt to walk the spacious field

Of instances, how many would it yield,

Where flames of fire, were like to beds of roses, 345

Thro' heavenly rays, which gloriously composes

Their spirits so, that they in triumph sing,

When half consum'd in fire, they felt no sting.

God smiles, and heav'n appears so clear and bright,

All fears and terrors were extinguish'd quite. 350

But he who for our sakes his life laid down,

Is forc'd to bear his father's angry frown;

And in our stead he felt his indignation,
 The bitterest part of all his bitter passion.
 How heavy is that stroke, how sharp that rod, 355
 That's lifted up by men, laid on by God?

When heav'n and earth, and hell do all agree
 To lay on stripes with great'st severity?
 That grief, that pain, that anguish must be fore;
 And yet all this for us bless'd Jesus bore. 360

Who that beholds heaven's glorious lamp of light
 When in his strength obscured from our sight
 By the dark body of the pale-fac'd moon,
 Making black shades of night appear at noon,
 But would conclude from thence the sun were
 gone, 365

And had forsaken quite our horizon?
 And yet we know he's but eclips'd a-while,
 And soon will lend the world another smile;
 Disperse those shades that counterfeited night,
 And fill the earth again with splendor bright. 370

Lo thus our sun in his celestial sphere
 Is near his setting, yet but lend your ear
 Unto the voice, th' amazing voice of heaven,
 You'll find an universal notice given 374

Unto the world when this bright sun went down,
 Heaven's light-foot herald quickly makes it known.
 Christ lies bleeding, nailed on the tree,
 And now the universal world shall see
 Heaven act a part in this black tragedy. }

The world's great eye, the natural sun, whose
 rays 380

Each day throughout the universe displays
 From

From east to west, from north to south, his face
Visiting and refreshing every place,
No sooner doth he spy the Prince near dead,
But straightway he withdraws his blushing head.
That horrid sight bright Sol abhorr'd to see, 386
And hides his face from noon till after three,
At three Christ's matchless torments made him cry
Eli, eli, lama sabachthani.

Then was the temple vail rent quite asunder, 390
The earth did shake, the rocks did roar like thunder,

The clouds grew thick, and such as scatter'd were,
Conjoin'd to darken all the hemisphere.

Thus for three hours darkness great remain'd,
All hearts now tremble, every spirit's pain'd. 395
Th'astronomers, who starry motions trace,
And read earth's wonders in heaven's various face,
(Eusebius, and other authors write)

Were much amaz'd at that unusual sight?
Their learning could no natural causes spy. 400
Nor give a reason of that prodigy.

The moon being then at full, just opposite,
Could not in nature's course eclipse Sol's light.

'Twas supernatural what he suffered, 404
And that it was which fill'd them all with dread.

Some smote their breasts, whilst others in confusion
Drew from the premises this just conclusion,
Either the God of nature suffers now

(When Sol in fables muffles thus his brow) 409
Or the whole frame o'th' world in a short space,
Will be dissolv'd and end its painful race.

136 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

These dreadful things which then did come to pass,
Do fully prove he the Messiah was.

And many when they saw those wonders done,
Cry'd out indeed he was God's only son. 415

Had not this obvious been to every sight
A real thing, with what great ease then might
The foes of Christ and christianity,
Detected all as horrid forgery?

But matt'r of fact being so very clear, 420
The Jews and Heathens thereby silenc'd were.

Thus he yields up at last his painful breath,
And for a while lay conquered by death.
Conquer'd, said I! forbear my lavish muse,
Recall that word, and be not so profuse. 425

What shall we say, the Lord of life is dead?

'Tis but a slumber, he's not conquered,

He only for a while retreat hath made,

To bring his foes into an ambuscade,

And soon will rise more gloriously array'd. 430 }

Thus did the glory of the world lay down

His precious life, to purchase a rich crown

Of life and glory for his spouse, whom he

Found under wrath, condemn'd eternally,

Who had receiv'd that sentence full of ire, 435

Go, go thou wretch into eternal fire.

But he has bail'd her from hell's gaping jaws,

And satisfy'd justice's strictest laws

By this his death, where he in her stead stood,

And ransom'd her even with his dearest blood. 440

But hark, my muse! what triumph dost thou
hear,

What voice is that hoarse sounding in mine ear?

'Tis

'Tis death, doubtless 'tis death that ghastly king,
Who over Christ doth now insulting sing?
Now he has got him down, I prythee hear 445
How he o'er him doth vaunt and domineer.

The king of terrors boasting triumph over Christ
whilst he lay in the grave.

KING of TERRORS.

What am I? or from whence? for tho' I be,
Yet know I not myself; nor why to me
The mightiest monarchs bend. I rule, I reign,
And am the high and lofty sovereign. 450
All tremble at the thoughts of my grim face,
They look, they run, yet cannot find a place
To hide themselves. My pow'r's very great,
Yet know I not who set me in this seat.
There's none that live, have liv'd, or ever may, 455
But I o'er them an awful scepter sway,
But, oh! what kind of subject have I here!
A subject, t'whom no monarch is a peer;
Ah! how I smile to see't; I'll never fear
Being worsted now. Alas! dost thou submit? 460
Art thou likewise brought down unto my feet?
Who's able my dread power to withstand?
Since thou canst not escape my pow'rful hand?
Now I have seiz'd thee, be assur'd that I
Will keep thee down, for ever thou shalt lie 465
In the dark regions of eternal night.
Lo! here, proud mortals, an amazing sight!
What can't I do, since he that made the day,
By my strong hand is turned into clay;

If

138 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I

If thou canst not thyself from me deliver, 470
 The hope of creature-man is gone for ever.
 None out of these close regions can repair,
 Nor re-salute again the ambient air.
 I never did so great a conquest gain,
 O what a mighty monarch I have slain! 475
 Now, now let me be crown'd victoriously!
 For what is done, which none could do but I.
 Who dares my triumphs lessen or defer,
 Since I am now a perfect conqueror?
 Here, here, great Prince, with me in this dark cell
 My captive thou with other kings shalt dwell. 481

PRINCE of LIGHT.

Thou proud imperious tyrant, prythee hear;
 Don't boast too soon, nor vainly domineer.
 A feeble warrior may the field obtain,
 When his strong foe is willing to be slain. 485
 My life, proud Death, thou didst not take away
 By any strength of thine; for I did lay
 It freely down, as God did me command,
 This made me yield myself into thy hand.

KING of TERRORS.

I'll not contend, let that be so or not, 490
 I have thee safe in my dominions got;
 And e're thou do return, I'll make thee know
 What power I have, what 'tis that I can do.
 My prisoner thou art, and here shalt lie
 In these dark cells unto eternity, 495
 Whilst worms on thy most lovely flesh are fed,
 And with corruption thou art covered.

PRINCE

PRINCE of LIGHT.

Stay, stay, pale Death, that thou canst ne'er do,
For I must not the least corruption know.

KING of TERRORS.

Strange speech! who's this? or how can this
thing be? 500

What's in the grave shall not corruption see?

Tho' with rich spices thou imbalm'd dost lie,

Old hoary time shall make thee putrify.

Kings fortify'd by lead and searcloth's aid,

In precious heaps of fragrant odours laid, 505

To stench and rottenness I soon betray'd.

None ever into these low vaults do come,

Who can escape that sad and dismal doom,

Of being turned into dust;---I will

Thy mouth with filthy putrefaction fill. 510

The holiest man I e'er depriv'd of breath,

I turned into lothsome stinking earth.

And dost thou think thou shalt escape this fate?

No, thou must share of all my subjects state.

PRINCE of LIGHT.

Is't fit I should be threatned thus by thee? 515

Shall Death prevail and triumph over me?

Dost know, grim tyrant, who 'tis thou tread'st

down;

I am thy lawful Prince, and thou shalt own

My sovereignty; thou must, O Death, submit,

And yield thyself as conquer'd at my feet. 520

On

140 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

On me thou shalt not have thy proud desire ;
 No sooner shall three days and nights expire,
 But I will make thy bonds and chains to fly,
 And thereby spoil thy principality.
 But for thy insolence this thou shalt gain, 525
 To be thyself o'erthrown, vanquish'd and slain.
 The tidings which I bring will make thee quake,
 For I resolve on thee revenge to take.
 O Death, I'll be thy death, 'tis even so ;
 Thy utter ruin, and great overthrow 530
 Is near at hand ; I'll rouse up from the grave.
 And make the stone to fly that's on the cave,
 Let hell and devils all combine to do
 What's in their pow'r to save thee from this blow,
 I mind it not ; I'll tear and rend them all, 535
 And cause them with great vengeance down to fall.
 Captivity a captive I will take,
 And him a slave and captive ever make.

The devils fearing what would come to pass,
 Great consternation straight amongst them was.
 Their chief amaz'd, with envious horror cries,
 And to the rest with haste himself applies. 542

L U C I F E R.

Dominions, pow'rs of the infernal host !
 Awake, attempt with speed, or all is lost.
 Death's like to lose our great and hop'd-for prey,
 Secure him fast, more chains upon him lay. 546
 Hark ! are there not strange tremblings under
 ground
 Mix'd with a cry, enough for to confound

All

All the whole host of this amazed lake,
 Fear seizes me, I quiver, oh, I quake, 550
 What shall we do? make speed, let him not rise,
 Help, Satan, help, canst thou no way devise
 To hold him under ground? now, now, or never,
 If he awake, we are undone for ever.
 Should he the cords of death to pieces burst, 555
 Our latter ills will far exceed the first.

Thus see how all the hellish fiends do stand
 Aghast amaz'd, each holding up his hand;
 Bewailing their sad fates, their hearts grow cold,
 With thoughts of what they fear'd they should be-
 hold, 560
 Which was the resurrection from the dead
 Of him who for poor mortals suffered.
 Belzebub he cries out to Abbadon,
 Ah! what a day is this! all will be gone.
 Satan doth gnash his teeth, perplex'd in mind 565
 Because they could no more inventions find
 Their kingdom to support, cries out, alas,
 We never were before in such a case!

A P O L L Y O N.

Ah! what a dismal day, great lords, is here!
 The grave doth ope, that sight doth just appear }
 Of which you talk, of which you stand in fear. }
 Now all our hopes, and expectation's gone. }
 Ah! who is it has roll'd away the stone? }
 All proves in vain that ever we have done. }
 We must ourselves in chains of darkness lie, 575
 And be tormented to eternity.

Now

142 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Now from the earth fresh light doth gild the
 skies
 Thick darkness vanishes; awake, arise,
 Ye mortals, and with joy open your eyes;
 Behold the morning of that long'd-for day; 580
 The grave doth ope, whilst devils fly away
 To hide themselves, but cannot find a place,
 For vengeance hastens after them apace.
 The first day of the week is now come in,
 The glorious Prince has made an end of Sin. 585
 See how he rouses up from the dark grave,
 The Soul from thence, from sin and hell to save.
 Ah! how the damned spirits cry and howl,
 Their fearful fall with anguish to condole.
 Hell's principalities are spoiled quite, 590
 And all infernal pow'rs put to flight.
 See what an open shew is made of them,
 And how great Jesus doth their pride contemn.
 See how he doth triumph over them all,
 He's on his back that gave the Soul its fall. 595
 See Death's by death destroy'd; a wond'rous fight,
 Which doth the hearts of angels much delight.
 They pry into, and wonder at this thing,
 Accomplish'd thus by our victorious king.
 How like a sneaking, conquer'd, spoiled foe, 600
 That's quite o'ercome and brought to utter woe,
 Doth Satan look. Ah, see the fatal rout,
 And how the Prince doth drag these dogs about,
 He makes a shew of them; come, take a view
 O'th' conquer'd, bloody, baffled hellish crew. 605
 What a victorious conqueror is here?
 What victor may with this great Prince compare?

All

All warriors you admir'd heretofore,
 Let them not be so much as thought on more.
 Christ Jesus he is risen from the dead, 610
 Sin, wrath, death, hell, devils, and all are fled.

This glorious conquest o'er, th' infernal crew,
 Is yet more plain by that which doth insue.
 Some passages from ancient record show
 The truth of this their final overthrow. 615

Upon this rising of the Prince of Light,
 The heathen oracles were silenc'd quite.

Altho' their priests and prophets cry and call,
 Henceforth they're dumb and answer not at all.

Which accident and unexpected change 620

Amaz'd them all; 'twas so prodigious strange,

It made them look about to find the cause

Of such their silence and surpris'ing pause.

Surely, faith Plutarch, they are either dead,

Or else wise men are risen in their stead, 625

Which in these days diviner secrets know,

That oracles before were wont to show.

Yet he knew better things, and did deny

That spirits either could wax old, or die.

Some higher reason therefore must find out 630

E're he resolve this sense-confounding doubt.

Had he convers'd with John, he might have known

By whom, and how those Gods were overthrown.

Christ was reveal'd, faith he, unto this end,

That he the works of every hellish fiend 635

Might bring to nought, destroy and ruin quite,

Confining them to their eternal night.

That this is truth, from authors of their own

Might be made good, and evidently shown;

Sharp

144 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Sharp Juvenal*, to speak it out is pleas'd, 640
 All oracles at Delphos now are ceas'd.
 And lofty Lucan long since did complain
 That they their Deities invok'd in vain,
 The Gods, saith he †, by whom this empire stood
 Are from their empty temples now remov'd. 645
 Their altars too they have abandon'd quite,
 And left the places of their old delight.
 But with one instance more I may conclude,
 Tho' I indeed might urge a multitude?
 'Tis that which Plutarch doth affirm, and I 650
 Esteem above whate'er antiquity
 Hath left recorded, or most curious eyes
 Can view in best approved histories,
 Relating to the matter we have stated,
 Which follows thus, as 'tis by him related. 655
 About the period of Tiberius' reign
 (Who at Christ's death was Rome's proud sove-
 reign)
 Strange hideous cries, shriekings and howlings be
 Heard with amazement, in the Grecian sea,
 Complaining that their great god Pan was fled, 660
 From whence great consternations followed.
 No sooner did the louder trump of fame
 This news of their great Pan's retreat proclaim,
 But it was brought unto the emperor's ears.
 And unto him a certain truth appears. 665
 Who being startled at the strange relation,
 Falls with his wise men into consultation ;

* Sat. 6. Cessent oracula Delphis.

† Excessere omnes Adytis Arisq; relictis
 Dii, quibus Imperium hoc steterat, &c.

Who fought by magic to resolve the doubt :
 Which all their art and skill could not find out.
 Yet christians in those days could quickly spy 670
 The way to open the whole mystery.
 Comparing times, they found this strange relation
 Did just fall out upon Christ's death and passion;
 And then concluded straightway by the fall
 Of their great Pan, which signifieth All; 675
 All spirits by Christ's death were so afflicted,
 Their utter ruin thereby was predicted.
 Yea others of their own records still do
 Confirm the truth of this their overthrow.
 How one of them constrain'd some time before
 By God himself, their fall did thus deplore ? 681
 " An Hebrew child that shall be born will be
 " The final downfal of our dignity.
 " All our usurp'd dominions by that child
 " Shall come to nought, and utterly be spoil'd.
 " He strikes us dumb, and nonplus's our art,
 " Henceforth in vain no further questions start, }
 " But sad and silent from our shrines depart.
 Thus God doth force devils sometimes to speak,
 That which doth much against their int'rest make.

But stay, my muse; the cherubs chant again,
 O listen to this more melodious strain. 692
 The glorious angels do sweet triumphs sing,
 Upon the conquests of our heav'nly king;
 They clap their wings, and leap for joy to see
 This total rout and happy victory. 696
 Shall heav'n rejoice, and more concerned earth
 Not sing aloud Jehovah's praises forth ?

L

O happy

146 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

O happy day, bleſt hour, the beſt of all
 Poor mortals ever ſaw ſince Adam's fall? 730
 Chriſt of a truth is riſen from the grave,
 No pow'rs of hell could keep him in the cave.

Yet are there ſome in theſe laſt evil days
 Deny that he from death himſelf did raiſe.
 The Jews alſo, with their forefathers, ſay, 735
 'Twas a deceit; for he was ſtol'n away
 Whilſt drowſy ſoldiers fell into a ſleep,
 Who the ſepulchre had a charge to keep.
 A thing themſelves, no doubt could not believe,
 But was forg'd by the devil to decieve 740
 And blind mens eyes, who wanted that inſpection
 They might have had touching his reſurrection.

'Twas the laſt game the devil could deviſe,
 To hinder Chriſt's moſt glorious enterpriſe.
 They knew that if his reſurrection were 745
 Received for a truth, no hope was there,
 But all that they had done, it tumble muſt:
 So the laſt evil would exceed the firſt.

But if they had believ'd it certainly
 The ſoldiers had with great'ſt ſeverity 750
 Been puniſhed, for being ſo remiſs
 About a thing ſo weighty as was this.

Befides, were they aſleep, how could they tell
 What things there came to paſs, or what beſel?
 Or, if awake, why did they not prevent 755
 Thoſe men who came with ſuch a ſtrong intent?
 And can one think, if the diſciples durſt
 Attempt that thing, they ſhould have ſtripp'd him
 firſt?

Would

Would they not take the body in the cloths,
Left e're they'd done, the sold'ers should have
And caught them doing it? and then be sure 760

Great sufferings for it they must endure.

Nay, had these men been guilty of such evils,
They'd been no better than seducing devils,
The worst of mortals, and how was it then 765

That God should own and witness to such men,
By aiding them? could heaven's pow'r have gone,
To prove a cheat, when miracles were done?

Again, they were of such integrity,
As none could brand with the least infamy. 770

And they i'th' face of foes, without least dread
Declare that he was risen from the dead;
That they convers'd with him full forty days,

Whilst he instructed them in all his ways,
Before he did ascend. And then agen, 775

In Galilee at once five hundred men
Saw him with joy, and in their witness gave,
That he indeed was risen from the grave.

Here stop again, my pen, time calls away,
Upon this theme thou must no longer stay; 780
Leave them to perish, let them fall and die,

That this bless'd resurrection do deny.
Shall God, his saints, and angels witness bear
Unto this thing, and yet shall mortals dare

To call the same in question, or deny
What is confirm'd by such authority? 785
No, firm as earth, or heav'n's more stable poles,

Let this great truth be fix'd in pious souls.

148 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book I.

Without it faith's-a fancy, and the best
Of men more wretched than the vilest beast. 790

But now, awake my muse, no longer slumber
The day doth dawn, and joys which none can
number

Are rushing in upon the Prince of Light;
This sorrow's gone, nought now but glory bright
Shines forth in him; now he is rais'd on high, 795
Far out o'th' reach of all malignity.

Nor men nor devils can annoy him more,
He's safely landed on the long'd-for shore.

Go turtles, go, whilst thousand joys betide
The glorious bridegroom and his purchas'd bride.

That sun is risen who will ne'er go down, 801
Who will his spouse with light of glory crown.

But where's the Soul! O where, alas, is she,
For whom he dy'd and hung upon the tree?

What greeting? O what joy when they do meet, 805
There will abound! the thoughts thereof are

sweet.

He that was dead is come to life again,
And ever shall in bliss eternal reign.

Thrice happy is that Soul which he hath chose
To be his love, his dove, his Sharon's rose. 810

But where is she, and what is her estate?
For nothing of her have we heard of late.

Doth she not wait? doth she not long to see
His lovely face, and to embraced be

In his dear arms? O don't she greatly crave 815
One sight of him, one visit more to have?

Without

a J

Doth

Doth not her soul dissolve then into tears,
With thoughts of him who freed her from all
fears?

Read the next part, and you will quickly find
The fruit of sin, and nature of the mind 820
That is corrupt, and fill'd with carnal love
How nothing can those vile affections move?
Oh how unkind to Christ do sinners prove!

THE
GLORIOUS LOVER.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

*Shewing how Christ renews his suit again and again,
which is done either by the ministration of the gospel,
or by his various providences, and yet the Soul re-
fuses to receive him.*

THUS have you heard a sacred story told,
Fill'd full of wonders, wonders, which un-
fold

Such depths of wisdom, depths of grace and love,
Which none can comprehend, it is above
The reach of men; no knowledge is so high 5
That can conceive of it; nay, angels pry
Into this thing, this mystery is so deep,
It all the glorious seraphims doth keep
In holy admiration they're amaz'd
To see how all the attributes are rais'd 10
In equal glory, and do sweetly shine
In their own proper sphere, alike divine.
Here by diviner art you all may find
What was in our great God's eternal mind.

Before

Before the earth's foundation long was laid, 15
Or e're bright Sol his glorious beams display'd,
Respecting man, whom he foresaw would fall,
And bring his Soul thereby into eternal thrall.
Here may you with much ease and joy espy
The great result of the blest'd trinity. 20

In that eternal council held above,
A bout the Soul, the object of Christ's love.
Here also, here's a proof of true affection,
And how to love from hence let's take direction.
Whoever had or shew'd such love as he, 25
Who for his love was nailed to the tree?

But, hark! some do enquire, they long to hear
What is become of th' Soul he loves so dear?
Lo, from the grave he's come, he looks about,
He searches every place to find her out. 30
What is she fled! and where? in what strange isle,
Of clouds and darkness lurks she all this while?

Good reader, urge me not, I'll let thee hear
That which may melt thy soul into a tear.
Excuse my pen for what its lines shall speak. 35
Such marble hearts as cannot melt must break.
To leave off here, I'm sure it is not fit,
Nor would I write what you would have unwrit.
But since it doth upon the Soul reflect,
It matters not how much we do detect 40
The folly which doth in the sinner lie,
When sovereign grace exalted is thereby.
My heart and pen seem both to be at strife,
To paint-unkindness forth unto the life.
Wilt thou, who dost the muses aid, afford 45
Divine assistance, that each pow'rful word

152 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

May rend a heart at least, and every line
 Turn kingdoms and whole nations into brine
 Of their own tears? teach me, O Lord, the skill
 T'extract the spirit of grief, O let my quill, 50
 Like Moses' rod, make adamants to fly,
 That tears may gush like rivers from each eye,
 How can it once be thought that such a friend,
 Who loveth thus, doth thus his love commend, }
 And in such sort so strangely condescend, 55
 Should when all's done by her condemned be,
 Tho' he's most high, and she of base degree?
 The grand design, the end and reason why
 This Prince from heaven came, was scourg'd, did
 die,
 Was to redeem the Soul, and so endeavour 60
 To get her love, and marry her for ever,
 As is before declar'd. But will you hear
 How things are carry'd, how they manag'd are;
 The time is come, you'll find by what ensues,
 That this great Lord his suit a-fresh renews: 65
 When sacred love runs thus with greatest force,
 What pity is't ought should disturb its course?
 How can the Soul refuse to entertain
 A lover, which for her with shame was slain;
 But stop again, my muse, thou must give o'er, 70
 The Prince is come, lo he is at her door.

JESUS, PRINCE OF LIGHT.

Most precious Soul! I now am come again,
 Behold 'tis I, who for thee have been slain,

How

How is't with thee, hast thou not heard the news, 75
 What for thy sake I suffer'd by the Jews?
 That through a sea of blood, and sorrow's great,
 I now am come with bowels to entreat
 Thee to embrace the offer I present:
 And, first of all, with tears do thou repent 80
 That ever thou hast entertained sin,
 That has to me so very bitter been.

S O U L.

Repent! this is a melancholy strain;
 It suits with such whose lives are fill'd with pain,
 And guilty are of some atrocious crime, 85
 Whose glass is near run out, whose precious time
 Draws to an end; 'tis good for such indeed
 To look about them, and repent with speed:
 But thus 'tis not with me, I know no sorrow
 I'll wave that work, I'll wave it till to-morrow; 90
 To-morrow, I mean, till some fitter season,
 I see no cause, alas; I know no reason
 To hark to thoughts that may disturb my peace,
 When joys abound, and sweet delights increase.
 Repent! of what strange kind of voice shall I 95
 Amazed stand, yet can no danger spy.

J E S U S.

No reason why! ah Soul, art still so blind,
 Wounded from head to foot, and canst thou find
 No ground of grief, no cause to lay to heart
 Thy horrid guilt, nor yet the bitter smart 100
 Which

154 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Which I endur'd for thee, to prevent
 Severer wrath, severer punishment. }
 And dost not favour this sweet word, repent ? }
 'Tis well there's room, a call, a season fit ;
 There's thousand souls who are denied it. 105
 Dar'st, dar'st adventure still to live in sin ?
 What, crucify thy dying Lord again !
 Were not my pangs sufficient ? must I bleed
 Afresh ? O must thy sinful pleasures feed
 Upon my torments ? and augment the story 110
 Of the sad passion of the Lord of Glory ?
 Is there no pity in thee ? what, no remorse
 Within thy breast ? seek, seek a firm divorce
 Betwixt thyself and Sin ; do thy endeavour
 To break that league, depart, depart for ever. 115
 Did I not suffer to dissolve the knot
 Between thee and all lust ? and wilt thou not
 Regard me now, but entertain my foe ?
 What, cruel unto me, and thyself too !
 I prythee, Soul, bethink thyself, and yield, 120
 And let thy lovers for my sake be kill'd :
 Ah, let them die, who if they live, will be
 Thy death at last, who have been death to me.

S O U L.

Those joys are sweet, which do delight my heart ;
 Ah ! how can I and sinful objects part ? 125
 Must gainful lusts, and those which honours yield,
 At once be put to th' sword ? and those be kill'd
 Which so much pleasure unto me afford ?
 How can it be ? alas, it is too hard :

The

The thoughts of it's a perfect death to me ; 130
Lord, say no more, I cannot yield to thee.

J E S U S.

Ah ! didst thou know, poor Soul, what 'tis to sin,
And how my soul for it has tortur'd been,
Thou wouldst revenged be on it, I'm sure,
And a divorcement speedily procure. 135
Or, didst thou know what grief it is to me
To be contemned and despis'd by thee ;
Such churlish answers wouldst thou not return
To him, whose soul in fervent love does burn
To thee, poor wretch, and only for thy good, 140
'Tis that I seek, and fought with tears of blood.
Once more I ask thy love, I cannot leave thee,
Until my everlasting arms receive thee.

S O U L.

If I may have those pleasures which delight me,
Whose am'rous glances sweetly do invite me 145
To love them dear, who stolen have my heart,
I am contented thou shouldst have some part
Of my affection : Worldly joy is sweet,
And I resolve to have some part of it.

J E S U S.

Ungrateful Soul ! did not I wholly give 150
Myself for thee ? and shall I now receive
A piece of thine, nay but a little part,
That have deserved more than a whole heart ;
'Tis all the heart, or none ; dost think it fit
Sin and the Devil should have part of it ? 155
Would

156 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Would any lover such strange love receive,
To be contented that his spouse should have,
Some other suiters, and to them should cleave? }

What say'st, deceived Soul, why stand'st thou mute?
Disclose thy inward thoughts, and grant my suit, 160
O speak! or, if thy doubtful mind be bent
To silence, let that silence give consent.

If thou wilt grant me that whole heart of thine
We'll exchange hearts, I'll give thee all of mine.

She look'd about, she mus'd, she paus'd awhile, 165
Whilst he on her cast forth an heav'nly smile,
Sweet rays of glory glanced from his eye,
Enough to ravish all the standers by;
So great a lustre from his garments shone,
It dazzl'd all weak eyes to look upon, 170

Like as the sun his glorious beams displays,
Dispersing ev'ry way his sparkling rays,
When in his strength and splendor bright doth shine,
So glister'd forth his glory all divine.

Ne'er sure a beauty carnal eyes beheld. 175

Ah! one sweet sight of him has wholly fill'd
The greatest soul that liv'd, and there is still
Enough in him millions of hearts to fill.

And none but him alone can satisfy
The soul of man, the soul-enlight'ned eye. 180

But stay and hear the answer which is given
By the deceived Soul. O let the heaven

And earth astonish'd stand, whilst stubborn she
Deny'd his suit, will not persuaded be

To ope her door, who longs to enter in, 185

To fill her Soul with joy, destroy her sin.

221 S O U L.

S O U L.

Strange 'tis to me such beauty should be there !
 What so amazing glorious, none so fair !
 When I no loveliness in him can see,
 The world, and outward pleasures, seem to me 190
 More rare and spritful, far the better choice ;
 Such things I like, but for this lover's voice,
 His face and favour I can't so esteem,
 Nor can I leave all things for love of him.
 Therefore be gone, and cease thy suit ; for I 195
 Have fix'd my mind elsewhere, my heart and eye
 Is set on that which outward eyes can see :
 Lord, let me not be troubl'd more with thee.
 O stay, my muse ! reach me an iron pen,
 T'engrave this on the marble hearts of men. 200
 Let sinners look within, then let them read
 Themselves ungrateful, blind, and dark indeed.
 Would not each Soul conclude this creature were
 Besides herself, or else deserv'd to bear
 The great'st contempt, and pity'd be by none 205
 That bids such a dear lover to be gone ?
 How oft has he by precious motives try'd
 The Soul from sin and evil to divide,
 And make her too obdurate heart relent,
 And take such ways as wisdom does invent ? 210
 His passions, sighs and tears are ready still,
 As the officious agents of his will.
 To work her to a sense of her estate :
 But she's, alas ! so dark and desperate,
 That his sweet voice, of so divine a strain, 215
 So moving, mov'd her, but seems all in vain.
 He

158 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

He sighs for her, he knows her sad distress,
 He asks her love, but still without success.
 Ah sinners! view your rocky hearts and then
 Smite on your breasts, lament and read again. 220
 The glorious Lord his love's so strange, so great
 He knows not how to think of a retreat.
 His soul is griev'd, yet takes not her denial,
 But makes a new essay, another trial.

J E S U S.

Did, did I love thee from eternity? 225
 And my celestial kingdom leave for thee?
 Did I man's human nature freely take?
 Did I my bed in a poor manger make?
 Did I engage the cruel'st of all foes?
 Did I from men and devils meet with blows? 230
 Did I such kind of tortures undergo
 Which men nor angels can't conceive or know?
 Did wrath pursue, and justice fall on me?
 And did I bear it all for love to thee?
 Ah! did I sweat great drops of sacred blood, 235
 Until the ground was sprinkled where I stood?
 And were my feet and hands nail'd to the tree,
 Whilst my dear father hid his face from me?
 Have I with joy, delight, and chearful heart
 Endur'd all this excessive pain and smart, 240
 And out of precious love to thee I bore?
 And must I still be kept out of thy door?
 Shall, shall I leave thee then, and take my flight
 Into some foreign land, and let the night
 Of dismal darkness be thy lot for ever, 245
 Where direful wrath all graceless Souls do sever,

From

From all sweet shines of my eternal face?
 That thou may'st there bewail with shame thy case;
 When shades of frightful darkness thee do cover,
 Thou wilt condole the loss of such a lover; 250
 Must I be gone, must I my farewell take
 And leave thee to thyself? my heart doth ache
 To think upon thy state, when I do leave thee;
 Far rather would I have these arms receive thee.
 What, slight a Saviour thus, a friend indeed, 255
 An early friend, a friend, who chose to bleed
 For thee, and in thy stead, that so thereby
 He might enjoy thee to eternity!
 Farewel, false Soul, I bid thee now adieu;
 Take what will follow, dread what will ensue. 260
 Grief, sorrows, sickness, and a troubled mind,
 Will thee pursue, until thou com'st to find
 A changed heart; and vengeance does allot
 Ruin to those thou lov'st, who love thee not.
 I'll kill them all who have insnar'd thy heart, 265
 Before from thee for ever I depart.
 Ah! how my soul with a tempestuous tide
 Of tears is overwhelm'd whilst I'm deny'd
 My suit by thee! my passions overflow
 To see thee slight me, and my passion too. 270
 What, tread me under foot! whilst vanity
 And worldly joys, are jewels in thy eye!
 As if best good, and sweet'st content lay hid
 In that gay fruit, which is alone forbid.
 He woo's, the Soul says no; he still replies; 275
 He sweetly sues, she wickedly denies.
 He woo's afresh, she answers with disdain,
 I cannot love, but he intreats again.

At

160 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

At last he leaves her, and his suit adjourns ;
 He views the Soul, and griev'd away returns : 280
 He bids farewell, and yet he bids it so,
 As if he knew not how to take her no.
 He bids farewell, but 'tis as if delay
 Did promise better farewells, than his stay.
 He now withdraws, but 'tis with a design 285
 His absence might her heart the more incline
 To th' love and liking of him, or to see
 What by some other means perform'd may be.
 As lovers oftentimes by rules of art
 Devise new ways to gain upon the heart 290
 Of such they love, to bring their hearts to bow ;
 Like things sometimes doth Jesus also do.
 T'incline the sinner's heart he hides his face,
 And brings them into a distressed case.
 He lays them on sick beds, for to discover 295
 The worth and need of such a sacred lover.
 Poor sinners ponder well what you do read,
 And mind those thoughts which woo you to take
 heed
 How you neglect and slight the day of grace,
 Or to base lusts and vain delights give place. 300
 Now sickness comes, and death begins to fright
 her,
 And 'tis no marvel if the Lord do slight her.
 Her drowsy conscience also now awakes ;
 Alas, she startl'd much, she weeps, she quakes,
 She cries out for a Christ, but none's in sight, 305
 And all her other lovers fail her quite.

She

She yields, she loves, but with a servile heart,
When other lovers slight her and depart.
She loves thee not, Lord Christ, for what thou
art,

But what thou hast : and should she spared be, 320
She'd shew her love to Sin, more than to thee.

No sooner the sad Soul her state laments,
But bowels mov'd in Jesus, he relents.
In her afflictions, he's afflicted too,
And can't be long e're he'll compassion shew. 325
He sent relief, he eas'd her of her pain,
And rais'd her up to former health again.
But as 'twas hinted, so it came to pass,
The wretched Soul proves vile as e'er she was.

Affliction will not bring to Jesus's feet, 330
Unless great pow'r do go along with it.

The Soul's like Phar'oh : cries, when smitten sore;
Then, then for Christ, and O 'twill sin no more!
But when rais'd up, and has sweet health restor'd,
It cleaves to Sin afresh, forgets the Lord. 335

But the affections of the Prince of Peace
Abated not, but rather did increase.

His love and patience both alike shine forth,
To 'stonishment of all who live on earth.

And that he might obtain the Soul at last, 340

His servants call'd and sent away in haste
To recommend his love, and in his stead
To ope those precious glories, which lie hid
To her and to all those who carnal be:

Alas! they can't behold, they cannot see 345

162 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Those high perfections which in Jesus are,
Nor can they think his beauty is so rare,
Exceeding all conception, all compare. }

Dear reader, prythee mark, what here insues,
Mind, mind the arguments this man doth use 350
To move the Soul to tears of true contrition,
Fetch'd from Christ's love, and from her lost condition.

T H E O L O G U E.

By Jesus sent! by such a Prince as he!
Ah! 'tis a work too great, too high for me.
What glory, Lord, hast thou conferr'd on those
Thou dost imploy, thy secrets to disclose! 356
What! be a spokesman for a Prince so great,
To represent his love, and to entreat
Poor sinners in his stead, to entertain
His sacred person! Lord, I'll try again, 360
Since thou command'st me forth, what may be done;
Thou bid'st me go, my duty is to run.
Did Abraham's servant readily comply
With his command with great'st fidelity?
And shall I be unfaithful unto thee? 365
No, Lord, I will not; do but strengthen me,
Prosper my way, and let me have success,
That I with him thy sacred name may bless;
And how shall I, poor nothing I, rejoice 369
To see the Soul, thy spouse, thy father's choice.
What next thy love's so sweet, Lord, unto me,
Than to bring in poor sinners unto thee?

C H A P. II.

Shewing the evil of sin, and how compared.

HAIL, precious Soul! once glorious, noble
born,

But now debas'd, defil'd, in garments torn;

Nay, naked quite, yet mind'st it not at all;

Thy wounds do stink, and vipers in them crawl.

So many sins of which thou guilty art,

5

So many serpents cleave unto thy heart.

What's Sin? is't not a frightful cockatrice?

No serpent like the serpent called vice.

And dost thou love to play with such a thing?

Ah fool! take heed, view, view its poisonous sting.

Brute beasts by nature's instinct are aware

10

Of the gilt bait and sense-beguiling snare,

Tho' it seems ne'er so sweet, or ne'er so fair.

And art thou such a fool to hug a snake,

And in thy breast such great provision make,

15

That it may harbour there both day and night?

Ah! couldst thou see, or hadst a little sight,

'Twould soon appear a very loth'd delight.

No evil like the evil called sin,

Which thou dost love, which thou tak'st pleasure in.

For what is sin? is't not a deadly evil,

21

The filthy spawn and offspring of the devil?

And is thy mind on folly wholly bent?

What, love the devil's odious excrement!

Shall that which is the superfluity

25

Of naughtiness, be lovely in thine eye?

M 2

What

164 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

What, dost thou value Christ, and all he hath
 Not worth vain joys and pleasures on the earth?
 Has he so much esteem'd thee? and must
 Thou value him less than a curst lust? 30
 Dost thou more good in that foul brat espy,
 Than is in all the glorious trinity?
 That which men judge is best, they strive to
 chuse,
 Things of the smallest value they refuse.
 O wretched Soul! what thoughts dost thou retain
 Of thy dear Lord and blessed sovereign? 36
 Come view thy choice, see how deprav'd thou art
 In judgment, will, affection, thy whole heart
 Is so corrupt, defiled, and impure,
 Thou canst not Christ, nor godliness endure. 40
 Again, what's sin? is't not a trait'rous foe,
 A traitor unto God, and rebel too?
 It first of all against him took up arms,
 And made his angels fall by its false charms.
 Nought is so contrary to God as that, 45
 Nor more the perfect object of his hate.
 The devil was God's creature, good at first;
 'Twas sin that made him hateful and accurst.
 Sin ne'er was good, its essence is impure;
 Evil at first, so now, so will endure. 50
 And dar'st thou, O Soul, conceal this foe?
 Nay, hide him in thy house, and also show
 Such dearest love to him, as to delight
 In his base company both day and night?
 Nay, sport and play, and merry be with him; 55
 What God doth hate and loth, dost thou esteem?
 Dost

Dost not, O Soul, deserve for this to die?
 What greater crime, what greater enmity
 Canst thou be guilty of, or canst thou show,
 Than thus to harbour God's most trait'rous foe? 60
 The chiefeſt room he can always command,
 Whilſt my dear maſter at thy door muſt ſtand,
 And can't one look, nor one ſweet ſmile obtain,
 Who is thy Saviour, and thy ſovereign.

What's ſin; a thing that's worſe than the devil.
 Sin made him ſo, ſin is a thing ſo evil, 66
 'Tis worſe than hell, it dug that horrid pit,
 'Tis ſin that caſts all finners into it.
 No lake of fire, no Tophet had there been
 For ſouls of men nor devils, but thro' ſin: 70
 'Tis that which lays them there heap upon heap,
 Sin was the cauſe 'twas made ſo large and deep.
 Sin is the fuel that augments hell-fire;
 Wer't not for ſin, hell-flames would ſoon expire.
 And wilt thou dandle ſin ſtill on thy knee? 75
 Wilt make a mock of it? wilt jolly be?
 Wilt ſin and ſay, alas! I am in ſport?
 Ah! ſee thy folly, e're thou pay'ſt dear for't.
 Is ſin God's foe? and is it ſo to thee?
 Then part with ſin, break that affinity: 80
 Diſſolve the knot with ſpeed, do thy endeavour;
 Which will deſtroy thee otherwiſe for ever.

Nay, what is ſin? it is a leproſy:
 When ſcripture ſo compares it, may not I
 Call it a ſickneſs, or a lothſome ſore, 85
 That quite covers the Soul, and ſpreads all o'er,
 Like to an ulcer, or infectious biles,
 That do corrupt, that poiſons and defiles

166 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

The Soul afflicted, and all others too
 That dwell with him, or have with him to do? 90
 Oh how do men fly from the pestilence?
 And wilt not thou learn wisdom, Soul, from thence?
 Sin is a plague that kills eternally
 All souls of men, unless they swiftly fly
 To Jesus Christ, no med'cine will do good, 95
 To heal this plague, but this physician's blood.
 What blindness is there then in thy base heart?
 'Tis not the plague, th' physician must depart:
 Thou shutt'st the door, wilt not let him come in,
 Whose purpose is to heal the plague of sin. 100

Nay, what is sin? 'tis poison in a cup,
 That's guilt without, and men do drink it up
 Most earnestly, with joy, and much delight,
 Being pleasant to the carnal appetite.
 Sin's sweet to him whose soul is out of taste, 105
 But long, alas, its sweetness will not last.
 Sin's sweet to th' flesh that does it dearly love,
 But to the spirit it does poison prove.
 Hast, hast thou suck'd this deadly poison in,
 And dost not see thy vital parts begin 110
 To swell? art poison'd, Soul, look, look about
 To get an antidote to work it out,
 Before it is too late. The poison's strong,
 Don't stay a day, for one hour is too long.
 One dram of grace mix'd with repenting tears, 115
 The grace of perfect love, that casts out fears,
 Mix'd with that faith, which kills all unbelief,
 Took down with speed, will ease thee of thy grief,
 Will purge thy soul, and work by vomit well,
 And all vile dregs of venom will expel. 120

Unless

Unless thou vomit up each dreg, be sure
 No hope of life; one sin will death procure
 Unto thy soul. Repentance is not right,
 Till sin, nay, every sin's forsaken quite,
 Not only left, but as a poisonous cup, 125
 They greatly loth whate'er they vomit up.
 No evil like the evil called sin,
 Which thou dost love, which thou tak'st pleasure in.
 Again, what's sin? it is an horrid thief,
 Or a deceiver; nay, it is the chief 130
 Or grandest cheater too that e'er was known,
 He has robb'd thousands; nay, there is but one
 That lives, or e'er has liv'd, but robb'd have been
 By this great thief, by this deceiver, Sin,
 No petty padder, his ambitious eye 135
 Doth search about, he subtilly does spy
 Into the place where all the jewels lie.
 The first he seizes is the jewel time.
 He likewise robs each soul of all their prime
 And chiefeft days, which mercy doth afford, 140
 Which should be dedicated to the Lord.
 And more than this, not one good thing they have,
 But them of it does this curst thief deceive.
 Sweet gospel grace, nay, and the gospel too,
 And all that glory which they also do 135
 Confer on us, souls are deceiv'd hereby
 And yet they know it not, they don't espy
 The way it works, it's done so secretly.
 Sin robs the soul of its sweet jewel Peace.
 And in its room does grief and anguish place. 150
 Whoever doth this grievous loss sustain,
 Can't have it made up unto him again

168 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

By treasures of all kingdoms here on earth,
 No valuing it, no knowing of its worth.
 Another thing this thief has in his eye, 155
 And lays his fingers on, then by and by
 Doth bear away, it is the jewel Soul,
 A loss which mortals ever shall condole.
 For had a man ten thousand worlds to lose :
 The loss of them far better had he chose, 160
 Than lose his soul, why would you think it strange?
 What shall a man for's soul give in exchange?
 There's one rich jewel more, and 'tis the chief
 That is aim'd at by Satan and this thief,
 Ah! 'tis a thing more worth than all the rest : 165
 How, how can then the value be express?
 It is a precious stone that shines so bright,
 It doth the heart of the great God delight.
 He loves it dear, 'tis that his eye's upon,
 And nought he prizes like this precious stone. 170
 This stone, poor Soul, he offers unto thee,
 What say'st thou to't, canst thou no beauty see,
 No worth in that which God accounts so rare?
 Strange 'tis! shall I the cause of it declare?
 Sin blinds thine eyes, and does beguile thee so, 175
 Thou for a pebble lets this jewel go.
 This stone, know thou, is the pearl of great price,
 Let not this base deceiver thee entice
 To slight dear Jesus : wilt be such a fool,
 To lose thy time, thy Christ, peace, and thy soul?
 Be thou more wise, and more considerate,
 Thou dost, alas, thy pleasures over-rate.
 Let's go th' balance, prythee, Soul, let's weigh
 The pearl of price; make haste, and quickly lay
 Into

Into the scales, the flesh, and loads of pleasure; 185
 For honour, all the acts of mighty Cæsar,
 And cast whole mines in too, whole mines of trea-
 sure!

Add world to world, then heap a thousand more,
 And throw them in, if thou canst find such store;
 And see which balance of them is too light; 190
 Lo it is done, and thine's such under-weight,
 It seems as if thy scale was empty quite.

Let's take the pearl out, and then let's put in
 An airy bubble; now let's weigh again.
 See, see, fond Soul, thy scale aloft does fly, 195
 There's nothing in't, 'tis less than vanity.

What folly was't to make the first compare?
 What weigh the world with Christ! no need is there
 To run that parallel, thou now may'st find
 Thyself deceiv'd, thou labour'st for the wind. 200
 For sin's compos'd of nought save subtile wiles,
 It fawns and flatters, and betrays by smiles.

It's like a panther, or a crocodile,
 It seems to love, and promises no ill;
 It hides its sting, seems harmless, as the dove, 205
 It hugs the Soul, it hates when vows tru'st love.

It plays the tyrant most by gilded pills,
 It secretly insnares the Soul it kills.
 Sin's promises they all deceitful be,
 Does promise wealth, but pays us poverty: 210
 Does promise honour, but does pay us shame;
 And quite bereaves a man of his good name.
 Does promise pleasure, but does pay us sorrow;
 Does promise life to day, pays death to-morrow.

No

170 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

No evil like to th' evil called sin, 215
Which thou dost love, which thou tak'st pleasure in.

Again, what's sin? a second Dalilah,
Which in the bosom lies, does tempt and draw
The Soul to yield unto its cursed ways,
And resteth not until it quite betrays 220
Its life into the proud Philistines hands,
Who take and bind it with base churlish bands;
Nay, and most cruelly puts out its eyes,
Makes it grind in their mill. Devils devise
All this, and more than this, when they do get, 225
The poor deluded Soul into their net.

Lastly, what's sin? read thou the former part
Of this small book, O view the bitter smart
Thy Saviour bore, it pierc'd his very heart. }
Think thou upon his bloody agony, 230 }
'Tis that opes best its hellish mystery, }
And shews the venom which in it does lie.

No evil like the evil called sin,
Which thou dost love, and tak'st such pleasure in.
Had evil man's fool-hardiness extended, 235
No farther than himself and there had ended,
'Twere not so much, but O! I do espy
Another is much injured thereby,
Ten thousand times more excellent in worth
For the great God, who form'd the heav'n and earth,
Doth look upon himself as wrong'd thereby, 241
For he that sins doth little than fly }
I'th' very face of his blest majesty. }

And when the son of glory hither came,
O how was he exposed unto shame! 245
It

It brought his sacred person in disgrace,
 When sinners vile spit in his heav'nly face,
 They taunt him with base terms; and being bound
 They scourged him; he bled; but the worst wound
 Was in his soul, occasioned by sin; 250
 And thou thereby wound'st him most sore again.
 O wilt thou paddle in the purest stream
 Of precious blood? contemn it! O extream
 And hideous monster! dost thou hug the knife
 Which wounded him, yea took away his life, 255
 And will let out thy blood, though now it be
 Delighted in and loved much by thee?

Of wonders strange, and prodigies that are
 Amazing unto all who of them hear,
 None can come nigh, or be compar'd to this 260
 A prodigy of prodigy it is.
 Of love and lover ne'er the like was known,
 Nor was the like ingratitude e'er shewn.
 The one doth love beyond all admiration,
 And suffer'd things beyond human relation. 265
 And he a king, but she a filthy brute,
 A beggar vile, and yet denies his suit.

Q. From whence is it? O why will she not close
 With this great lord? how can she still oppose
 His oft repeated-proffers? how, not yet! 270
 Yield unto him? pray what's the cause of it?

Ans. 'Tis not in her own power to dispose
 Herself in marriage: also here are those
 Who dwell with her, and her relations be,
 Who spoil the match, or the affinity, 275
 Which otherwise in all appearance might
 Be thoroughly made with Jesus Prince of Light.

172 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Two proud relations loftily stand off,
 Who urge her to reject him with a scoff.
 The one is will, a very churlish piece, 280
 Who all along for sin and satan is.
 The other's judgment, once most grave and wise,
 But now with will both cursed enemies :
 To God and Christ true piety oppose,
 And lead the Soul with evil ways to close. 285
 'Tis they who must dispose of her, if she
 E'er yield to Christ his dearest spouse to be.
 But sin has so by craft corrupted them.
 And drawn them to its party, they condemn
 This glorious lover, and will not consent 290
 The Soul should yield him, or should repent,
 And so break off with other lovers who
 She yet doth love, and loth is to forego.
 Besides them, in her house doth also dwell
 An enemy call'd old-man, known full well 295
 To be a grand and horrid instrument,
 To keep the Soul from granting her consent.
 O ! he's the cause of all the inward strife,
 And hates the thoughts she should become his wife.
 And will prevent it, if he can find out 300
 Meet ways and means to bring the same about.
 Nay such a foe this old-man is indeed,
 That 'till he's slain by th' spirit, or does bleed,
 Or weakned in his power, ne'er will she
 With the Lord Christ firmly united be. 305
 Slight wounds won't do, he must be slain outright,
 Such is his rage, his subtilty and spite
 Against this match ; till he's near dead
 It cannot be in truth accomplished.

There-

Therefore expect to hear of his black doom, 310
Before the sweet espousal day doth come.

There's also yet another inmate, I
Perceive dwells in her house (which by and by
You'll hear much of) who all her secrets knows,
And can her very inward thoughts disclose, 315
His name is conscience, whose power is so great,
That in her house he hath a regal seat.

These three allies by old-man so corrupted,
Have all along the business interrupted,
They naturally are opposite to grace, 320

And are far more inclined to give place
To sensual objects, and the prince o'th' night,
And so betray the Soul, for want of light,
Into their hands of whom you heard before,
Who secretly design for evermore, 325

To take away her life, and quite undo her,
Whilst flatteringly they promise peace unto her;
The Soul's deprav'd and captivated so,
It chuses evil, and lets Jesus go,
The chiefest good, and takes the chiefest evil, 330
Being by nature acted by the devil.

This, well considered, may the cause discover,
Why she denies to entertain this lover.

The Soul is dead, and cannot see, nor hear,
'Tis senseless as a stone; a stone can bear 335
The greatest weight, and neither break, nor melt,
Souls dead to God, ne'er love-sick passions felt

Unto this day; nor can they love, until
They are convinc'd of sin and all the ill
They have committed 'gainst his holy will, 340
Being

174 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Being sensible hereof, then with strong cries,
They fly to God for salve to ope their eyes;
The eyes affect the heart, when thou canst see
Christ will be dear, and not till then to thee.
The conscience first is always wrought upon, 345
Which never is effectually done,
But by the spirit's pow'r and operation,
Which sets it equally against transgression.
But lest I should be tedious, I'll forbear,
Craving attention to what follows here. 350

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

*Shewing Christ's heavenly and admirable beauty, riches,
bounty, power, and wisdom.*

T H E O L O G U E.

WILT thou be cruel to so dear a friend?
Upon thyself 'twill fall, poor Soul, i' th' end!
Did not Rebecca yield, and chuse to go
With Abram's servant? and wilt thou say no?
What was an Isaac unto him, whom I
Desire thee now to fix thy tender eye
Upon? was Isaac fair and wealthy too?
Or was he great? ah Soul! will such things do?
If beauty, wealth, or honour thou dost prize,
I do present one now before thine eyes,
That is the object, this alone is he;
None, none like him did mortals ever see:
He is all fair, in him's not one ill feature,
Ten thousand time's more fair than any creature
That lives, or ever lived on the earth,
His beauty so amazingly shines forth;
Angelick nature is enamour'd so,
They love him dearly, and admire him too,
His head is like unto the purest gold,
His curled tresses lovely to behold,
And such a brightness sparkles from his eyes,
As when Aurora gilds the morning skies.
And though so bright, yet lovely like the doves,
Charming all hearts, where rests diviner loves,
Look

176 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Look on his beauteous cheeks, and thoul't espy 25
 The rose of Sharon deck'd in royalty.
 His smiling lips, his speech, and words so sweet,
 That all delights and joy in them do meet ;
 Which tends at once to ravish ear and sight,
 And to a kiss all heavenly souls invite. 30
 The image of his Father's in his face ;
 His inward parts excel, he's full of grace.
 If heaven and earth can make a rare complexion,
 Without a spot, or the least imperfection ;
 Here, here it is, it in this Prince doth shine, 35
 He's altogether lovely, all divine.

1. His beauty is so much desirable,
 No souls that see it any ways are able
 For to withstand the influ'nce of the same ;
 They're so enamoured with it, they proclaim 40
 There's none like him in earth, nor heav'n above ;
 It draws their hearts, and makes them fall in love
 Immediately, so that they cannot stay
 From following him one minute of a day.
 The flock is left, the herd, and fishing net, 45
 As soon as e'er the Soul its eye doth set
 Upon his face, or of it takes a view,
 They'll cleave to him, whatever doth ensue.

2. Christ is the spring, or the original
 Of earthly beauty, and celestial. 50
 That beauty which in glorious angels shine,
 Or is in creatures natural, or divine,
 It flows from him : O it is he doth grace
 The mind with glorious beauty, as the face.

3. Christ's

3. Christ's beauty's chaste, most pure, and
without snares, 56
Not like to other's, which oft unawares,
Like Joseph's, which most treacherously ensnares
Poor wanton souls, and leads them to the pit,
Before they are aware, or think of it! 60
Here may'st thou look, and love, and take thy fill,
(Yea every one who hath a heart, a will)
Whose sweetness ne'er will glut, surfeit, or kill. }
4. His beauty's real, 'tis no glistering paint;
That suits vain sinners, this affects the saint, 65
The painted face pleases the carnal eye;
But none but saints through faith can this espy.
That's a vain shew, but this a precious thing;
In sight of which celestial joy doth spring.
5. This beauty fills, and fully satisfies, 70
The hearts of all who have enlighten'd eyes,
He that sees Christ, doth say, Lord, now I have
What e'er I long'd to see, no more I crave;
I have enough, my heart and I are fill'd;
Which was not so before, whilst I beheld 75
Things with a sensual heart and outward eye.
There's nothing here, save Christ, can satisfy
That precious soul, which lieth in thy breast;
Reject him, and ne'er look for peace nor rest.
6. Christ's beauty's, hidden, 'tis so mystical, 80
No glimmerings of it can appear at all
To carnal souls. This is the cause why he
Is thus deny'd, and slighted still by thee.
7. There's one thing more which I'll to thee im-
part,
Touching Christ's beauty, by diviner art; 85.
N He

178 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

He doth transmit his beauty unto those
 Who are deform'd, as soon as e'er they close
 With him in truth, in a contract of love,
 He all their homely features doth remove.
 Oh ! he can make those lovely, very fair, 90
 Who ne'er so filthy, ne'er so ugly are.

8. This beauty fadeth not, 'twill not decay,
 'Twill be as rare to-morrow as to day.
 Not like to that, which as a fading flower,
 Ev'n now shines bright, but wither'd in an hour. 95

RICHES of CHRIST.

Or, is thy heart on riches set ? know then,
 Christ is more rich than all the sons of men,
 The Father hath to him all fulness given
 In earth beneath, and all that is in heaven.
 All kingdoms of the world they are his own, 100
 Whether inhabited, or yet unknown.
 He's heir of all things, and the time is near,
 When he will make his right most plain appear.
 All potentates his tenants are at will ;
 And such who waste his goods, or govern ill, 105
 Account must give to him, and then will find
 What 'tis to bear to him a treach'rous mind.

Christ's glorious riches are discovered,
 Yet further unto thee ; for all are fed
 By him alone that on the earth e'er liv'd 110
 Both food and clothes they all from him receiv'd,
 And still receive ; 'tis at his proper charge
 They are maintained, as might be shew'd at large.
 I'll only give a hint or two at things,
 His treasures far surmount all earthly kings. 115
 He

He has paid all the debts of every one
 That clos'd with him. O do but think upon
 This very thing, and wisely then account
 To what a sum this payment will amount :
 Suppose each soul ten thousand talents were 120
 In debt to God ? some little time we'll spare
 To cast it up. 'Tis done, and lo 'tis found.
 Eighteen hundred sev'nty five thousand pound.
 And less than that what sinners ow'd that's clear'd,
 As oftentimes, I doubt not, you have heard. 125
 What did they altogether, think you, owe ?
 Who's able to account it ? who can show
 The quantity of that great debt, which he
 Paid at one single payment on the tree ?
 The quality too of his riches are 130 }
 So great in worth, O so transcendent rare,
 Their nature, men nor angels can declare. }
 No other coin would with God's justice go,
 To satisfy for debts which sinners owe.
 Nay, the whole world, nor yet ten thousand more,
 Could not discount one farthing of that score; 136
 But had Christ's worth and riches only been
 Sufficient to discharge from debts of sin ;
 And had he not more treasure to bestow
 On such who do believe, or truly do 140
 Cleave unto him, it might be thought to be
 A lessening of his vast treasury.
 But 'tis not so ; for he enriches all
 Who are discharged from sin's bitter thrall.
 None comes to him, nor ever came, but they 145
 Receive, besides such sums that very day

180 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

They are espous'd, that holy truth relates,
 They'r made more rich than earthly potentates.
 A golden chain about their necks he places,
 And them with rings, and precious jewels, graces;
 And clothes them also in rich robes of state, 151
 Whose sparkling glory far exceeds the plate
 Of beaten gold; nay, Ophir's treasury,
 And all the wealth which in both Indies lie,
 Must not compared be; alas, they can't 155
 Equal in worth the robes of one poor saint.
 He heirs also doth make them every one
 Of a most glorious kingdom, and a crown.
 He doth assure them that they shall obtain,
 And when they come to age, for ever reign 160
 With him triumphantly, and tread down those
 Who were their enemies, or did oppose
 Their rising up to such great dignity,
 Or treated them on earth with cruelty.
 He's rich in ev'ry thing, no good is found, 165
 No wealth nor worth, but all in Christ abound.
 Few in all kind of riches do exceed:
 But there's in him whatever sinners need.
 Cast but a look, O view this treasury,
 Riches of life, love, pardon all does lie, 170
 Laid up in Christ, in him 'tis hid for those
 Who do with him in true affection close.
 These riches do enrich the soul of man,
 Which earthly riches never did, nor can.
 Nay, prythee, hark to me, I'll tell thee more, 175
 Although Christ has paid off our former score,
 He han't consum'd one farthing of his store. }
 Tho'

Tho' he has made some millions rich and high,
 He hath with him such a redundancy
 Of glorious riches, that let come who will, 180
 Their treasuries with substance he can fill.
 The sun is not more full of precious light,
 Whose sparkling rays do dazzle mortals sight;
 Nor is the great, the vast and mighty sea
 More fill'd with water, than, in truth, is he 185
 With grace and riches, yea, of every kind:
 Which if thou close with him, and dost not find
 To be a truth, Soul, then let me obtain
 Reproach from all, yea an eternal shame.
 Christ's riches are so great, St. Paul knew well 190
 No tongue could set them forth, no angels tell
 Th' nature of them, they unsearchable be;
 Men may find out the bottom of the sea,
 As soon as they can learn or comprehend
 How rich Christ is, who is thy dearest friend. 195
 Nay, more than this, his riches are so stable,
 Moths can't corrupt them, nor can thieves be able
 To rob us of them. Nay, yet furthermore,
 He that hath them, whate'er comes, can't be poor.
 His riches can't be spent, his treasury 200
 Cannot exhausted be, nor yet drawn dry.
 These riches will rejoice thee, make thee glad,
 Revive thy heart; and God will never add
 Sorrow with them whilst thou dost live on earth;
 They'll quiet thee, and fill thy soul with mirth;
 They'll be a breast of such sweet consolation, 206
 That when all other dwellers in the nation
 Shall be perplex'd thro' loss of earthly gain,
 Thou shalt be satisfied, and remain

182 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

In perfect peace; nought shall distress thy mind, 210
 When they shall not, save horrid anguish find,
 Tho' gold and silver will not satisfy
 The soul of man, yet this I do espy,
 The loss of them, and other earthly things,
 It grief and sorrow to the spirit brings, 215
 And so uncertain are things of the world,
 Tho' here to-night, e're morning all are hurl'd
 Away from him who no possession hath;
 Like to a bubble are all things on earth.
 He that on worldly riches sets his mind, 220
 Strives to take hold on shadows and the wind.
 But if Christ's riches once thou dost obtain,
 The loss of them thou never shalt sustain:
 Nor will they leave thee when thou com'st to die,
 But cleave unto, and thee accompany 225 }
 Beyond the grave, ev'n to eternity,
 What dost thou say? canst make a better choice
 Than close with Christ? O hearken to his voice,
 And don't withstand the proffer made to thee,
 If any good thou dost in riches see. 230

CHRIST'S Bounty.

What sayest thou? what hast thou in thine eye? }
 Will not Christ's riches move thee? then I'll try }
 To gain thee by some other property.
 He's bountiful, and of a generous heart,
 Most free and noble, ready to impart 235
 Whate'er he hath unto the soul he loves.
 O see how his heroick spirit moves
 In him, whose generous, whose bounteous hand,
 Holds forth to thee whate'er thou canst demand.
 'Tis

'Tis thine for asking; do but speak the word, 240
Thou hast it done. O! none like this dear Lord.
Some mens great riches seem to overflow,
Who do a base ignoble spirit show.
They treasure up their bags, lay heap on heap,
Yet with a narrow covetous spir't keep 245
All from the poor: nay their own wives can get
But now and then a little in a fit;
In a good mood sometimes perchance they'll be
Kind unto them, tho' but unfreely free.
But Christ's rich bounty does to all extend, 250
He stretches forth his hand to foe and friend.
Refined gold, eye-salve, and raiments white,
Ev'n all choice things for profit and delight;
Sweet frankincense, spikenard, and calamus fine,
Myrrh, saffron, with all choice of spiced wine,
He freely gives to all: O come who will, 256
He'll bid you welcome, and your treasures fill.
O what doth he then to his friends impart,
Unto his spouse, the Soul who has his heart?
Come, eat, O friends, and drink abundantly, 260
Beloved ones, 'twas for your sakes that I
This banquet made. There's nought, says he, too
good
For those that I have purchas'd with my blood.
Take grace and glory; all I have I give you
And to myself I will e're long receive you. 265
Ask, that your joy may now be full: for I
Can't any thing that's good your souls deny.

The sovereign power and dignity of Christ.

What can I now do more, if still thou art
Resolved to deny Jesus thy heart?

If beauty will not move thee to incline 270

To close with him, who longs till he is thine:

Strange! beauty oft prevails, great conquests gains;

Like to a mighty victor, binds in chains 271

Those which would not by other means e'er
yield.

Such is the nature of his pow'rful shield,

Triumphantly it has obtain'd the field.

No standing out against its piercing darts,

It hath a secret way to wound those hearts,

Whose constitution leads them naturally

To steer that course, and on it cast an eye 280

To search the sweet, which fancy says doth lie

Hid in the same. For human beauty's vain,

Which some have sacrific'd their lives, to gain.

But Christ's sweet beauty is a real thing,

And doth substantial joys and pleasures bring; 285

Such pleasures also which will still abide

For evermore, like rivers by thy side.

Shall beauty which is spotless, without stain,

Nor riches neither, sweet embraces gain;

Nor generous bounty, win thy purer love; 290

Then let ambition thy affections move.

Is greatness barren quite of solid joys?

Are all her merchandize but empty toys?

If it be earthly, 'tis an airy thing,

Tho' 'twere to be a spouse unto a king. 295

But

But let it not be so look'd on by thee
 To be espous'd to that great majesty,
 From whom alone true honour does descend,
 This greatness, lasting, perfect, ne'er will end:
 Come, Soul, let us most seriously now pry 300
 Into Christ's pow'r and regal sovereignty,
 And next let me his glorious pow'r show
 By which he works, and all great things can do.
 Some have a pow'r whereby they can command,
 But to accomplish things do want a hand: 305
 But Christ in both excels, 'tis he alone
 Hath regal pow'r; and what he will have done
 He can effect i'th' twinkling of an eye,
 Tho' all combine against him far and nigh.
 He's over angels, as thou heard'st before, 310
 They gladly him do rev'rence, and adore.
 The head o'th' church makes laws, and governs it,
 According as he sees 'tis best and fit.
 His regal power also doth descend,
 And over all the devils doth extend. 315
 The keys of hell and death to him are given;
 'Tis he alone can shut and open heaven.
 Power to rule, to command, to forbid,
 To punish, or deliver, they're all hid
 In him alone; 'tis he can bind or loose; 320
 To damn or save, 'tis all as he doth chuse.
 He's king of kings, all mighty men below
 To him their princely crowns and kingdoms owe.
 Yea such an universal monarch's he,
 Commands the mighty winds, and stills the sea. 325
 'Twas by his hand the glorious heaven's were made,
 And wondrous earth's foundations first were laid.

The

The sun, the moon, and stars receiv'd their light
 From him at first, to rule both day and night.
 His power is absolute without control, 330
 He governs all the world from pole to pole,
 His sovereign power was not gain'd by fight,
 Or usurpation, but a lawful right ;
 As he is God, 'tis his essentially,
 Born heir of it from all eternity. 335
 And as he's mediator, th' God of heaven
 This glorious power unto him has given.
 His power is infinite, it hath no bound,
 No ends or limits of it can be found.
 He made the world, which by him doth subsist; 340
 Nay he can make ten thousand if he list.
 He can do more than we can think or know,
 Can kill, and make alive, save, or o'erthrow.
 The conquests he has gained, demonstrate
 The matchless pow'r of this dreadful potentate. 345
 Sin is o'ercome, the devil's forc'd to fly,
 Nay, he hath obtained perfect victory
 O'er death, o'er hell, o'er wrath, and o'er the
 grave,
 And from them all he able is to save,
 If thou wilt but consent, grant his request, 350
 Thou never more by foes shalt be distress'd.
 Ah Soul! is't not a very glorious thing,
 Daily to be thus courted by a king,
 And such a king? shall Jesus woo in vain ?
 Shall such a Prince not thy sweet love obtain? 355

The Wisdom of CHRIST.

What say'st to wisdom, from whose odour springs
That which makes inferior men great as kings:
This spreads the sweet perfume of Solomon's fame;
'Twas this that rais'd his most illustrious name,
The noise of wisdom made so great report, 360
'Twas heard as far as Sheba's princely court.

It made the lady's chariot wheels to run
Most swift, like to the new-rais'd eastern sun,
Mounting aloft, and vanquishing black clouds:
She hastes away, and thro' obstructions crowds;
Defying danger, she's resolv'd to see 366
What fame reports touching this prodigy.

The emulous queen's arriv'd, she stand's amaz'd,
She learns, wonders, and be'ng over-dazzl'd
With this great beam, she breaks forth, could not
hold 370

But must express, that what to her was told
In her own country, was in no wise nigh
Half what she found did in his wisdom lie.
What's riches, bounty, honour, beauty rare,
Unless true wisdom also do dwell there? 375

If wisdom may a person recommend,
Christ is all wisdom. Shall I now descend
Into particulars? wilt lend an ear
Whilst I endeavour to make it more clear?
Alas, I stand amaz'd! can infinite 380
Perfections be express'd? what shall I write;
He's wise, all-wise, only wise; shall I speak?
Wisdom itself i'th' abstract. Can I take

Upon

188 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Upon me then to ope this mystery,
 When in him doth all depths of wisdom lie? 385
 The wise man's wisdom, if compar'd might be,
 Was like a drop of water to the sea;
 Nay, far a greater disproportion's there,
 Should we Christ's wisdom once with his compare.
 'Twas he which did to Solomon impart 390
 That wisdom, and that understanding heart.
 'Tis he which makes all good men grave and wise,
 To hate all evil, and true virtue prize.
 He to our fathers doth right knowledge give,
 And 'tis by him all pious judges live. 395
 Th'infinite wisdom of th'eternal one
 Shines forth in him; nay, 'tis in him alone
 All is laid up; he is God's treasury,
 Where wisdom and true knowledge both doth lie.
 He knows all things and persons here below; 400
 Nay, perfectly does he the Father know,
 And all decrees and councils, which of old
 Have been, and their events he can unfold.
 He knows each glorious purpose, and design,
 In him alone do all perfections shine. 405
 The frames, the thoughts, the ways, the fears, the
 wants,
 Temptations, burdens, and the grief of saints
 Most perfectly he knows, and quickly can
 Save and defend from th' greatest rage of men.
 For counsel and wise conduct he exceeds, 410
 And in the midst of paths of judgment leads.
 The crafty counsel of Achitophel
 He can defeat, tho' laid as deep as hell.

He

Chap. 3. A DIVINE POEM. 189

He overturns the wisdom of the wise,
Confounds their plots, and shews what folly lies 415
In their grand councils, making them to know
Their purposes can't stand, if he says no.
He orders things, that no design shall take
Further than 'twill for his own glory make.
None like to Christ, he is without compare, 420
He's wise as well as wealthy, great and fair.
What's thy opinion, Soul, canst not espy
All glory hid in his blest majesty?
What hinders then but that without delay
Triumph may celebrate th'espousal day? 425

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

Shewing how the conscience of the sinner comes to be effectually awakened; together with the effects thereof.

THIS being said with bowels of affection,
 Tho' often mix'd with gall of sharp detection,
 Her former stubbornness being all laid ope,
 Yet this, nor that, nor nothing gave much hope
 He should prevail, which put him in a maze, 5
 And did his voice and spirits higher raise.
 He still went on with sweet commiseration,
 Yet was his pity mix'd with some small passion,
 And to this purpose did this good man speak,
 Not knowing how his last farewell to take. 10

T H E O L O G U E.

Poor stupified Soul! alas! alas!
 What is the cause? whence doth it come to pass
 Thou art so senseless? why dost thou despise
 All those soul-melting tears, those sighs and cries?
 What is thy heart more harder than the rocks, 15
 That thou canst bear these oft-repeated knocks,
 And never break at all? O strange! O strange!
 Thy heart, poor Soul, is't harder than a stone,
 That feeble drops of water fall upon,
 And makes impression. What, shall stones relent,
 And yield themselves, and as it were consent 21
 These

These frequent droppings should impressi^{on} make;
 And showers move thee not? awake, awake,
 Before the dreadful message I impart,
 Shall rouse thy hard and sin-congealed heart. 25
 Thy night comes on, thy sun's a going down,
 Thy seeming favourites begin to frown.

So all thy pleasures with their wanton charms
 Are flying from thee, death spreads forth his arms,
 To take thee hence unto another place: 30
 Canst thou, poor wretch, this ghastly king embrace?

What will become of all thy wealth and pleasure?
 Behold, alas, death comes to make a seizure
 Upon thy poor deceived Soul this night!
 Then all thy joys, and empty vain delight 35
 Will vanish like the smoke, and thou shalt be
 Cast into prison for eternity;

Where thou shalt evermore bewail thy loss,
 In changing gold for that that's worse than dross.
 Shall beauty, wealth, or honour make thee yield?
 Much more that wisdom wherewith Christ is fill'd.
 Shall love and patience be so ill-rewarded
 By thee, by whom he should be most regarded?
 And sensual objects harbour'd in thy heart?

Then wilt thou hear what further I'll impart? 45
 Soul, now thou must be anathemiz'd;
 And when Christ comes, how wilt thou be surpriz'd?
 For those that love not Jesus, are accurst,
 And when he doth appear, for ever must
 That fearful doom and sentence then receive. 50

O may the thoughts of this cause thee to cleave
 To

192 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II

To him with speed, before this day is gone.
 I'll now break off, adieu, this think upon:
 Poor drowfy wretch, let sin no more deceive thee,
 Give me thine answer now before I leave thee, 55
 O may these soul-confounding terrors break
 Thy stony heart, and make thy conscience speak!
 Eternal God, do thou thy spirit send,
 'Tis he which must the Soul in pieces rend.
 The work's too hard for weakness. Alas! I 60
 Shall not prevail, if help thou dost deny.
 Speak to her heart, set home the word with pow'r
 Shall this be the good day, the happy hour?
 Her conscience touch, O wound her, let her see
 What 'tis to be a captive unto thee. 65
 Open her eyes, bless'd spirit, thou canst do it.
 Sad is her state; O come, and let her know it.
 Let not my pains nor labour quite be lost:
 For dear she has my master Jesus cost.
 Thou canst effectually change her bad mind, 70
 Which unto sensual objects is inclin'd.
 O shed and scatter precious love abroad,
 And unto her some of that grace afford.
 Moral persuasions barely ne'er will bring
 The Soul to love and like our heav'nly king. 75
 But I'll return and speak yet one word more
 Unto her conscience, e'er I do give o'er.
 Speak conscience, if alive! thou us'd to keep
 A faithful watch: what art thou now asleep?
 Hath she not slighted Christ, like unto those 80
 That him reject, and cleave unto his foes?
 What dost thou say? speak, I adjure thee, rouse.
 Conscience, I speak to thee, shake off thy drowse;
 Gripe

Gripe this deluded Soul, who puts her trust
 In those that seek her life, 'tis thou that must 85
 Stop her vain course: what, shall the sinner die
 When conscience, God's vicegerent, is so nigh,
 And gives not one sad sigh, nor groan, nor cry?
 Strange! what's befallen thee? art lost, or fled,
 Who should'st the tidings bring that all are dead? 90
 Like Job's last messenger, thou should'st declare,
 How all the faculties corrupted are.
 Wilt thou betray that trust repos'd in thee,
 And lose thy regal right and sovereignty?
 Wilt thou connive and wink at such a crime, 95
 Or fault which she commits? O no, 'tis time
 Now to awake, and fiercely her reprove.
 What, hate that Prince whom she pretends to love?
 Immediately the spirit sweetly spake,
 And touch'd her heart, and conscience did awake.

C O N S C I E N C E.

What soul-amazing voice is this I hear? 101
 What heav'n-rending thunder fills mine ear?
 Awake, why do I sleep? can conscience nod,
 That keeps a watch between the Soul and God?
 If so, yet when heav'n's voice cries out amain, 105
 That will awake and make me rouse again.
 I have most basely, fir, corrupted been,
 By Satan and that poisonous evil, Sin,
 A register I kept, but then alas
 It has so fallen out, so come to pass, 110
 That I unfaithful was: for always when
 I should have set down scores, I set down ten;
 O Nay,

194 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Nay, to their party so entic'd have been,
 That I have often winked at her sin.
 And when my office was for to accuse, 115
 'Twas to wrong ends, her light I did abuse.
 My faults I see, I'll watch that no offence
 May pass the Soul without intelligence.
 Sir, strange it is, it puts me in a muse,
 As one amaz'd to see the Soul refuse 120
 To hearken to your voice, which constantly,
 Like pointed darts, against her breast doth fly.
 I'll take up arms, and fight for Jesus now,
 And make her bend to him, if I know how.
 I now declare myself, tho' for a season 125
 I silence kept, to hear what goodman Reason
 Could find to say, whereby he might excuse her.
 But he's most blind, and surely doth abuse her.
 I know her bias'd judgment will conjecture
 She's not obliged to hearken to that lecture 130
 She lately heard, altho' it was divine,
 Her will and judgment doth with hell combine
 To work her ruin; do you what you can,
 Till judgments rectify'd, and the old-man
 Be put to death, she'll be rebellious still, 135
 Yield to her lusts, and please her vicious will.

THEOLOGUE.

Doth conscience yield? blest day! I'll try again,
 With hope of a full conquest to obtain.
 Good service may'st thou do, act well thy part;
 Whilst the great king doth thus besiege the heart;
 Keep thou a narrow watch, look well about, 141
 Observe who doth come in, and who goes out.

In

In one thing am I glad, I know from hence
I shall by thee have true intelligence.
How things are manag'd in her house always; 145
Thou know'st her thoughts, hear'st all the words
she says.

APOLLYON, Prince of Darknes.

Apollyon that degraded seraphim,
And grandfire of that hell-bred monster, Sin,
No sooner did of these late tidings hear,
How conscience was awakened, but in fear 150
Presently calls a council to advise
Which way they might the Soul by craft surprise,
And hinder her from being crowned queen.
Which to prevent, successful have we been,
Saith he, till now, but I am in great doubt 155
Much longer we shall hardly hold it out.
The preacher doth his business follow so,
I am afraid of some great overthrow.

S A T A N.

Dread prince! fear not, we yet possession have,
And want no skill. Can't subtilty deceive? 160
Can't strength subdue? besides, she's in our chain;
Tho' one link's broke, we'll fasten it again.
And if grave judgment will with us abide,
Conscience will not be able to decide
The differences, nor right decision make; 165
No matter then which side the fool doth take.
But since, my lord, I see what grieves your mind,
No safety shall these gospel-preachers find:

196 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Our vassals we'll preparè with hellish rage,
Them to extirpate, and drive off the stage. 170

L U C I F E R.

I do approve of that last counsel given ;
Let not a place nor corner under heaven
Be found for those our int'rest dare oppose,
Or once attempt to move the Soul to close
With him whom we account our mortal foe, 175
Satan, for this I bless and thank thee too.
The brave design which we have now in hand,
Will soon effect this thing in every land.
That enterprize let us pursue with care,
But mind us well how things more inward are. 180
To judgment look, lest he from us should run ;
If once his eyes are ope, we're all undone.

S O U L.

Lord, what sad gripes and lashes do I feel ?
My courage fails and resolutions reel.
Strange thoughts disturb my mind, no rest, alas, 185
Can heart or eyes obtain ; whole nights do pass,
Whole weeks and months, and nought can I pos-
sefs

But horror great, sad grief and weariness.
What's my condition now ? who'll shew to me
My present state and future misery ? 190
Hark, what's within, a very frightful noise,
It mars my hopes, imbitters all my joys.
My morn's o'ercast, my fair day proveth foul,
My conscience terrifies, and makes me howl :

Lash

Lash after lash, and blows succeeding blows, 195 }
 He's void of mercy, and no pity shows, }
 Here ends my joy, and here begins my woes.
 O how my mind is hurried to and fro!
 I know not where to fix, nor what to do.
 My unresolv'd resolves do greatly vary, 200
 This way one while, and then the quite contrary.
 Who is't will counsel give? to whom must I
 Go for some ease in this perplexity?
 My conscience says I wickedly have acted,
 Not breaking the vile contract I've contracted 205
 With those sweet lovers which my sensual heart
 So long a time has lov'd, how shall we part?
 Must I be forc'd, by conscience to embrace
 One whom I cannot love? 'tis a hard case.
 Yet I have cause to love him dearly too; 210
 But how shall I for-him let others go?

DEPRAVED JUDGMENT.

Poor silly Soul! and is thy choice so hard;
 In two extreems can thy weak thoughts reward
 Two so unequal with the like respect? 214
 Know'st thou not which to slight, which to affect?
 Submit to me, 'tis judgment must advise,
 In this great case take heed and be thou wise.
 Fix where thou wilt, thy doubt-depending cause
 Can ne'er expect a verdict 'twixt two laws
 Which differ, and are opposite in kind, 220
 Yet a fit medium I'll attempt to find }
 To ease thy sad and sore perplexed mind. }
 Divert those thoughts by some rare speculations,
 And vanquish all these doleful cogitations.

198 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Look, look abroad, and view the world, pray mark
 The wise and prudent, and the courtly spark: 226
 Will they direct thee so, such counsel give
 'That thou an hermit's life on earth should'st live?
 What, marry one that in possession hath
 Not one small house, or foot of land on earth? 230
 When wealth, and honour, dignity, and power
 Are offer'd to thee, as a present dower;
 'Thou may'st be deck'd with bracelets rich and rare,
 And live on earth free from perplexing care;
 If thou dost look about and take advice, 235
 And suffer men nor conscience to entice,
 Or thee allure, such a wrong choice to make,
 Those joys to leave, and utterly forsake;
 Which most men do, nay all accounted wise
 Pursue amain, esteem, and highly prize: 240
 But if thou hast a thought to change thy state,
 Be wise and stay; don't holy writ relate,
 He that believes, doth not make haste: O why
 Should'st thou have thoughts to mind it presently?
 Come, pause awhile, be not so hot; alas 245
 By inconsiderateness it comes to pass,
 So many souls are spoil'd and ruined,
 Be wary then, not rashly be misled.

Nay, furthermore, I'll speak to thee again,
 Thou may'st love him, and yet may'st thou retain
 Respect and love to other objects too. 251
 Love thy God well, but why should'st thou let go
 This world, with all the precious joys therein?
 But don't mistake, thou must leave off thy sin;
 For holiness I must tell thee is right, 255
 And very pleasant in Jehovah's fight:

But

But know, O Soul, yet over and above,
Thy Sovereign, Lord and Prince hath set his love
So much upon thee, that his gracious eye
Will overlook thy smaller vanity. 260
Ne'er doubt but thou shalt have his favour still,
Though in some things thou satisfy thy will.
Dost think that he who came down from above,
And dy'd for thee, will ever quite remove
His dear affection from thee, or e'er hate, 265
And leave the soul he bought at such a rate?
It is enough, and happy wilt thou be,
If thou escap'st all gross impurity.

Thus the base heart be'ng inflam'd by the devil,
Undoes the Soul. No enemy's more evil 270
Than that curs'd foe we harbour in our breast,
Which all enlighten'd ones have oft express'd.
Corrupted judgment blindly would inform her,
Christ having dy'd, her sins can never harm her.
Alas, saith Reason, do not all men sin? 275
Nay, more than this, the very best have been
To blame in many things, and yet esteem'd
As righteous ones, and as the Lord's redeem'd?
If famous men of old offenders were, 279
What need'st thou be so nice, what need'st thou fear?
The glorious king is filled with compassion;
Besides he sees in thee great reformation:
Thy love to sinful lust is but in part
To what it was, and thou must know thou art
Plac'd in this world, and therefore must comply 285
In some respects with smaller vanity.
When Reason to the vicious will gives ear,
How can the understanding then be clear?

200 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

When vile affection thus corrupteth reason,
 All works and thoughts are turn'd to perfect treason,
 O see how blind poor souls by nature are, 291
 How vain their thoughts, how ready to ensnare
 Themselves are they with false imaginations,
 With earthly toys and idle speculations.

To learn and understand all human arts 295
 Most apt they are, to magnify their parts ;
 How very quick and dext'rous are they when
 They talk of things that appertain to men ?
 But things of God are quite above their sphere.
 Can't them discern, nor do they love to hear 300
 Of God, or Christ, they count that man a fool
 That daily goes to learn at Jesus's school.

Unto the blindness of the nat'ral mind
 Add this besides, most evident you'll find
 It doth resist the truth, 'twill not receive it ; 305
 Nay, 'tis incredulous, 'twill not believe it.

Apt to believe false tales, and stories vain ;
 Nay, like to Eve, 'twill quickly entertain
 Suggestions of the cursed prince o'th' night,
 But what God says, seems evil in their sight : 310
 Nay, more than all, this treach'rous faculty
 Is so depray'd, St. Paul doth plain descry
 Much enmity to God therein to lie. }

Unto God's law it will not subject be ;
 For in the mind is great malignity. 315
 But I must not the reader here detain ;
 Because that our old friend is come again.

C H A P,

C H A P. V.

Shewing how the judgment of the Soul comes to be enlightened, and the effects thereof.

T H E O L O G U E.

MY patience's not yet try'd, my bowels move,
 With bended knees shall I now gain thy love
 To Jesus Christ? how shall I leave thee quite,
 When I behold such terrors, which affright
 My trembling soul? which soon will thee o'ertake, 5
 Unless thou dost with speed this contract make,
 Thy judgment 'tis which I would fain convince.
 Thy danger's great I do perceive from thence:
 When conscience had almost, in truth, persuaded
 Thee to repent, it was straightway invaded 10
 By thy blind understanding, and dark mind,
 From whence thou art to evil still inclin'd.
 Thou oftentimes hadst listen'd unto me,
 And left thy sin; but they deceiv'd thee,
 And chang'd thy thoughts, as conscience doth re-
 late, 15
 'Till thy condition's grown most desperate.
 Wilt thou once dare to harbour such a thought;
 Because with blood thy soul by Christ was bought,
 Thou mayest sin, and take thy pleasure here,
 And prize the world as equal, nay, more dear 20
 To thee than him? how canst thou be so dark
 This to imagine, Soul? I prythee hark;

Did

Did he not bleed, and die upon the tree
 Thee to redeem from all iniquity,
 And that to him thou should'st espoused be? 25 }
 Should a great prince love a poor virgin so
 As for her sake ten thousand sorrows know,
 And be content at last when all is done,
 Another should enjoy her for his own?

Oh! ope thine eyes, embrace the chiefest good;
 Let him be dear to thee, who with his blood 31
 Hath thee redeem'd from sin, the chiefest ill,
 Be not unto thyself so cruel still,
 And void of reason, foolishly to chuse
 The greatest evil, and chiefest good refuse. 35
 The good in Christ with every state agrees.
 It suits the Soul when troubles on it seize.
 When thou art sick, he'll thy physician be,
 He all distempers cures. Nay, it is he,
 And he alone, that heals the precious Soul, 40
 And with a word can make the body whole.
 Art dark? O he can straightway make thee see;
 Nay, if born blind, he can give eyes to thee.
 If thou art weary, he alone's thy rest.
 Or, art thou sad, and grievously deprest? 45
 He is thy comfort, and thy joy will be,
 Like to the deep and overflowing sea.
 If thou an hungry art, he is thy food:
 O taste and see, and thou wilt find him good.
 The fatling's slain, and all things ready are; 50
 Thou'rt welcome too; O come, and do not spare,
 But freely eat, and drink his spiced wine,
 Which will make glad that drooping heart of thine,

The

The Father calls, the Spirit says, O come ;
 And Christ doth say, here's in my heart yet room,
 O sinner, come to me : hark, he doth cry, 56
 O come to me, poor Soul, why wilt thou die ?
 Art thou in prison he will ope the door,
 He'll pay thy debts, and wipe off all thy score.
 If thou a widow or an orphan be, 60
 Husband and father both he'll be to thee :
 A husband that does live, yea, live for ever :
 Match here, poor Soul, where death can part you never.
 Or, art thou weak, and canst not go alone ?
 He is thy strength, O thou may'st lean upon
 His mighty arm ; for that is thy support. 65
 Art thou beleaguer'd ? he's thy royal fort.
 In times of danger, and of trouble great,
 Unto his holy name do thou retreat :
 Which is a tower strong to all that fly
 With care and speed from all iniquity. 70
 Under his wings he'll hide his purchas'd one,
 Till these calamities are past and gone.
 Or, art thou dying, and dost fear the grave ?
 He is thy life, from death he will thee save ;
 They cannot die, who such a husband have. 75
 Or, art a sinner ? he's thy righteousness ;
 He's more than I can any ways express.
 The good in Christ is so exceeding sweet,
 None understand until they taste of it,
 He is a good which none can comprehend, 80
 He is a good which doth all others send :
 The chiefest good, good of himself alone,
 When carnal joys and pleasures all are gone.

That's

204 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

That's not the good that fills not the desire,
 That can't be chief, if there be yet a higher. 85
 God is so good, nought's good if him we want :
 Small things, with him, will satisfy a faint.
 He is so good, that nought can bitter make him
 Unto that soul, who chearfully does take him,
 And his sweet love and precious grace enjoys ; 90
 Yet this rare good ne'er gluts, nor sweetness cloyes.
 The best of earthly sweets, which fools do prize,
 By sin and sickness doth much bitter rise.
 They loth them straight, and can't abide to hear
 Of that which lately they esteem'd so dear. 95
 That, that's the good on which thou should'st depend,
 That is desired for no other end
 Than for itself ! O taste of him, and try,
 And thou'lt be filled to eternity. 99
 That's not the good which suddenly doth leave us,
 That's not the good of which death can bereave us,
 Christ is a good that's lasting, and abides ;
 All other good, alas, will fail besides.
 Make him thy choice, dear Soul, O do but try
 How sweet it is in Jesu's arms to lie. 105
 Make him thy joy, and thou'lt see cause to sing,
 Whatever days or change may on thee bring,

S O U L.

Sad times, alas ! here is a sudden change ;
 Nought can I hear of now but rumours strange,
 Of wars and tumults, with perplexity, 110
 Which do increase and swell most vehemently
 Within the regions of my inward man,
 Which causes tears, and makes my face look wan.
 Cross

Cross workings in me clearly I discover,
I am distress'd about this glorious lover. 115
The counsel which my heart did lately give
I cannot take, I dare not it receive.

Great slaughters there will be in my small isle,
For without blood be sure this fearful broil
Will never cease; which side now shall I take? 120

I tremble much, yea all my bones do shake.
Some of my fins which I have loved dear,
Are forc'd to fly, and others can't appear,
Lest conscience should upon them fall: for he
Cries out, kill all, let not one spared be, 125

Nay, judgment too is almost at a stand,
Which doth amuse me much o'th' other hand.
Yet will and old-man are resolv'dly bent
To hinder me from granting my consent.

Yet, if I could but have some glimm'ring sight 130
Of this great Prince, I know not but it might
Work strange effects in me: for I do find
My eyes are out, my understanding blind.
Lord, pity me: for I a wretch have been,
To slight thee thus, and love my cursed sin. 135

Thus whilst God's word was preach'd, and she also
Began to cry; I did observe, and lo,

A friend was sent from the blest Prince of Light,
The glory of whose face did shine so bright,
That none were able to behold, for he 140
Seem'd not infer'our to the majesty

Of the great God, and his eternal Son:
For they in essence are all three but one.
His power's great, and glory is his merit;
His nature's like his name most Holy Spirit. 145

Who

206 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Who to the Soul did presently draw near,
 And touch'd her heart, and then unstopp'd her ear ;
 And from him shone such glorious rays of light,
 Some scales flew off, and she recover'd sight.
 Which straitway did her judgment rectify. 150
 Who to this purpose did himself apply
 Unto the Soul whom he had led astray.
 I must confess my faults to thee this day.

J U D G M E N T.

For want of light false judgment I have giv'n,
 And treach'rously conspired against heav'n ; 155
 And 'gainst thy life and happiness have I
 Been drawn into a vile conspiracy
 Of th' highest nature : for I did consent
 With thy base foes, who hellishly are bent,
 To tear thee into pieces, quite undo thee, 160
 Whilst smilingly they proffer pleasures to thee.
 And now tho' not t'extenuate my sin,
 I'll tell thee how I have been drawn in.
 Thy heart's corrupted, and from it proceeds
 The cursed old-man with his evil deeds. 165
 They with Apollyon jointly did unite
 To draw a curtain 'twixt me and the light.
 And thus tho' I sometimes was half inclin'd
 To judge for God, they basely kept me blind.
 They've me corrupted with thy wilful will, 170
 Who, I do fear, remains most stubborn still :
 Which if't be so, and he's not made to bend,
 Conclude the match thou canst not with thy friend }
 And I, poor I, can't make him condescend : }
 Some

Some higher power 'tis must make him yield, 175
Or he'll stand out and never quit the field.

For he's a churlish piece, and thou wilt find
To what is evil, he is most inclin'd :

But hath no will at all to what is right ;
A very traytor to the Prince of Light. 180

But as far me, my thoughts are clearly now
Thou ought'st forthwith to yield, and meekly bow
To the great king, thy mighty Lord and lover.

And more than this to thee I must discover ;
Now, now I know thy sov'reign Lord will pry 185

Into thy very heart, his piercing eye
Will find that Soul amongst the company

Who wants the wedding-garment, and will sever
That unprepared man in wrath for ever

From his sweet presence : Soul, his word doth shew
Nothing will serve but universal new. 191

He is a jealous God, will not endure
To see thee only counterfeited pure ?

O now I see he will not take a part,
But claims both ears, eyes, hands, yea, the whole

heart. 195

Now, now I see 'tis pure simplicity
That is alone accepted in his eye.

That sin which has been like to a right hand,
For profit sweet, thou must at his command

Cut straight-way off. Nay, Soul, look thou about ;
For right-eye sins must all be pulled out. 201

Though they for pleasure have to thee been dear,
Yet must they have no room, nor favour here,

Of every sin thou must thyself deny ;
One sin will damn thee to eternity, 205

208 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II

If thou to it dost any love retain.
 Nay, hark to me, Soul, listen once again;
 The law must also unto thee be dead,
 And thou to it, or never canst thou wed
 With Jesus Christ. If thy first husband live, 210
 Who to another husband can thee give?
 The smallest sin thou ever didst commit,
 The law's so strict, it damns the Soul for it.
 Let this divorce thee from it, 'tis severe,
 No life nor help, alas, canst thou have there. 215
 And therefore unto Jesus come with speed,
 For such a bridegroom 'tis which thou dost need.
 And th' glory of the blessed bridal-state,
 Will far exceed the greatest potentate. 219
 What's he? ah Soul! what grace and favour's this:
 Where dwells that queen, nay, where that empress,
 Whose splendent glory can e'er equal thine,
 When thou canst say, I'm his, and he is mine?

A consultation held between the prince and powers
 of darkness, hearing how the judgment was rec-
 tified, and the understanding of the Soul some-
 what enlightened.

A P O L L Y O N.

Most mighty pow'rs, who once from heav'n fell,
 To raise this throne and monarchy in hell; 225
 Do not despair, rouse up, all is not gone,
 The conqueror han't yet the conquest won.
 'Tis far below your noble extract thus
 To stand amaz'd; is there no pow'r in us,
 For

For to revive our scattered force? let's try 230
What may be done, we can at last but fly.
Ne'er let us yield that she should raised be
To such a height, to such great sovereignty.
What, she, whose birth and pedigree was mean
To what our's was, shall she be crowned queen, 235
Whilst we are made the objects of her scorn,
Hated of God and man? this can't be borne.
What, shall eternal arms embrace the Soul,
Whilst we in chains of darkness do condole
Our former loss? in spite of heav'n let's try 240
Yet once again to spoil th'affinity.

S A T A N.

Bravely resolv'd! and if in hell there are
A legion of such spirits, never fear
But we the conquest yet o'er heaven shall gain,
And all the hopes and pride of mortals stain. 245
We venture very little, yet shall win
All at one blow, if we prevail again.
And there's great hopes, methinks, for ev'n success
Makes foes secure, and makes our danger less.
Lo! don't you see how the fond Soul doth lie 250
Ope to our arms in great security?
And though some ground is lost, yet seek about,
View well our force within, and that without.
We in her house have a strong party yet,
Who in our bands keep her unwary feet. 255
Let's make a search, and now more careful be,
For sad it is the wretch such light should see.
Without all doubt there has been some neglects.
Which has produc'd such undesir'd effects.

P

Could

210 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Could none keep out the light? or has her heart,
 Always so true to us, play'd a false part? 261
 Sure will and old-man both do stand and pause;
 Or some grand foe hath quite betray'd our cause:
 We must bestir us, and give new directions,
 And by all means keep fast the Soul's affections;
 Affection's still by old-man is directed; 266
 And will to us does yet stand well affected.
 Let us pursue our present enterprize,
 With all the craft and pow'r we can devise.
 Our prince, I see, is very much offended, 270
 And thus, in short, the consultation ended.

Apollyon with whole troops of hellish fiends
 Immediately into the Soul descends,
 To raise sad storms and tempests in her breast,
 Who being curst, hates any should be blest. 275
 And that he might the better have his ends
 Accomplished, he thus bespeaks his friends:
 The flesh with all its lusts, to whom he said,
 Old-man, my grand ally, I am afraid
 My tott'ring kingdom has not long to stand, 280
 If to my aid thou dost not lend thy hand.
 'Tis thou, old friend, that must my cause maintain,
 Or otherwise thou wilt thyself be slain.
 Hark! dost not hear that flesh-amazing cry,
 " Kill the old-man, O kill, O crucify 285
 " The old-man with his deeds, rise up and slay,
 " Let not that foe survive another day?
 " It is that cursed old-man works our bane,
 " Then let him die, let the old-man be slain."
 Bestir thyself, and try thy utmost skill, 290
 Undoubtedly, thou must be kill'd, or kill.
 'Tis

'Tis not a time to pause, or slack thy hand,
 Negligence will not with thy int'rest stand.
 Tell, tell the Soul, in vain thou dost deny
 Thyself of that which satisfies the eye : 295
 Adorn thyself with pearl, be deck'd with gold,
 Such pleasant things are lovely to behold :
 Avoid all those penurious niceties,
 That makes thee hateful in thy neighbour's eyes ;
 Delight thyself in that the world counts brave, 300
 And let thy senses have whate'er they crave.
 Say to thy soul, let not thine ears and eyes
 Be satisfy'd alone, but please likewise
 The appetite, grant all the Soul desires,
 And if it chance to kindle lustful fires, 305
 Tell her the earth was fill'd with boundless treasures,
 That she thereby might take her fill of pleasures.
 And for that end the senses are united
 In one fair body, there to be delighted.
 And tell her, if she do restrain one sense 310
 Of what it craves, she offers violence
 Unto herself, and doth herself deny
 Of the best good, and chief'st felicity.

The O L D - M A N's Reply.

This hellish lecture past, the old-man breaks
 His silence ; and, half angry, thus he speaks 315
 Renowned father ! let thy servant borrow
 A word or two to mitigate my sorrow.
 This counsel might have done some time ago,
 But now enlighten'd judgment lets her know
 All these are painted pleasures, and their date 320
 Ends with her life : dread prince ! it is too late

212 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

To mind this counsel, she will not receive it.
 Her understanding now will not believe it.
 I by thy aid have oft endeavour'd
 In fitter times such kind of things to spread 325
 Before her eyes; but now of late we find
 There is an alteration in her mind.
 Could you have took the gospel quite away,
 'Twould not have been as 'tis, you do delay.

A P O L L Y O N.

No more of that---old-man, take my direction,
 Improve thy int'rest now with her affection. 331
 I know affection still's inclin'd to love
 That which the understanding doth reprove.
 This being so, if we improve our skill,
 And can but keep firm unto us the will, 335
 If he's not over-power'd, thou may'st gain
 Thy former strength, and long thou mayest reign.
 For conscience thou may'st once again hereby
 Lull fast asleep, and then also her eye
 Will grow so weak, her light diminished, 340
 That judgment by affection shall be led.
 And if thou canst but once this way persuade her,
 Will and affection quickly will invade her
 To please her senses; and for those intents
 Affection may use weighty arguments; 345
 And thus being overcome, she will be more
 Intangled in our fetters than before;
 Lusts of the eyes, and pride of life, these be
 My agents, both, they are employ'd by me.
 Old-man, therefore proceed, the int'rest's mine;
 But be victorious, and the conquest's thine. 351
 Once

Once lose the day, and thou be sure must die.
Which being lost, thou'lt suffer more than I.

O L D - M A N.

Most dread Apollyon ! thou must understand,
As I have ever been at thy command, 355
And am thy servant, so I will remain ;
And fight until I slay, or else am slain.
Yet let me lodge this secret in thy breast,
Canst thou be ignorant, how she's possess'd
With such a soul-convincing beam of light, 360
That I do seem a monster in her sight.
I shall not overcome her now, unless
I do appear to her in some new dress,
Time was indeed when I have been respected,
But now, alas, I greatly am suspected 365
Of being thy great favourite ; nay, she
Affirms that I am wholly led by thee.
These thing consider'd, I must be advis'd,
Fear lest I should be unawares surpris'd.

A P O L L Y O N.

Thou hit'st the case, and I agree thereto ; 370
Thou shalt be clothed new from top to toe ;
And I'll transform my shape, and will appear,
For thy assistance ; haste, and nothing fear.
With specious shews of love, do thou pretend,
Thou com'st to reason with her as a friend, 375
Not meaning to persuade her to remove,
Or to withdraw in any case her love
From her great sov'reign, whom thou may'st confess
Can only her advance to happiness ;

214 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Yet tell her she's too strict, she's too precise, 380
 She'll never hold it; bid her to be wise;
 Soft pace goes far; an over-heated zeal
 Ruins the Soul, and spoils the common-weal.

Go bid her carry't in her Prince's fight
 With saint-like-sweetness; bid her to delight 385
 In his presence, and there demurely stand;

But when she's absent, let both heart and hand
 Be still delighted, as they were before,
 With sense-deluding objects. Furthermore,
 Tell her he's not so strict as to debar 390

Her of these joys below, for her's they are:
 Of which Paul rightly speaks, this is the sum,
 All things are yours, both present and to come:
 Thus we'll combine, and all our pow'rs unite,
 And in this mode and curious dress incite 395 }
 Th'enlighten'd Soul to play the hypocrite.

The flesh being thus with th' pow'rs of hell agreed,
 The inward foe bestirs himself with speed,
 Vile traitor like, a panther doth become,
 To work about the Soul's eternal doom. 400

A cruel serpent, in a saint-like guise,
 The better to trapan the long'd-for prize.
 As Balaam, once, and Balak, so do they
 Seek to find out some curst insidious way,
 The poor unwary Soul for to betray 405 }
 To the last death's dark and eternal shade.

Balaam advises Balak to invade
 God's heritage, 'twas by the beauteous train
 Of Moabite damsels, who he thought might gain
 The Israelites affections, and thereby 410
 Make them offend against the majesty

Of

Of God almighty, by whose pow'ful hand
Jacob prevails, and Moab could no ways stand
Ah ! see how the wise fowler lays his snare
To catch the poor enlighten'd Soul. Beware, 415
And do not close thy new-enlighten'd eyes ;
Under the golden clew the panther lies.
The eye-intangled creature stands to gaze
Upon the lovely panther in a maze,
Till the deluded beast doth by his stay, 420
Unwillingly become the panther's prey.
Just as you see sometimes the nimble fly,
Dancing about the flame, advance so nigh,
Until its taken, and doth burn its wings.
Thus from itself its own destruction springs. 425
Or like two men, who running in a race,
With hopes the golden diadem shall grace
The victor's temples, in the way doth lie
A golden ball ; one of them casts his eye
Upon the same, makes but a little stay 430
To take it up, the other hastes away
And never turns aside, to fix his eyes
On this or that, but runs and wins the prize :
The other, he the ball espies, is loth
To let it lie : in hopes to get them both, 435
He loses both : for when he comes to try,
Doth find the golden ball deceiv'd his eye ;
For when he thought to lay it up in store,
Finds it an earthly ball, but gilded o'er.
O ! then he grieves, but then it is too late, 440
His eye's the cause of his unhappy fate.
A fit resemblance : for thus stands the case
With every soul This mortal life's the race.

216 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

A blessed kingdom crowns the victor's brow
 With endless glory, but whilst here below 445
 We're tempt by earthly pleasures, that's the ball
 Satan's the sophister, who lets it fall.
 Now look about thee, Soul, thy time's at hand,
 Thine enemies approach, nay, lo they stand
 Ready prepared, and resolv'd to try 450
 Both strength and craft to gain the victory.
 Thy precious Lord is the eternal prize,
 Mind well thy mark, take heed of wanton eyes.
 If pleasures thou, or honours, should espy,
 Stop not to gaze, run swift, and pass them by; 455
 Take no regard unto that painted ball,
 Which Satan, to deceive thee, has let fall.
 The old-man's near, the flesh, in a new dress,
 And whose with him? ah! thou may'st eas'ly guess.
 'Tis to deceive thee he appears so trim, 460
 And thou may'st see the devil plain in him.
 The pow'rs of hell in thee will try their skill
 For to insnare affections, and the will;
 Nay, satan has got them to take his side;
 Thus treacherously thy heart they do divide. 465
 Thus though the Soul obtains enlighten'd eyes
 Whilst thicker darkness vanishes and flies,
 Yet is she vex'd with sore perplexities
 'Twixt two extremes and two contrary laws,
 Judgment is led by one, affection draws 470
 The other way; she can't tell which to please
 She knows what's best, but strong temptations seize
 Upon her so, that she's at a great stand;
 This way she goes, then to the other hand.

Her

Her faculties fall out, they disagree. 475
 O look, methinks, I in the Soul do see
 Four mighty warriors draw into the field
 To try their valour, and refuse to yield
 Unto each other, here's two against two:
 Judgment with conscience are united so, 480
 That will and the affections do resolve
 The trembling Soul in wars still to involve.
 Will rouses up, refuses to give way,
 That his great opposites should have the day;
 Apollyon also with him doth take part, 485
 To hold his own, and to beguile her heart.
 They meet, they strike, and blows exchange for blows,
 Darts are let fly, they with each other close.
 The conflict's sharp, 'tis very hard to know
 Which will the other beat and overthrow. 490
 Will's hard put to't, nay, had lost the day quite,
 But that more traytors join'd him in the fight.
 Th'old-man rouses with rebellious flesh,
 And these domestick wars renew afresh.
 They fight about the Soul, would know who must
 Have th' heart and its affections, Christ, or lust. 496
 Satan, by inward motions, straight reply'd,
 My sentence is, we'll equally divide,
 And give alike, both can't have the whole heart,
 Christ take a piece, and I the other part. 500
 He'd have the question by the sword decided,
 Knowing the Soul lies dead whilst 'tis divided.
 Thus 'tis with many. Ah! look well within,
 Judgment convinc'd may be, yet may thy sin
 In thy affections live, and also thou 505
 May'st not to th' pow'r of grace and Jesus bow.

Thou

218 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Thou may'st have light, and speak as Balaam did,
 Whose eyes Jehovah so far opened,
 That he cry'd out, O happy Israel!
 How goodly are the tents where thou dost dwell!
 He, like to many preachers, did commend 511
 God's holy ways, and wish'd that his last end
 Might be like his, who righteously doth live,
 And his whole heart doth unto Jesus give.
 He to this purpose spake, yet ne'er the less, 515
 Lov'd best the wages of unrighteousness.
 The understanding may much light receive,
 And yet may not the Soul rightly believe,
 Nor be espous'd to Christ, may not rely
 On him alone in true simplicity. 520
 But to proceed; with careful eye let's view
 What follows here, what 'tis doth next ensue.
 As combatants sometimes a parly beat
 After some sharp encounter, or retreat,
 And with each other do expostulate 525
 About their rising or their sinking fate.
 Even so likewise do these strong inward foes,
 They pause as 'twere, parly, then fall to blows.

O L D - M A N.

The old-man moves, and presently he meets
 With the poor Soul and thus affection greets: 530
 Thou for my int'rest ever yet hast been,
 And sweet, says he, ah! sweet's a bosom sin;
 Thou never yet deny'd'st to yield subjection
 Unto my will; now, thy endear'd affection
 Our master, great Apollyon, doth command 535
 That we unite our force, and faithful stand
 Against

Against our foes; thy int'rest is invaded,
Thou see'st by whom, thou know'st who are en-
raged :

Hold fast thine own, ne'er let those objects go
Thou lov'st so dear, 'twill be thy overthrow ; 540
And thereby too the Soul will unawares
Be much involv'd in more vexatious cares ;
And those delights which thou were wont to have,
Will be obscured in the darksome cave

Of black oblivion, buried out of sight, 545
Should once the Soul close with this Prince of Light.

Not that we think thou canst i'th' least approve
Of this, whereby she should withdraw her love
Quite from those things which we esteem so dear
For heart and will some ways do yet adhere 550
Unto our int'rest ; yet basely misled
She is, e're since she's been enlightened.

We are content she should cry up the choice
She thinks to make, let her in that rejoice ;
Yet there's a secret we would fain reveal, 555
She's blinded by her over-fervent zeal.

It is enough since she has made such vows
To love him so, as to become his spouse,
Why should she not have yet sweet sensual plea-
sures

To please the flesh, to whom the greatest treasures
Of right belongs that ever were possess'd ? 561

How can her glory better be express'd,
Than to embrace what is so freely given,
Joys here below as well as blifs in heaven ?

Let her not fear to spend her days in mirth, 565
That's heir of heaven, and lady of the earth.

This

220 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

This think upon, and secretly impart
 So sweet a message to the yielding heart.
 Affection hears, and willingly consented, 569
 And strives with this to make the Soul contented;
 Nay, with it too, the Soul began to close,
 Until poor conscience did them both oppose.
 Affection, will, and conscience talk a-while;
 Apollyon straight starts up, and with a smile
 Salutes them all, seeming as if he were 575
 One unconcern'd with any matters there:
 Who well observing how these three contended,
 Begs leave to speak a word, as he pretended,
 In favour to them all, desiring he
 Might at this time their moderator be. 580
 At this they seem'd to pause, and stand all mute;
 At length the Soul, but faintly, grants his suit:
 The devil having thus obtain'd his end,
 Salutes the Soul, fair virgin, I commend
 Thy happy choice, if not quite made; 585
 Yet, if all matters were but wisely weigh'd,
 Thou'lt find affection's has advis'd thee right;
 And 't can't be safe such counsel now to slight.
 The greatest honours oft, for want of care 589
 In just improvements, have been made a snare.
 What bount'ous heav'n and earth affords, refuse
 not;
 Be not so nice; ye 'buse the things you use not.
 What, is thy sovereign willing to receive thee
 Into celestial joys, yet quite bereave thee
 Of present sweetness? tush! this cannot be; 595
 He sure will ne'er such wrong do unto thee.

Reflect

Reflect not what thy former state hath been,
 But what 'tis now, a faint, more than a queen.
 Things present, and to come, nay, all are thine;
 Come, merry be, drink of the choicest wine. 600
 Thine honour's great, and let thy joys abound;
 Chant to the viol, hear the organ found;
 Let the melodious lute and harp invite thee,
 And each transcendent joy on earth delight thee.
 A sweet is, what? a thing reproach'd, call'd Sin;
 It in the bosom lies, has harbour'd been 606
 By chiefeft saints: O then, do not deny
 The present good, that's pleasant to the eye.
 But if thou fear'st thou should'st thy Lord offend;
 Observe this rule, which I shall next commend:
 Let all thy words be pleasant, smooth, and sweet,
 When him thou dost in daily duties meet
 Seem to be chaste, and let no saints espy
 The smallest sign of immorality.
 Be grave in speech, and lowly when thou meet'st
 them, 615
 And call them thy dear brethren, when thou greet'st
 them,
 And if thy sovereign seek to have thy heart,
 Let him have some, yet must the world have
 part.
 Call him thy friend, thy Saviour, own him so; 619
 And to poor saints thou must some kindness show,
 Or else thy covetousness they will espy,
 And thou'lt be charg'd, with what? idolatry.
 Thus may'st thou keep his love: but when thou
 goes
 Amongst thy old acquaintance, yet his foes,
 Let

222 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Let them know nothing, let no sentence fall 625
Which may discover this to them at all.

Thus having spoken briefly, be thou wise,
And with thy friends, my agents, now advise.
Thus ends the old-man, and Apollyon's suit;
And the poor Soul in this assault stood mute, 630
Not well discerning who these thoughts did dart
Into her yielding and divided heart.

Nor hath she got that grave and good inspection
What's best to do, and where to take direction,
But goes to th' flesh, with that doth she con-
sult, 635

Which quickly brings her to a sad result.
I hitherto, saith she, have been deprest;
What shall I do, how may I be at rest?

The flesh, or corrupt affection.

What's the reversion of a prince's state,
When't must be purchas'd at so dear a rate? 640

'Tis but arriving at a seeming pitch
Of honour, and to be conceited rich.

If there's no way to get this promis'd crown,
But to incur the world's vile scoff and frown,
With loss of life, and all we call our own; 645

'Twould folly be to seek for such a prize:

For what we have is pleasant in our eyes.

A real thing, and present, as 'tis dear;

To part with it is more than flesh can bear.

But by the way, mind what our friends pro-
pound: 650

A medium to enjoy them both, is found;

Wherefore

Wherefore 'tis best in this perplexing case,
For to unite, that counsel let's embrace.

S O U L.

Hast thou forgot, or know'st thou not, mine
eyes

Have been enlight'ned? let us first advise 655

With judgment, lest this over-rash conclusion

Turn all our consultations to confusion.

It would be well could we, I must confess,

Those sinful sweets and presents joys possess, 659

Without the loss of those transcendant pleasures

That's in Jehovah's unconfined treasures.

But what if judgment says it must not be,

Nor truth nor conscience will with us agree?

If so, what shall I do, what shall I chuse?

Whilst I secure the one, I both may lose. 665

The flesh, or corrupt affection's reply.

One word I'll briefly drop, and speak no more.

Thou'st put thy case to conscience heretofore;

And what redress pray had you, what didst gain?

Did he not gripe thee sorely for thy pain?

Wilt thou neglect so sweet advice as this? 670

Judgment and conscience both may judge amiss,

But if thou lik'st it, and canst be contented,

By gnawing conscience still to be tormented;

Then I'll be silent, and improve thy skill,

Yet will I love and like where I did still. 675

Had'st thou been counsel'd to forsake the Lord,

Would I, do'st think, have spoken the least word,

Once

222 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Once to dissuade thee from so just a thing?
Nay, Soul, thou ought'st, nay must respect this
king: 679

But whilst he's absent, whilst he dwells on high,
Thou hast no other object for thine eye
Than these —————

Consult with conscience, now do what you please; }
But as for me I am for present ease.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

*Shewing the policy of Satan in keeping the Soul from
a full closing with Christ. Also the nature of a
bosom sin.*

N O sooner was this sharp encounter over,
But in a little time you might discover
The Soul half vanquish'd by her weak opposing,
Sometimes resisting, and then faintly closing.
Sometimes you'll see her just as 'twere consenting, 5
And presently you'll find her much lamenting,
Beset on every side with troops of fears;
Which makes her to bedew her cheeks with tears;
Complains to conscience, hoping for relief,
Till conscience checks her, and renews her grief. 10
Sometimes she's drawn to fix her tender eye
Upon the gospel's pure simplicity.
Her love-sick thoughts at fits seem to aspire,
As if she could pass through hot flames of fire,
And say with Peter, though all should deny 15
Thee, my bless'd Lord, yet so will never I.
But when the Soul once comes to see the cross,
Its courage fails, O! 'tis at a great loss.
When she perceives she and her lusts must part,
O that sticks close, goes to the very heart. 20
The thoughts of that is hard, 'tis self-denial
That puts the Soul upon the deepest trial.
Some ready are to make a large profession,
In hopes of somewhat, perhaps the possession

226 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Of heav'n at last; but straight sounds in their
ear,

25

Deny thyself; come part with all that's dear
For Jesus sake. Ah! this they cannot bear.

The young-man ran, he seem'd to be in haste,
But news of this did all his courage blast.

The gate is straight; O! 'tis no easy thing 30
To forego all in love to this best king.

The way is narrow which leads unto life,

'Tis self-denial that begets the strife.

'Twixt flesh and spirit there's a constant war,

They opposite, and quite contraries are.

35

As fire and water, light and darkness be,

Such diff'ring natures never can agree?

So between these is like antipathy,

The flesh is like the young-man; gives attention

'To what the preacher says, until he mention 40

His bosom-sin, the lust he so much loves;

This makes him face about, and back removes.

He goes away, yet lov'd to hear Christ preach

Up legal works: but when he came to reach

His Dalilah, that blow so griev'd his heart, 45

That Christ and he immediately must part.

His great possessions could not give to th' poor,

Tho' he had th' promise of abundance more

Treasures above; but being not content

To pay that price for heav'n, away he went. 50

How loth's the flesh to yield that grace may win

The happy conquest of a bosom sin?

How will it plead, how wittily debate,

Excuse, or argue, to extenuate

The

The crime? at length it yields, forc'd to give way.
 But first cries out, O give me leave to stay 56
 A year, a month, a week, at least one day:
 But when it sees it cannot that obtain,
 The loser looks, and pleads yet once again:
 Ah! let my fond, my faint, my breaking heart 60
 Hug it the other time, before we part.
 Much like Rebecca's friends, the flesh appears;
 It parts with sin, but 'tis with floods of tears.
 Each has his darling, his beloved sin,
 Whilst unconverted, much delighted in. 65
 Give me, say some, but leave to heap up treasure,
 And I'll abandon all forbidden pleasure.
 Others again there be that only prize
 The popular applause of being wise,
 A name of being learn'd, judicious, grave, 70
 Able divines, 'tis this too many crave.
 Some boast their natural and acquir'd parts,
 Which take the ears of some, seduce the hearts
 Of many simple souls who go astray;
 While others are for feasting day by day. 75
 There's some delight in drinking choice of wine,
 Whilst others are to gaming more inclin'd.
 That sin that finds more favour than the rest,
 That is thy darling sin, thou know'st it best.
 O search thy bosom well, pry, pry, within, 80
 Till thou find'st out thy own beloved sin,
 That gives thee kisses, that's the lust that slays thee
 O that's the cursed Judas which betrays thee
 Ah! see how blind, how foolish sinners are;
 Like to rebellious Saul, they'll Agag spare, 85

128 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

They entertain this lust close in their heart,
 And are indeed as loth with it to part,
 As with a hand or eye ; and therefore she
 Cries out with Sampson, O this pleases me.
 Ah ! I will freely part with all the rest, 90
 Might I but hug this darling in my breast.
 Souls once convicted, quickly do begin
 To hate, detest, and leave all grosser sin ;
 Sins visible to the natural eye,
 Such which are of the black and deepest die, 100
 They are possess'd with such a dread and fear,
 They'll not touch them, nor venture to come near
 These foul defilements--nay such spots disdain ;
 Then presently conclude they're born again, }
 And shall be sav'd, tho' bosom lusts remain. 105
 And if at any time some beams of light
 Discover secret sin, or conscience smite,
 Or touch the Dalilah, they then begin
 To think of making covers for such sin,
 Which in the secret of the bosom lies 110
 With the fair mantle of infirmities.
 But if at any time the searching word,
 Which cuts and tries like a two-edged sword,
 Pierces the heart, and will divide asunder
 The soul and spirit, and e're long bring under 115
 These soul-deluding covers, and espies
 Those secret lusts which in each corner lies ;
 And doth unmask those evils, and disclose,
 The Soul's hypocrisy, yea and expose
 It's nakedness to view, unto its shame : 120
 Now, now the flesh begins to change the name
 Of

Of every lust that lies so closely hidden,
 Soul, touch not, saith the Lord, 'tis fruit forbidden.
 O! saith the flesh, 'tis pleasant in mine eyes;
 Yea, says the tempter, Soul, 'twill make thee wise;
 Taste, it is sweet, the liberty is thine; 126
 And wisdom is a virtue most divine.
 And virtue, saith the flesh, will make thee shine.
 Christ he prohibits souls from taking pleasure
 In laying up their bags of earthly treasure; 130
 For these things have in them a secret art,
 To steal away th'affections of the heart:
 Christ tells the Soul, our heavenly Father knows
 What 'tis we want, and so much he allows
 Which he sees best, which we contentedly 135
 Should take from him, who will our wants supply,
 And no good thing from us will he deny.
 But hark! what saith the flesh? O Soul, saith she
 In this give ear and hearken unto me:
 'Tis not unlawful here to lay up treasure, 140
 Provided thou therein tak'st no great pleasure.
 The world thou seest disdains those which are poor;
 And if thou'rt rich, thou'lt be ador'd the more.
 Nay, if thou once arrivest at the pitch
 Of being by the world accounted rich, 145
 Thy words will far the greater influence have,
 And may'st thereby perchance more rich ones save.
 Besides all this; when rich, thou mayest feed
 With thy abundance such who suffer need.
 And this also will take thee off from care. 150
 Which is to some a most perplexing snare,
 And thou for God may'st the more hours spare.

230 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

If thou art poor, and of strict conversation,
 That will not be a fit accommodation
 To draw men by; for some thereby are frighted, 155
 Who might by temporizing be invited.
 Accommodate thyself to all; become
 All things to all men, that thou mayest gain some.
 These subtil covers doth the flesh devise,
 To hide those sins which in the bosom lies; 160
 And by this crafty course perhaps a-while
 The poor unwary Soul it may beguile.
 And if Apollyon sees the creature yield
 In this respect, he's victor in the field;
 He glory's in the conquest he has gain'd, 165
 As if a diadem he had obtain'd.

But now, behold, here comes her former friend,
 Christ's precious love this once to recommend.
 True ministers are filled with compassion,
 As their long patience's worth all commendation.
 The preciousness now of the Soul you'll hear, 171
 And how things go within he will declare.
 He'll call her conscience to examination;
 For conscience 'tis must give a full relation
 Of all false covers---Nay, and will reveal 175
 Those secret lusts the flesh seems to conceal.

T H E O L O G U E.

Conscience, thou know'st, and privy art to all
 The secret strivings, and the words let fall
 To bring the Soul to join in bonds of love
 With Jesus Christ, and finally remove 180
 Her heart from sin, yea from the smallest evil;
 One sin belov'd will send her to the devil.

Speak

Speak therefore now, her inward parts reveal:
 What faith hath she, what love, and O what zeal,
 What indignation, care, and what desire; 185
 Is she inflamed, is she all on fire
 In love to him, who out of love did die,
 Her to espouse, and save eternally?

C O N S C I E N C E.

She loves, but who? she sighs, fir, shall I speak?
 She's doubtful still, she knows not which to take.
 Some kind of love, some faint desires do rise 191
 Within her breast, but then the enemies
 Immediately such great disturbance cause,
 That she's amaz'd, and put into a pause.
 Altho' she does love Christ, I must confess, 195
 Some secret sin is favor'd ne'ertheless.
 She wants some glorious rays, her eyes are dim,
 She never yet had a true sight of him.
 I must speak all, e'en the whole truth impart:
 Alas! she has new objects in her heart. 200
 Her love is treach'rous, her affections burn
 Chiefly to self, loves Christ to serve her turn.
 And such a legalist she's become now,
 To her own drag she blindfold'dly does vow
 To offer incense; in her seeming grace 205
 She glory's much, nay, sets it in the place
 Of Jesus Christ, and on that idol pores;
 This is the object now she most adores.

T H E O L O G U E.

Wilt thou expose thyself to scoff and shame,
 And bring a blot for ever on thy name? 210

232 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

A monster, thou, in nature wilt appear,
To all who of thy faults and folly hear.
Canst be so vile, so impudent, and base?
Disloyal Soul! how canst thou still give place
To Jesus's foes, and up an idol set? 215

What, offer sacrifice to thy own net?
I stand amaz'd! what guilt is on thy head?

Remember that black bill, what crimes are spread
Before thine eyes already. But, now, further,

I am to charge thee with another murder, 220

Committed on a spotless man; nay, worse,

Thou lett'st him be betrayed to the curse

Of a most shameful death; nay, what exceeds,

His hands, feet, sides die, and his Soul still bleeds;

And what is worst of all, he is God's son, 225

On whom this bloody tragedy was done;

Thy friend, O Soul, who came down from above,

To sue to thee for kindnesse and love.

And yet doth he, whose blood thy hands have shed,

Sue unto thee; nay his deep wounds do plead 230

For mercy, and he's able to forgive:

He's God as well as man; dead, yet doth live.

What object is't thou hast got in thine eye?

Dost think the law can help thee? make haste, fly,

For 'tis by that thou stand'st condemn'd to die. 235

Seek a divorcement: stand'st thou still in doubt

'Twixt law and grace? strange! canst thou not

find out

What judgment told thee? sure thou knowest better:

It is severe, O! 'tis a killing letter.

'Tis time to leave that husband, and forego 240

All hopes from him, who seeks thy overthrow.

Christ

Christ has fulfill'd it, he alone has life:
 And if thou once art his espoused wife,
 Thou wilt receive a full discharge from all
 Those debts, those deaths, and dangers which intral
 The souls of those, whose blind deceived breast
 Seeks to self-righteousness for peace and rest.
 Thou canst not, Soul, become a virgin spouse,
 Until thou art divorced from all vows
 To that, nay to relations, tho' they're dear
 Must thou the lesser love, and kindness bear.
 Thy father's house, and all, thou must forsake,
 If thou this happy contract e'er dost make.
 Yield thy whole heart to Christ, bend to his feet
 In pure simplicity; there's ground for it:
 For he that lay within a virgin's womb,
 And who was buried in a virgin-tomb;
 He that alone did lead a virgin-life,
 Must have a chaste and holy virgin-wife.
 Need'st thou more motives still? what shall I say,
 What shall I speak to move thee? I will lay
 The nature of the Soul unto thy view:
 Would'st know its worth? read then what does
 ensue.
 'Tis capable, such is its nature, state,
 On great Jehovah's pow'r to contemplate:
 It searches, prys, and nicely looks about
 On nature's frame, and finds the former out.
 David's amaz'd when he doth cast his eye
 On all the glorious things beneath the sky;
 He looked up and down, above and under,
 And stood astonished, seeing cause of wonder;
 And

234 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

And then reflecting his own frame did see
Nature's great volume, blest epitome.
Fearfully am I made: how canst thou tell?
His answer is, my Soul knows it full well. 275
We should have known no more of earth, or heav'n
Than the brute beasts, had not Jehovah giv'n
This precious Soul to us: O then be wise,
And it secure as the chiefest prize. 279

2. Nay more than this, the scripture makes relation,
'Tis capable of glorious inspiration.
There is in man a Soul, a spirit does live
And move in him, to which the Lord doth give
By inspiration, wisdom, knowledge, fear,
That fools know more than the philosopher. 285
The Soul's God's candle, a light of acceptation,
But from himself must come its information.
Shall not this candle, pray ye, lighted be?
O let God's spirit, Soul, enlighten thee.

3. Nay, once again, its nature to declare, 290
'Twill sweet impressions take, God's image bear.
It bore it once, O then, how did it shine!
A glorious shadow of him, who's divine:
But now 'tis blurr'd, and soil'd by filthy dust;
O 'tis defac'd and spoil'd by means of lust. 295
But he who stamp'd it there at first, can make
It once again a new impression take:
He can wash off the soil, refine the ore,
And make it shine fairer than heretofore.
O what a glorious thing! how rare 'twill be, 300
When God renews his image once in thee?
Lose not the Soul, the wax, for nought can bear
This image then, nor can that loss repair.

4. The

2. The Soul's a glorious piece, wherein doth lie
 So great an excellence, as doth outvie 305
 All outward glory: for 'tis only she
 That's capable of so great dignity
 To be espoused to the glorious three,
 Strange condescension! an amazing thing!
 What joy and ravishment from hence may spring 310
 Up unto thee, when into't thou dost pry:
 Will the high God take sweet complacency
 In such a one? what doth he please to chuse
 Thee for his dear consort, make thee his spouse?
 May'st thou in Christ's dear arms and bosom lie? 315
 Ah! is the Soul the jewel of his eye?
 Can any joy and sweetness be like this?
 Can worldly comforts raise thee to such bliss?
 What! is thy Soul capable of such union;
 And doth there flow from thence such rare commu-
 nion? 320
 Admire it then! is not one kiss worth more,
 Than all the riches of the eastern shore?
 O! lose not then thy Soul! ah! who would miss
 Of this sweet union and eternal bliss?
 3. Its nature, worth, and rare transcendency, 325
 Appears in that great incongruity,
 And weakness of all creatures to suffice it:
 And from this ground great cause hast thou to prize it.
 Nothing but God himself can satisfy
 That precious soul, which in thy breast does lie. 330
 The universe's too little, th' whole creation
 Will not appease its longing expectation.
 How vast's the deeps? how lofty the desires
 Of man's poor Soul, above all bounds aspires;

It

236 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

It seeks, it prys, and views all kind of treasure, 335
 And still it craves, its wishes knows no measure.
 It walks again, it rambles, O it flies,
 And ransacks all the secret treasuries
 Of art and nature, hurried, nay, 'tis driven
 To and fro, being restless, till to heaven 340
 It casts a look, and Jesus does espy,
 And then full soon with greatest joy doth cry,
 O there's the pearl? I must have him, or die. }
 Thou must expect no peace, there's nought can
 still it,
 Nor give it rest till God himself does fill it. 345
 Hark to its sighs, do not befool and cheat it,
 Nor of its wishings baffle and defeat it:
 For nothing but that God that made it, can
 Suffice the Soul, the precious Soul of man.

6. What think'st thou of that price, that price of
 blood 350

When Christ laid down? does it not cry aloud?
 O precious is the Soul! it cost full dear:
 Does not this noise sound always in thine ear?

7. Don't Satan's rage, his enmity, and wrath
 Against the Soul, shew forth its precious worth? 355

Take pleasures here, and coffers fill with coin,
 The shop with wares, and cellars with rich wine:
 Let him but have the Soul, he does not care:
 Take what you please besides, and do not spare.
 He rages when one Soul escapes his paws; 360
 Ah! that's the prize his black and bloody jaws
 Are open for. These demons grin, and swell
 With venom great, and councils hold in hell,

As

As hath been hinted, that by craft they may
Catch the poor Soul, and this pearl bear away, 365
That, that's the morsel, that's their only prey.

8. Its blest infusion, and God's constant care
For food and ornaments which he does spare,
For to adorn her on th'espousal day,
Fully declares this truth, therefore we may 370
Amazed stand, and wond'ring always cry,
O precious Soul! thy worth and excellency
Is very great, who can it comprehend?
Its that which does oft times to Christ ascend
In strong desires, and longings: O'twill pry 375
Into all places for his company.
She in his sight rejoices, and is glad;
But when once gone, she sighs, she mourns, is sad.
All other joy's but meer perplexity;
Without his love, 'twill swoon away, nay, die. 380
Nothing but grace, heav'ns offspring can revive
it;

And nought but sighs of Jesus can enlive it.
These things considered, may make thee see
Its worth, nay more, how also 'tis with thee.

9. How shall we prize the Soul? what rate shall
we 385
Upon her set? O what against her weigh?
Come, bring the balance, and now let's try
What further worth or preciousness doth lie
In the fair Soul: 'tis done, all golden ore
Of both the Indies are i'th' scales, yet more 390
We still do want, more riches pray put in,
All precious stones and pearls; now weigh again.

Alas

238 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Alas the balance flies, here yet wants weight,
The Soul outvies them all: Lord, here's a sight
Th' whole world at once is in, yet 'tis too light. 395

Add world to world, and heap ten thousand more,
Were there so many, could you find such store,
Yet would the Soul in worth exceed them far;
Nay, I might multiply, and yet not err.

Oh! then take heed thou dost not chaffer so, 400
To get the world, and in exchange let go
This precious soul: nor let it be thought strange,
What shall a man-for's Soul give in exchange?

ro. She is immortal, O she cannot die;
Though 'twas not so from all eternity. 405

She was created, but in such a state,
Man can't her kill, nor her annihilate.

Her being's such, her life shall still remain
Although the body die, in bliss or pain.

Then hast thou not good ground to watch and
ward 410

With wary eye, and set a constant guard
Upon the portals of the treach'rous heart,
Left of this jewel thou deceived art?

What man to gain a shilling, would let go
A pearl of such great price and value? who 415

Would think that men, accounted grave and wise,
For toys and trifles should their Souls despise?

Many, I fear there be, who day by day,
To gain a groat, unjustly, giv't away;

While others prostitute it to their lust: 420

Nay, do by it, as by a bone or crust
That's

That's cast unto the dog for him to gnaw.
This dog's the devil, whose wide stretch'd out
 jaw
Stand gaping for't: his eyes are upon all,
Knowing whene'er they sin, they let it fall. 425
O then take heed; and if this dog should fawn,
Or wag his tail, let not so sweet a pawn
Of future glory be condemn'd or lost,
Think, think from whence it came, and what it
 cost.

C H A P. VII.

*Christ's love epitomized; the old-man wounded; will
made willing; shewing also the nature of the Soul's
espousal to Christ.*

IF all that hath been said yet will not move thee
To close with Christ, I once again will prove
thee,

By making of a brief or short collection
Of his sweet love and wonderful affection;
And then I trust thou wilt with sacred vows 5
Contract thyself to him, become his spouse;
Whose left hand's full of treasure: in his right
Are honours great, and pleasures infinite.

A prince, you know, dispos'd to make election
Of a consort, before he'll place affection, 10
Will first inquire if the virgin be
In person, parts, estate, or pedigree
Equal unto himself, but if in case
She be of low descent, of parents base,
Compar'd with his; or not so noble born, 15
Or has debas'd herself, or is forlorn;
He thinks it is below him once to place,
Or fix his love on her, he fears disgrace:
But if the lady chance to equalize him,
She's not so much oblig'd to love or prize him 20
'Yond common bounds, because, saith she, I am
No whit inferiour unto him; my name
Records the noble stock from whence I came. }

But

But if a prince should chance to set his love
 Upon a person that has nought to move 25
 So great a Lord to make that choice; then she
 Amazed, yields with all humility;
 Can do no less than humbly give consent,
 Yield up herself with great astonishment:
 But she who doth reject such love, is acted 30
 Like one bereav'd of sense, nay quite distracted.
 Misguided Soul, and is not this the case?
 What worth's in thee to him? O! vile, and base!
 Instead of love, deservest to be hated,
 Since from thy God thou hast degenerated, 35
 And yet the blessed Jesus don't despise thee,
 But from thy loathsome dunghill fain would raise thee,
 But to proceed, I now will give to thee
 Of Christ's sweet love a short epitome.

1. 'Tis a first-love, as soon as he past by, 40
 And saw thee in thy blood, he cast his eye
 Whilst thou in that sad gore didst wett'ring lie. }
 Nay, unto thee most precious love he had,
 Before the fabrick of this world was made.

2. It is attracting love, its nature's such, 45
 'Tis like the loadstone; hadst thou once a touch,
 'Twould make thy iron-heart with speed to move,
 Nay, cleave to him in bonds of purest love.

3. 'Tis a free love, there's nought at all in thee 50
 Which can deserve his favour, yet does he
 Not grudge thee his dear love, although so great,
 The glorious king of kings, does oft intreat
 Those souls to his embraces, who contemn
 His proffer'd grace, and still love shews to them.

R

4. 'Tis

242 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

4. 'Tis bounding love, like Nilus, overflows 55
All banks and bounds, his grace no limit knows.

5. 'Tis a delighting love, there's nought more
sweet ;

She found it so who wash'd his precious feet.

He takes delight and sweet complacency.

In those he loves, his heart affects his eye. 60

He resteth in his love, and who can turn

His heart away, or damp those flames that burn

In his dear breast ? none ever lov'd as he,

Who for his spouse was nailed to the tree.

6. It is a victor's love ; he'll wound and kill 65
All enemies who do oppose his will ;

'Where he lays siege, he'll make the Soul to yield,

By love he overcomes and wins the field ;

His captive, Soul, thou certainly must be :

His love is such, 'twill have the victory. 70

7. It is abiding and eternal love,

'Twill last as long as he ; nought can remove

His love from such on whom he casts his eye,

And for whose sake alone he chose to die.

The love which did appear to saints of old, 75

Did graciously this glorious truth unfold.

I with an everlasting love, faith he,

Have set my heart upon, and loved thee, }

And therefore I have drawn thee unto me. }

Know he who thus doth his sweet love commend 80

To his dear saints, loves them unto the end.

8. 'Tis a great love, most powerful and strong,
Hence 'tis he thinks each hour and minute long,

'Till

'Till he embrace thee in his sacred arms,
Where he will thee secure from all the harms 85 }
And dangers great, by men or hellish charms.
Fathers, although they love their children dear,
Yet never did from them such love appear.

David lov'd Absalom, yet gives consent,
Nay, he himself decrees his banishment. 90

A mother may forget her sucking child,
As some have done, although of nature mild,
Yet forc'd by famine, cruelly have shed
Their childrens blood, and on their flesh have fled:
But ah! his love's so free, so strong, so great, 95
He gives his blood to drink, his flesh for meat
Unto the Soul; and those who it receive,
Shall never die, and none but such can live.

9. His love is matchless, 'tis without compare,
Who neither flesh nor blood, nor life did spare. 100
The love of women, which the world esteems
Most strong in sweet affection; their love seems
An empty shadow, and not worth regard,
When with his sacred love it is compar'd.

The husbands, wives, and fathers may abound, 105
Yet no such love as Christ's was ever found.

Abraham and Isaac both lov'd their wives,
Yet neither of them sacrific'd their lives.

Jonathan's love to David did exceed
The love of women; 'twas a love indeed! 110

But what was Jonathan's great love to this?
Ah! less than nothing, when compar'd to his.
Christ's love exceeds all natural love as far
As bright Aurora doth the smallest star.

244 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

But oh ! in vain do we compare his love 115
 With any thing below ; no, 'tis above
 Comparison, 'tis so immense, so great,
 We cannot find it out : though man's conceit
 Is larger than expression ; though profound,
 Yet man's conception never yet could sound 120
 The depth of love's unfathomable bliss,
 So great, so deep, so bottomless it is
 Betwixt his love and ours ; the disproportion
 Is like one drop of water to the ocean.
 Or as the smallest dust that's fiercely driven 125
 To the whole globe ; or like as earth's to heav'n.
 The sun with clearness with his splendent face,
 The moon for swiftness in her zodiac race ;
 The sands for number, and the heav'n for height ;
 The seas for depth, the pond'rous earth for weight,
 Yet with more certainty, and with less doubt 131
 Be weigh'd and measur'd, than Christ's love found
 out.

O depth ! O heighth ! O breadth ! O wond'rous
 length
 Of this great love ! O uncompar'd strength
 Of true affections ! love that is divine ! 135
 What's nat'ral love ; Lord, when compar'd to thine ?
 Such a reduncancy of love is found,
 Whoever dives into these depths is drown'd.
 Ten thousand seas, ten thousand times told o'er,
 Add to these seas ten times as many more, 140
 Let all these seas become one deep abyfs,
 They'd all come short in depth compar'd to this.
 The moral, nat'ral, nor the spirit'al man,
 With all their understanding, never can

Find

Find out the nature of Christ's love ! alas, 145

It doth all knowledge infinitely surpass.

O may these depths and heights have pow'r to move

On thee, till thou art swallow'd up in love.

That, that which cannot comprehended be

By men nor angels, may comprehend thee ; 150

And thou being fill'd with it, may'st sweetly lie

In depths of love unto eternity.

The sp'rit with this let fly a piercing dart,

Which wounded dreadfully her stubborn heart,

It piercing th' very quick and made her smart. 155

Now, now she mourns, ah ! how she weeps, she
crys,

And water runs like fountains from her eyes.

Now her whole soul's dissolved into tears

By love-sick passions ? yet she's fill'd with fears,

Left Christ should now with angry frown deny 160

To give her one sweet aspect of his eye :

Because his love she had so long refus'd,

And wond'rous patience shamefully abus'd.

Oh ! now she spends whole days and nights in
pray'r,

She sighs and grieves, but can't see Christ appear. 165

The panting heart ne'er long'd for water-brooks

More than does she for some reviving looks

From the great Prince, the God of love and grace ;

But he at present seems to hide his face.

But stop, my muse, hark how the winds do roar ;

All storms i'th' Soul, alas, are not yet o'er. 171

No sooner did the old-man cast his eyes,

And view'd this change, but in great wrath did rise

246 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II,

For to renew the war; he joins afresh
 With scatter'd force of will and lust of th' flesh, 175
 To make what strength they can, with hellish spite:
 The devils with these conquer'd powers unite,
 Arm'd with despair, and like to lamps, which make
 The greatest blaze at going out, they take
 Their blunt and broken weapons in their hand, 180
 Resolving Christ in her shall not command,
 Nor she desert their cause, nor break her vows
 With sin and self, and so become Christ's spouse.
 But now, I find in vain they do resist:
 True grace is come, the spirit doth assist. 185
 Sin, world, the flesh, nor devil, can long stand
 Against the Lord's most strong and pow'rful hand.
 See how the spirit now doth search about
 To find each sin, and cursed darling out.
 Did you never behold in what dread sort, 190
 The wide-mouth'd cannon plays upon the fort.
 And how by wholesale it doth batter down
 The shatter'd walls of a besieged town?
 Ev'n so the spirit, with his pow'rful sword,
 Makes glorious slaughter, will no truce afford, 195
 Kills all before him, will no quarter give,
 Nor will he suffer any lust to live.
 The strong man, Satan, quakes; good reason why;
 A stronger's come, a stronger he doth spy
 Is enter'd in---O therefore he's much pain'd. 200
 All, all is gone, and he himself is chain'd;
 The old-man trembling, likewise thinks to fly
 Into some lurking corner, secretly
 To hide himself; but th' spirit's piercing sight
 Discovers him, and now with heav'nly might 205
 Laid

Laid on such strokes, and gave him such a wound
Which with dire vengeance brought him to the
ground.

Now the affection's chang'd, and will doth yield,
Being willing made, says grace shall have the field,
O happy season! and thrice long'd-for hour! 210

This is the day of God's most mighty power
Upon the Soul. But hark, methinks I hear
Most bitter sighs and groans sound in mine ear,
The Soul's afflicted! it is she doth mourn,
To think what sorrows for her Christ hath borne.

She hates, nay loths herself to th' very dust. 216
And seeks to mortify each former lust.

And something more doth still perplex her mind,
Him whom she dearly loves, she cannot find.

Her heart I fear will quickly burst asunder, 220

If any long time she should be pressed under

This heavy weight: no grief like her's, is there:

Who can, alas, a wounded spirit bear?

She's almost swallow'd up in deep despair,

You next shall hear, if you attention lend, 225

How she bewails the absence of her friend,

S O U L.

Ah me! I faint, my spirits quite decay,

And yet I cannot die, O let me stay

My sinking Soul, whilst I these sorrows feel?

My feeble knees under their burden reel. 230

Infernal deeps, black gulphs, where horror lies,

Open their ghastly mouths before mine eyes.

O wretched Soul! curs'd sin? I might have been

The lamb's fair bride, and a celestial queen,

248 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Had I embrac'd my lord, my king, my love, 235
Who was more faithful than the turtle-dove.

O had I then receiv'd him in mine arms,
He would have sav'd me from eternal harms.
But now I fear those happy days are past,
And I poor wretch shall into hell be cast, 240
Bound up in fetters, and eternal chains
Of burning wrath, and everlasting pains.
O sinful Soul! I who have lightly set
By the blest'd Prince, who would have paid my
debt:

O he that would have freely quit my score, 245
Ah! now I fear I shall ne'er see him more.

Could I but once more hear his sacred voice,
I would make him my joy and only choice.
But's wooing-time I fear it is out of date;
Now I repent, but dread it is too late. 250

I melt, Lord, into tears, whilst thou the sun
Of precious light, art hid, where shall I run
For light and comfort in this doleful hour,
Whilst I lie drenched in this brinish shower? 255
More would she speak, but her great passion stops
Her mournful speech, whilst her eyes flood-gates
opes,

Smote with despair; so faint, she scarce appears
To breathe or live, but by her sighs and tears.

A friend amidst this passion straight arriv'd,
Whose shining beams and lustre much reviv'd 265
The troubled Soul on every side, that she
Cry'd out, O heavenly spirit, it is thee,
Who with diviner and mysterious art
Did such illustrious beams of glory dart,

Which

Which did not only tend to joy and peace, 279
 But much inflam'd her heart, made love increase;
 And lo, before her eyes she doth behold
 The Prince to stand, whose glory to unfold
 Is 'bove the reach of man, or seraphim;
 And thus had she a blessed sight of him. 275
 Like as the sun breaks forth beneath a cloud,
 Whose conq'ring light cast off each envious shroud,
 And round about his beauteous beams displays,
 Making her earth like heav'n with his bright
 rays.

This glorious aspect of his lovely eye, 280
 Which she through faith beheld, did by and by
 With such transports, or raptures, on her seize,
 And from her former sorrows gave her ease:
 Yet could she not be fully satisfy'd,
 Until the marriage-knot was firmly ty'd. 285
 A promise she endeavours to procure,
 To make Christ's love and pardon to her sure.
 She to this purpose does herself address
 To him she loves with sweet composedness
 Of heart and mind; though thinking what she'd
 been; 290

She's under fears, and oft distress'd again;
 Much questioning, for want of faith, how he
 Could e'er forget past wrongs and injury.

S O U L.

Life of my life! alas, Lord, what am I?
 A wretched creature, who deserves to die 295
 A thousand deaths, nay, and a thousand more,
 For wounding thee within, without, all o'er,

In

250 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

In every part: O this doth make me mourn,
It melts my heart to think what thou hast borne
For a vile worm. But wilt thou view the wound
That's made in me? Lord, I am drench'd and
drown'd 301

In blood, and brinish tears, my wasting breath,
And fighting soul, will period soon in death,
Unless thou seal, and dost confirm to me

Thy love by promises; O! shall I see 305
Thy hand stretch'd out? or shall I hear thee say,
Come, come to me, poor Soul, O come away?

'Tis thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
Hurt not my sores, nor crush the wounds that bleed.
O let my chilled Soul feel the warm fires: 310

O thy sweet voice, that my dissolv'd desires
May turn a sovereign balsam, to make whole
Those wounds my sins have made in thy dear Soul.

Ah! wilt thou let me swoon away and die, 314
Whilst thou stand'st looking on? Lord cast an eye
On me, for whom thou on the cross didst bleed;

Some comfort, Lord, now in my greatest need:
No corrosives, some cordial spirit, or I
For ever perish must; Lord, hear my cry.

J E S U S.

Afflicted Soul! the purchase of my blood, 320
Come, hear, come hear a consolating word.
Shall I who have through sore afflictions past

For love of thee, refuse thee now at last?
No, no! I cannot, Soul, I cannot bear
Such piercing moans that wounds my tender ear.

Now

Now will I magnify my pow'r and rise 326
 To scatter thy malicious enemies;
 I'll thee enlighten with my glorious rays,
 And 'make thee happy, happy all thy days.
 Who will betroth, or give this Soul to me? 330
 Let's celebrate with great'st solemnity,
 And glorious triumph, the espousal day:
 Come, come, my dear, let us no longer stay.

THE FATHER.

'Tis in my pow'r, 'tis I, I give her thee,
 As th' fruit of my own choice; love and decree. 335

C H A P. VIII.

The mutual and blessed contract between Christ and the sinner.

J E S U S.

GIVE me thy heart then, Soul, I do betroth
Thee unto me, that no approaching wrath
May any ways be hurtful unto thee,
In righteousness I thee betroth to me.
In judgment also thou betrothed art, 5
And all I have to thee I do impart
In faithfulness and tender mercy, so
That thou thy Lord, thy friend, and God shalt
know:

I do betroth thee unto me for ever,
And neither death, nor earth, nor hell shall sever
Thy Soul from me. If thou wilt pay thy vows, 11
I will be thine, and thou shalt be my spouse.
I take thee now for better, and for worse :
Give me thy hand, let's jointly both of us
With mutual love tie the conjugal knot, 15
Which on my part shall never be forgot.
My covenant with thee is seal'd by blood,
'Tis firmer than the oath at Noah's flood.
Into my folded arms I now do take thee,
And promise that I never will forsake thee. 20
Thy sins are cast behind my back, and I
Will cover each future infirmity.

The

The sinner's closing with Christ.

S O U L.

Upon my bended knees I do this day
Accept of thee, my Lord, my life, my way,
By whom alone poor sinners have access 25
Unto the Father; nay, and do confels,
Declare, pronounce i'th' sight of God, that I
Do enter now with all simplicity
Into a contract with thee, make my vows
That I will be to thee a faithful spouse. 30
O blessed Jesus I'm as one undone,
A naked, vile, lothsome and guilty one,
Unworthy far to wash the very feet
Of th' servants of my Lord; O how 'tis it
That thou, the glorious Prince, should'st ever
chuse 35
Such an unworthy worm to be thy spouse:
O what's thy love! O grace beyond expression,
Doth the great God on me place his affection?
But since 'tis so, this I engage to do,
I'll leave all for thy sake, and with thee go. 40
And in all things own thee alone as head,
And husband dear, by whom I will be led,
And in all states and times will thee obey,
Whatever comes, unto my dying day.
I take thee as my prophet, priest, and king: 45
And my own worthiness in every thing
I do renounce, and further vow that I
Upon thy blood and righteousness will lie;

On

THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

On that, and that alone, will I depend
 By faith always until my life shall end. 50
 I covenant with thee, and so I take thee,
 And whatsoe'er falls out, I'll ne'er forsake thee,
 But run all hazards in this dolesome day,
 And never from thy holy ways will stray,
 All this and more I promise shall be done, 55
 But in thy strength, Lord, in thy strength alone.

Th' solemnity thus ended, presently
 The glorious Prince, the bridegroom, casts his eye
 Upon the Soul, and bound up all her sores,
 Nay, healed them, and cancell'd all her scores : 60
 But be'ng herself defil'd, she soon espy'd
 A precious fountain flowing from his side,
 A fountain for uncleanness to wash in
 In which she bath'd, and wash'd away her sin.
 Then gloriously by him she was array'd 65
 With robes imbroid'ed, very richly laid
 With gold and diamonds, that she did seem
 Like an adorned heav'nly seraphim.
 One vesture was especially most rare,
 Without a seam, much like what he did wear, 70
 It is the wedding robe, both clean and white,
 Whose lustre far exceeds the morning-light ;
 And other garments also, which she wore,
 Curiously wrought with silk, and spangled o'er
 With stars of gold, of pearl, of precious stone, 75
 Enough to dazzle all to look upon :
 Which be'ng made up of every precious grace,
 Did cause a splendent beauty in her face,
 That whilst he did behold her, could descry
 His Father's image clearly in her eye, 80

Which

Which did so please him, that he now admires,
And after this her beauty much desires.

O see the change, she which was once so foul,
Is now become a sweet and lovely soul.

Her beauty far excels what it had been
In ancient days, no mortal eye hath seen
So sweet a creature, no such virgin queen.

85 }

Yet all her beauty now's but spots and stains,
To what it will be when her Saviour reigns

O hear the melody ! angels rejoice,
Whilst she triumphs in this most happy choice.

90

Who would not then all earthly glories flight,
For to enjoy the taste of such delight ?

No sooner did Apollyon cast his eyes
On what was done, but furiously did 'rise

95

To damp her joy, or cause her mirth to cease,
And by some stratagems to spoil her peace.

He first stirs up the old-man's broken force
For to estrange her ; if he can't divorce

Her from her friend, yet raises inward strife,

100

How to deprive her of those joys of life,
Which do abound in lovers every way,

Betwixt th'espousal and the marriage day.
A thousand tricks contriv'd before had he

How to delay or spoil th'affinity.

105

But if he can't rob us of inward joy,
Our name, our goods, or life he will destroy.

For failing in the first, he stirs up foes
To lay upon her persecuting blows.

He that will follow Christ, must look each day
To have his worldly comforts took away.

Besides,

256 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Besides, the old-man being not yet slain,
Great troubles in her mind there rose again.
But her dear friend so faithful is, that he
Will never leave her in adversity. 115

And to the end her joy may more abound,
A way by him immediately is found
To free her from the old-man's hellish spite,
He must be crucify'd; but first they cite
Him to the bar to hear what he can say, 120
Why now his life should not be took away.
But hear, before that's done, how the bless'd lover
Doth his dread threats and awful frowns discover
Against the foes of her he loves so well,
Where'er they be, men, lusts, or fiends of hell. 125
He reads his great commission, lets them know
He in a moment can them overthrow.

The dread power and awful frowns of Jesus,
Prince of Peace, over his faints enemies.

When man transgress'd 'twas I, eternal I,
Gave forth the sentence, thou shalt surely die.
'Twas I that curs'd the serpent, who remains 130
Unto this day, and shall in lasting chains.
When Cain did shed his righteous brother's blood
I sentenc'd Cain; 'twas I that brought the flood
Upon the earth. By me the world was drowned,
Proud Babel's language was by me confounded. 135
I am Jehovah's everlasting word,
Who in my hand do bear th' two-edg'd sword.
'Twas I, and only I that did command
The dismal darkness in the Egyptians land.

'Twas

'Twas at my word the seas divide in twain, 143
 And made an even passage through the main.
 At my command Pharaoh and all his host
 Were utterly within the Red-sea lost.
 'Twas I that made Belshazzar's joints to quake,
 And all his nobles tremble when I spake. 145
 'Twas I that made the Persian monarchs great,
 And threw them with the Grecians from their seat.
 I say the word, and nations are distress'd;
 I speak again, and the whole world's at rest.
 Let all men stand in fear and dread of me; 150
 I was the first, and I the last will be.
 All knees shall bow to me when I reprove,
 And at my voice the mountains shall remove.
 The earth shall be dissolved at my threat,
 And elements shall melt with fervent heat. 155
 My word confines the earth, the seas, the wind,
 I am the great Jehovah unconfin'd.
 'Tis I divide between the joints and marrow;
 No place so close, no cranny is so narrow,
 But, like the sun's bright beams I enter in, 160
 Discovering to each heart, the darling sin
 That lodges in the Soul. 'Tis I alone,
 Who by my piercings make them sigh and groan.
 If from true sense and sorrow they complain,
 I graciously bind up those wounds again. 165
 'Tis I that save the humble and contrite,
 And do condemn the formal hypocrite.
 My circuit's large, I coast the world about,
 No place, nor secret, but I find it out,
 All nations of the world I rule at pleasure, 170
 To my dominion's neither bound nor measure.

258 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

Therefore, dear Soul, cheer up, and do not fear,
 I'll confound all thy foes both far and near,
 And now I do command to bring to th' bar
 That inward foe, old-man, I won't defer. 175
 His trial longer, his indictment's read,
 And he had leave and liberty to plead,
 And on his trial he deny'd the fact;
 But conscience swears she took him in the act,
 And other witnesses too; but to be brief, 180
 All prove him the Soul's foe, nay and the chief
 And only cause of all the horrid treason
 Acted against the Lord unto this season.
 He was deny'd to speak, the proofs being clear,
 You shall therefore his fatal sentence hear: 185
 Come thou base traitor, impure mass of sin;
 That, villain-like, dost seek revenge again
 Upon the Soul, and striv'st to raise up strife,
 Nay thirsts again to take away her life;
 Hear, hear thy sentence, old-man, thou must die;
 I can no pity shew, nor mind thy cry: 191
 Thy age! away, 'tis pity thou hast been
 Spared so long, when guilty of such sin.
 Soul, thou must see to bring him in subjection,
 With every evil lust, and vile affection. 195
 This heap of sin thou must strive to destroy,
 That so thou may'st all perfect peace enjoy:
 Under the strictest bonds let him abide,
 'Till he is slain, or thoroughly crucify'd.

The old-man being sentenc'd; and confin'd, 200
 The Soul is consolated in her mind.
 Affection, judgment, will, do all rejoice,
 And are united now: O happy choice!

Ah!

Ah! she admires the excellence and worth
 Of her beloved, that she sets him forth, 205
 As one that's ravish'd in the contemplation
 Of his great glory, and her exaltation,
 In this her sacred choice: and this so raises
 Her ravish'd senses, that angelic praises
 She thinks too low; O now she doth discover, 210
 And not till now th' affections of a lover.
 There's nothing now so tedious as delay,
 Betwixt the spousal and the marriage-day.
 Her former joys in which she much delighted,
 She treads them under foot, they are quite slighted,
 Nay altogether lothsome in her eye, 216
 Compared with his sacred company.
 Unto the place where he appoints to meet her,
 Thither she runs with speed, there's nothing
 sweeter,

Nay there is nothing sweet, nothing is dear 220
 Or pleasant to her, if he be not there.
 O! faith the love-sick Soul, in such a case
 May I but have one kiss, one sweet embrace,
 O how would it rejoice this heart of mine!
 His love is better than the choicest wine. 225
 His name is like an ointment poured forth,
 And no such odour e're enrich'd the earth.
 The eastern gums, Arabian spices rare,
 Do not perfume, nor so enrich the air,
 As the eternal and renowned fame 230
 Of his most precious and most glorious name
 Perfumes my Soul, it elevates my voice,
 Whilst gladness fills my heart: O happy choice!

260 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

My sacred friend, my life, my Lord, my king,
 Doth me into his secret chambers bring; 235
 Altho' ten thousand fall on either hand,
 My Soul in safety evermore shall stand.
 Tell me my Lord, tell me my dearest love,
 Where thou dost feed, whither the flocks remove,
 And where they rest at noon in sultry gleams, 240
 Bring me into those shades, where silver streams
 Of living waters flow, most calm and still,
 There, there I'll shelter, there I'll drink my fill,
 The fountain's ope, O see it runs most clear,
 Green pastures by; a lodge is also near 245 }
 To hide in safety, and to save from fear
 Of scorching heat; under this shade I'll rest,
 My love shall lie inclosed in my breast.
 My heart shall be his lodging-place for ever,
 Nothing shall me from my beloved sever. 250
 The terrors of the night shall never harm me,
 He saves from heat, in frosts his love doth warm me,
 You virgins who yet never felt the smart
 Of love's soul-piercing and heart-wounding dart.
 If all these sacred raptures you admire, 255
 Know, virgins, know that this celestial fire
 That's kindled in my breast, comes from above,
 And sets my Soul into this flame of love.
 O he that has endured so much pain
 To gain my love, is worthy to obtain 260
 Ten thousand times more love than his poor spouse
 Is able to bestow; yet shall my vows
 Be daily paid to him, in whose sweet breast
 My love-sick Soul shall find eternal rest.

Know,

Know, know I ne'er obtain'd true peace before 265
My Soul cast anchor on this sacred shore.
All earthly pleasures are but seeming mirth,
His presence is a heaven upon earth.
How heavy, O how bitter was the cross
Once unto me? to think upon the loss 270
Of temporal comforts, made me to complain:
But now I find such losses are my gain.
Terrestrial joys, as dross to me appears;
My joy's in heaven, O my treasure's there.
Had I all riches of both India's shore 275
At my command, ten thousand times told o'er,
My Soul would loth them, they should be abhor'd,
Being worse than dung, compared to my Lord.
O may these sun-beams never cease to shine,
By which I see that my beloved's mine, 280
He is my flesh and bone, therefore will I
Rejoice the more in this affinity.
He is my all, my Soul's to him united,
As Jonathan's to David, who delighted
So much in him that in his greatest trouble 285
Dear Jonathan did his affections double:
When David was in great distress and fear,
Then did his love and loyalty appear.
So when my dear beloved is distress'd,
My love to him shall chiefly be express'd. 290
But why said I, distress'd? what, can my Lord,
Who hath consuming power in his word,
Be touch'd by mortals? what, can he be harm'd,
Who with all strength of heaven and earth is
arm'd?

No,

262 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

No, no ; I must recall that lavish strain : 295
 No hand can touch him, he cannot sustain
 The smallest injury from th' greatest pow'r,
 For in a breath he can his foes devour.

But now, methinks, I presently espy
 Upon the earth the apple of his eye ; 300
 Which are his servants, nay his members dear
 Which wicked men do oft oppress ; O there
 My Lord's distress'd : for if his children smart,
 O that doth pierce and wound his tender heart.
 If cold or nakedness afflicts their souls, 305
 He sympathises, and their state condole.
 If sick they be, or if by cruel hands
 They are in prison cast, and under bands,
 And there with hunger and with thirst oppress'd,
 He feels their grief, he is in them distress'd. 310
 What wrong soever they on earth receive,
 'Tis done to him, for which my Soul doth grieve.
 To see th' afflictions of his servants here ;
 This is the fruit true loyal love does bear.
 Her sorrows are his woes ; for they alone, 315
 Being his members, are my flesh and bone.
 And all make but one body, he's the head,
 From whence all flows, 'tis he alone has shed
 His love abroad, in this my love-sick heart,
 Whereby I feel when any members smart. 320
 My bowels move and tender heart does bleed,
 Which makes me for his sake supply their need.
 Thus for my Christ, and for his children's sake
 I'll suffer any thing ; yea I do take
 My life, and goods, and all into thine hands, 325
 To be disposed of as he commands :

But

But know for certain evermore that I
For aid and help on him alone rely.

These pleasant fruits, O these delight the king,
And hereby 'tis that we do honour bring. 330
Unto his name; all souls of the new birth,
Who are sincere, this precious fruit bring forth.
Let not these things seem strange, because so few
Do bear such fruit, believe the maxim's true,
That as the sun doth by its warm reflection 335
Upon the earth produce a resurrection
Of all those seeds, which in the earth do lie
Hid for a time in dark obscurity :

Ev'n so the sun of righteousness doth shine
Into this cold and barren heart of mine ; 340
The precious seeds that have been scattered there
Take root and blossom, nay their branches bear
Sweet fruit, being the product of those rays,
Which that bright sun into my Soul displays.

'Tis precious and most lovely in his eye, 345
Both for its beauty and veracity.

You virgins all who are by love invited
Into his garden, where he is delighted
With all his pleasant fruits, come, come and see,
How choice, fair, sweet, and beautiful they be.

One cluster here's presented to thy view, 351
That thou may'st see, and then believe 'tis true.

These be the fruits which I shall now exprefs,
Love, joy, and peace, long-suffering, holiness,
Faith, goodness, temperance, and charity, 355

These are the products of th'affinity
That's made between me and my dearest friend ;
Nay, more than these, eternal life i'th' end.

But

264 THE GLORIOUS LOVER, Book II.

But if, through sin, thou canst not cast thine eye
 On these rare fruits, then know assuredly 360
 When th' vintage comes, and thou begin'st to crave
 For one small taste, one taste thou canst not have.
 The fruitful Soul it is the king will crown
 With th' diadem of glory and renown
 O let these things the Soul's affections raise, 365
 In grateful songs to celebrate the praise
 Of great Jehovah, who is king of kings,
 Whose glorious praise the heav'nly choir sings:
 Then let us sing on earth a song like this,
 My well-beloved's mine, and I am his. 370

H Y M N of P R A I S E

T O T H E

S A C R E D B R I D E G R O O M .

PRAISE in the highest, joy betide
The sacred bridegroom and his bride,
Who doth in splendor shine :

Let heaven above be fill'd with songs,
In earth beneath let all men's tongues
Sing forth his praise divine.

If sullen man refuse to speak,
Let rocks and stones their silence break;
For heaven and earth combine

To tie that sacred bridal knot,
O let it never be forgot,
The contract is divine.

You holy seraphims above,
Who do admire Jesus' love,
O haste away and come,
With men on earth your joys divide;
Earth ne'er produc'd so fair a bride,
Nor heaven a bridegroom.

Another,

AN HYMN OF PRAISE

Another.

'Tis not the gracious lofty strain ;
Nor record of great Hector's glory, 20
Nor all the conquering mighty train,
Whose acts have left the world a story ;
Nor yet great Cæsar's swelling fame,
Who only look'd, and overcame.

Nor one, nor all those worthy nine, 25
Nor Alexander's great renown,
Whose deeds were thought almost divine,
When vict'ries did his temples crown ;
But 'tis the Lord, that holy One,
Whose praises I will sing alone. 30

My heart and tongue shall both rejoice,
Whilst angels all in consort sing
Aloud with a melodious voice
The praises of sweet Zion's king ;
O 'tis his praise, that holy one, 35
I am resolv'd to sing alone.

My heart indites whilst I proclaim
The praises of the God of wonder,
My lips still magnify his name,
Whose voice is like a mighty thunder : 40
I'll praise his name, and him alone,
Who is the glorious Three in One.

Whose

to the SACRED BRIDEGROOM.

Whose feet are like to burning bras,
Whose eyes like to a flaming fire,
Who bringeth mighty things to pass, 45
'Tis him I dread, and do admire:
I'll magnify his name alone,
Who is the glorious Three in One

My heart and pen shall both express,
The praises of great Juda's lion, 50
The sweet and fragrant flower of Jess,
The holy lamb, the king of Zion:
To him that sitteth on the throne,
Be everlasting praise alone.

Whose head is whiter than the snow 55
That's driven by the eastern wind,
Whose visage like a flame doth show
Confining all, yet unconfin'd:
For ever prais'd be him alone,
Who is the glorious Three in One. 60

I'll praise his name, who hath reveal'd
To me his everlasting love,
Who with his stripes my Soul hath heal'd,
Whose footstool's here, his throne above,
Let trumps of praise be loudly blown, 65
To magnify his name alone.

This

AN HYMN OF PRAISE, &c.

This sacred subject of my verse,
Though I poor silly mortal should
Neglect his praises to rehearse,
The ragged rocks and mountains would 70
Make his deserved praises known,
Who is the glorious Three in One.

You twinkling stars that day and night
Do your appointed circuit run,
Sweet Cynthia, in her monthly flight, 75
Also the bright and flaming sun,
Throughout the universe make known,
The praises of the holy One.

Let every saint on earth rejoice
Whom Christ hath chosen, let him sing, 80
Whilst I to him lift up my voice
To sound the praises of my king:
For he it is, and he alone,
Hath made me his beloved one.

5 AP 66

F I N I S.

